FEBRUARY

Scribner's

MAGAZINE

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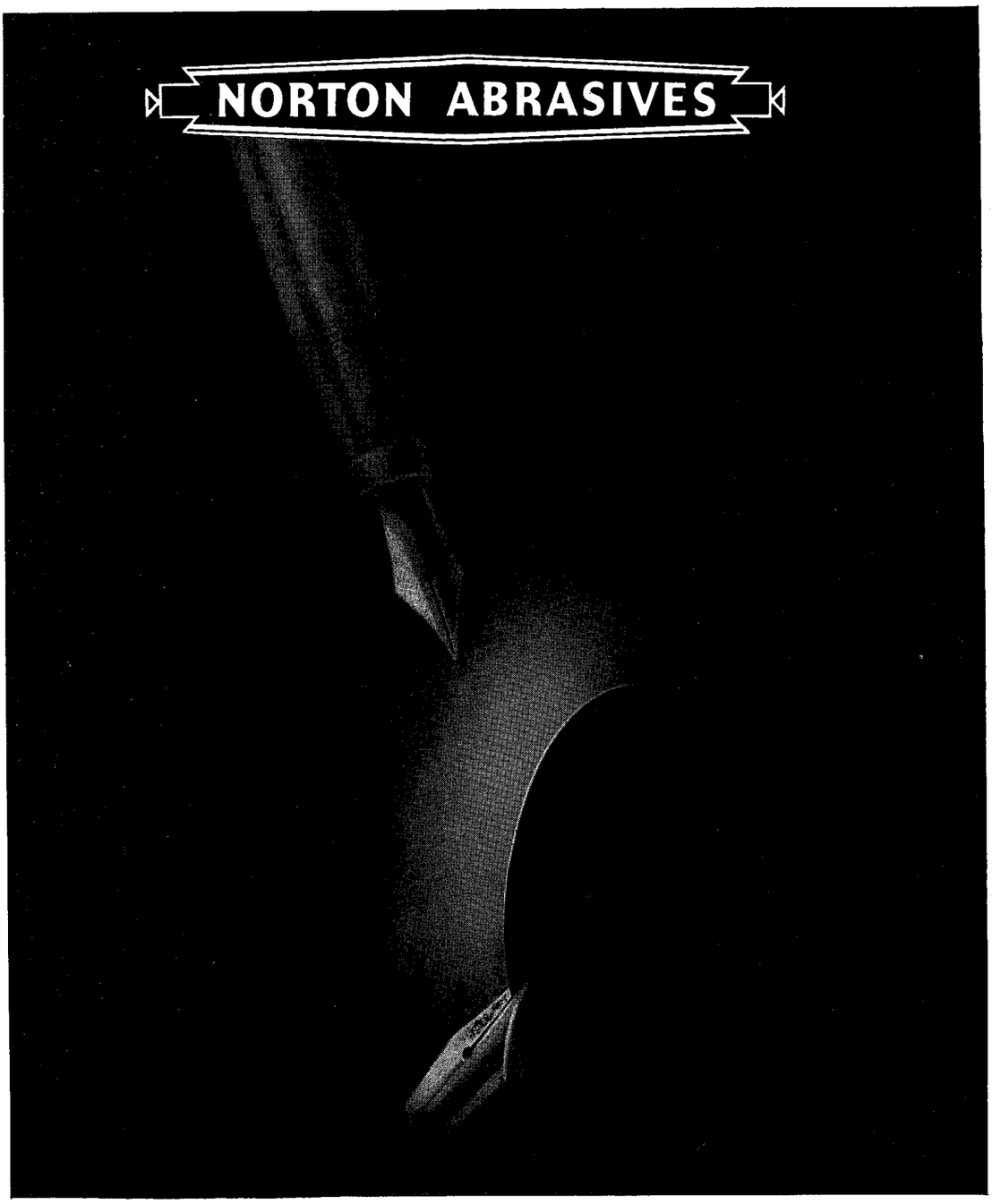

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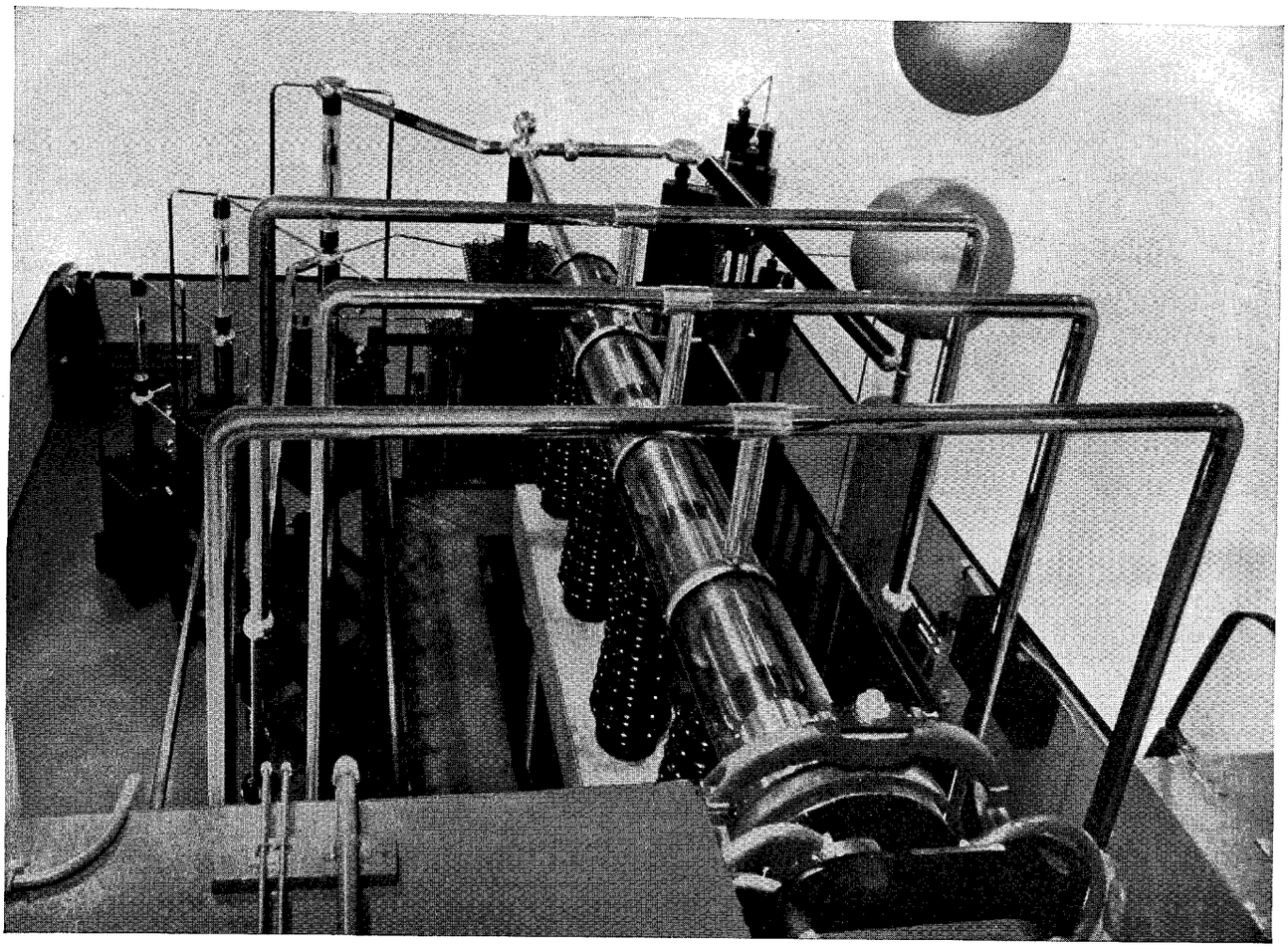

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Scribner's

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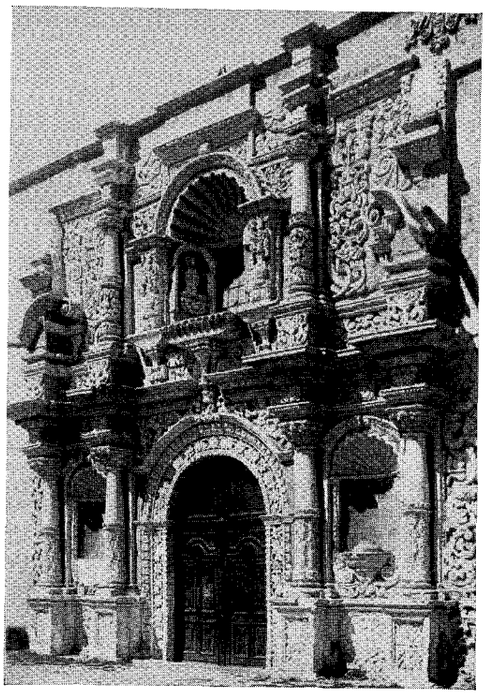
GRACE LINE

Peruvian girls pick flowers in the mountains

Façade of a church, Lima



U. & U.

The Essence of Lima

HUDSON STRODE

I HAD READ of Lima's magnificence when first seen from the air—an oasis in a desert, with parks and plazas, spacious boulevards, houses and palaces built around patios in full bloom. But on Bolivar's birthday, July twenty-fouth, the dripping fog of winter blurred the vision. The airport at Miraflores, the suburb named for its thousand flowers, was enshrouded in mist. It was not raining, for it never rains in Lima—at least not more than once in thirty years. But the thick blanket of cold cloud was unquestionably wetting.

One sunny summer's day in January, 1535—four centuries and two years ago—Pizarro founded the town of Lima on the banks of the River Rimac. Perhaps the conquistador did not know that mist would cover his capital for part of the year. Perhaps if he had, he would have laid it at Chosica, thirty miles farther back, up in the highlands, above the limit of the coastal fogs, where there is eternal sunshine and where fashionable Lima has its winter homes today.

II

THE American Ambassador, Mr. Dearing, who had come to the airport to meet John McCutcheon, the noted cartoonist, invited me to stop with them at the embassy for tea. We went on just as we were, without driving into the city to drop our luggage at the hotel. A mysterious grayness silvered the suburbs. A road twisting about Miraflores wound its way through a series of misty Corot canvases. In the lamp-lit drawing-room of the embassy, an informal group of Peruvians and Americans were chatting before a crackling log-fire. The fireplace was an inspired innovation of Mrs. Dearing, and its construction had added unwonted cheer to Limean winter afternoons.

I found myself seated by a Peruvian lady with gorgeous eyes enhanced by long lashes and a Parisian nose-veil. She nibbled at a lettuce sandwich while I warmed my insides first with tea and then with Scotch and soda. Up to the last two years she had been living abroad. The fall in the rate of exchange had sent her home. She talked fondly of the Riviera.

"Tell me," I said, "has the Mediter-

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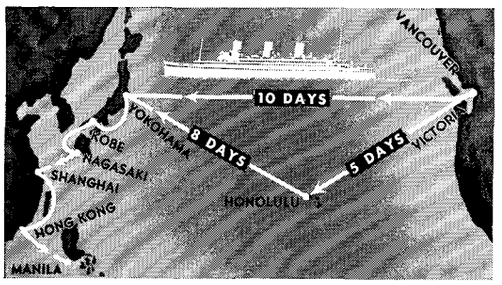

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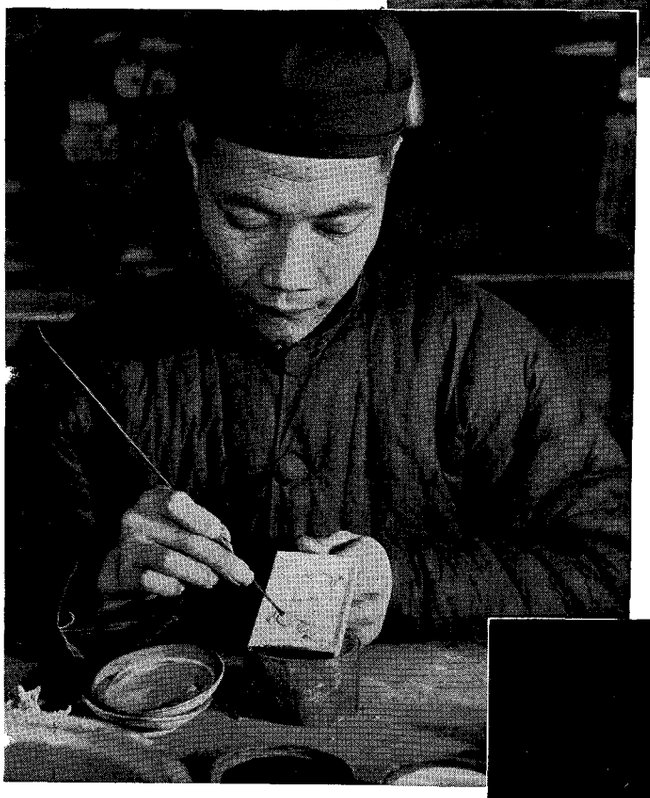
Chinese cloisonné worker at his exacting art



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A hat-basket in the Philippines

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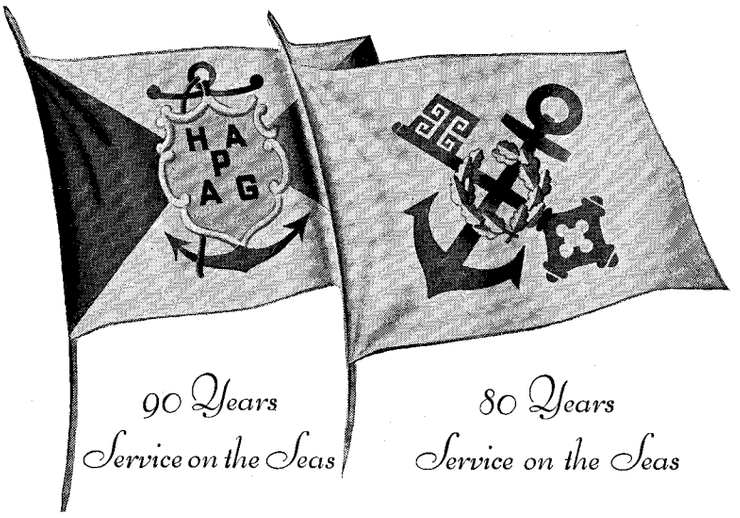

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ranean attitude toward women in Peru changed radically during your absence?"

The lady smiled ruefully. "For all the brave talk—scarcely at all. Our men are still Moors to the hilt."

"But there is the country club and golf," I suggested.

"Yes, yes, of course—golf and the country club! And we have a very beautiful country club in Lima. It is very nice indeed. It is said to be the most luxurious on this continent. It has everything—like all the country clubs the world over." Her words trailed off in imperceptible mockery.

I laughed. "I only wanted to see what value you set on your—new privilege."

"Ah, yes. Our men believe we should be in an ecstasy of liberation—because they allow us to swing a golf club in public. There is virtually nothing else—except marriage, and that means—marriage. We don't vote. We can't get divorced—unless we go to Paris, as I did. Here a wife's whole morning is spent in an ecstasy planning her husband's luncheon. Peruvian businessmen always come home for luncheon. But since I no longer have a husband, I haven't even the creation of his menus to stimulate my days." She smiled, glanced down at her exquisite feet and high-bred ankles, and put on an expression of philosophical ennui. Then she leaned forward as if to impart a secret. "Do you know, the average woman's life in Lima is so uneventful that it is a tragedy when she fails to secure a fourth woman for bridge."

III

OUT OF the mist of the evening before, I awoke to rare fortune. In one of her unaccountable caprices Nature had chosen to give Lima sunshine in the foggy season. Façades and cornices, tiled pavements, arcades, statues, and stained glass were dusted with golden light. Roof-tops blazed with potted flowers, varicolored rugs, bright cushions; and turkey cocks, tethered there according to Peruvian custom, gobbled with gusto as they preened their feathers. The Japanese florists' windows sparkled with color. Society girls, out on a charitable tag mission, collected coins in shining boxes, with facile magnetism. Chauffeurs radiated cheer that was spontaneous and not a trick of custom.

Straightway I set out to visit the Quinta de Presa, the Palace of the Perricholi, Peru's most notorious and glamorous woman. In the golden decades of the eighteenth century, Micaela Villegas, a peasant girl, had become the New World's greatest actress and the mistress of Lima's greatest viceroy, Don

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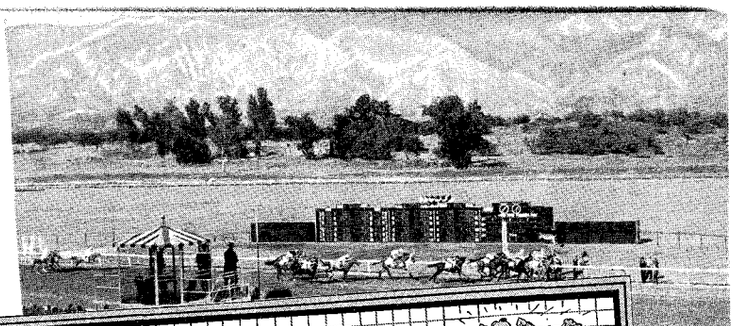
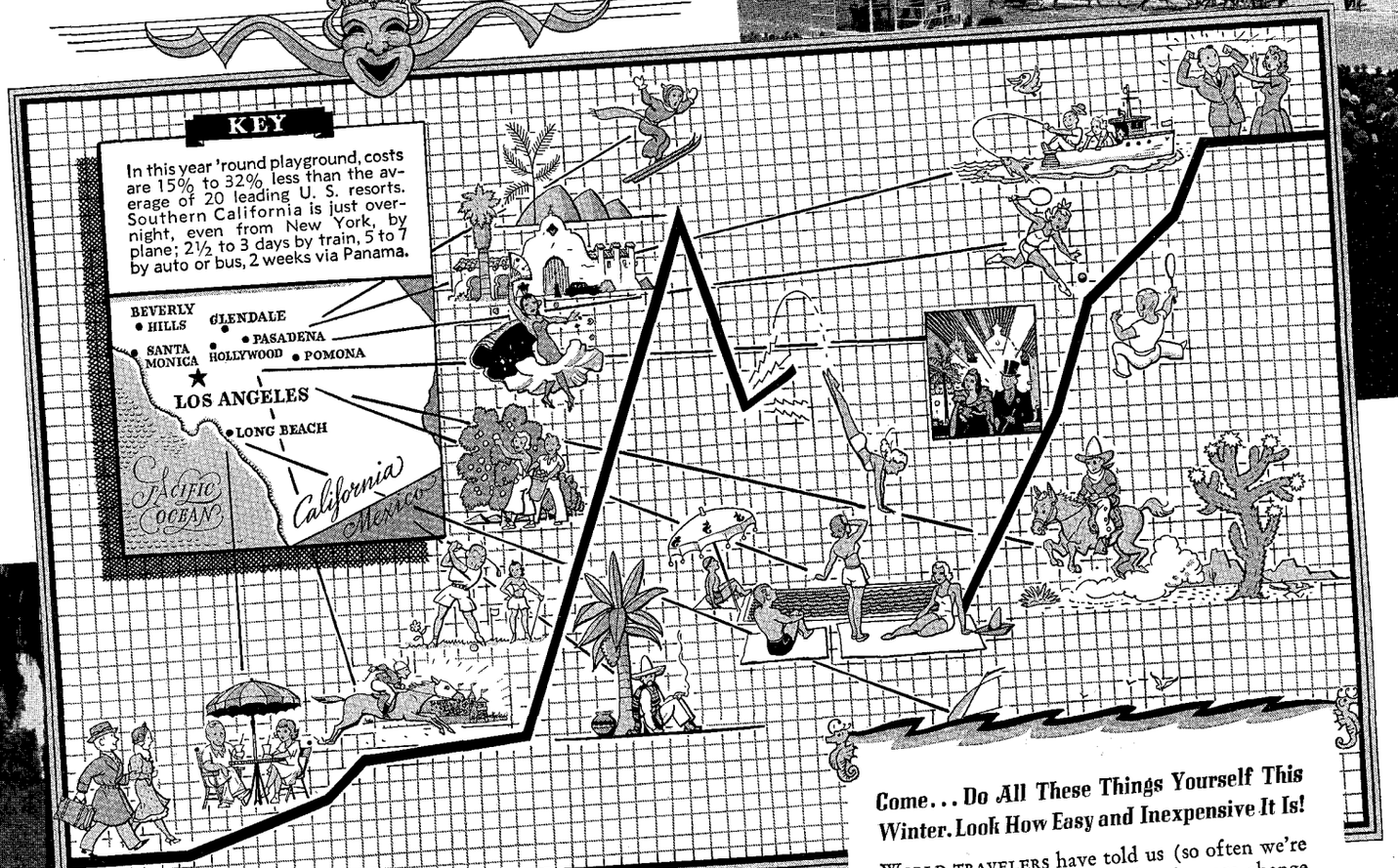
Fun Chart of SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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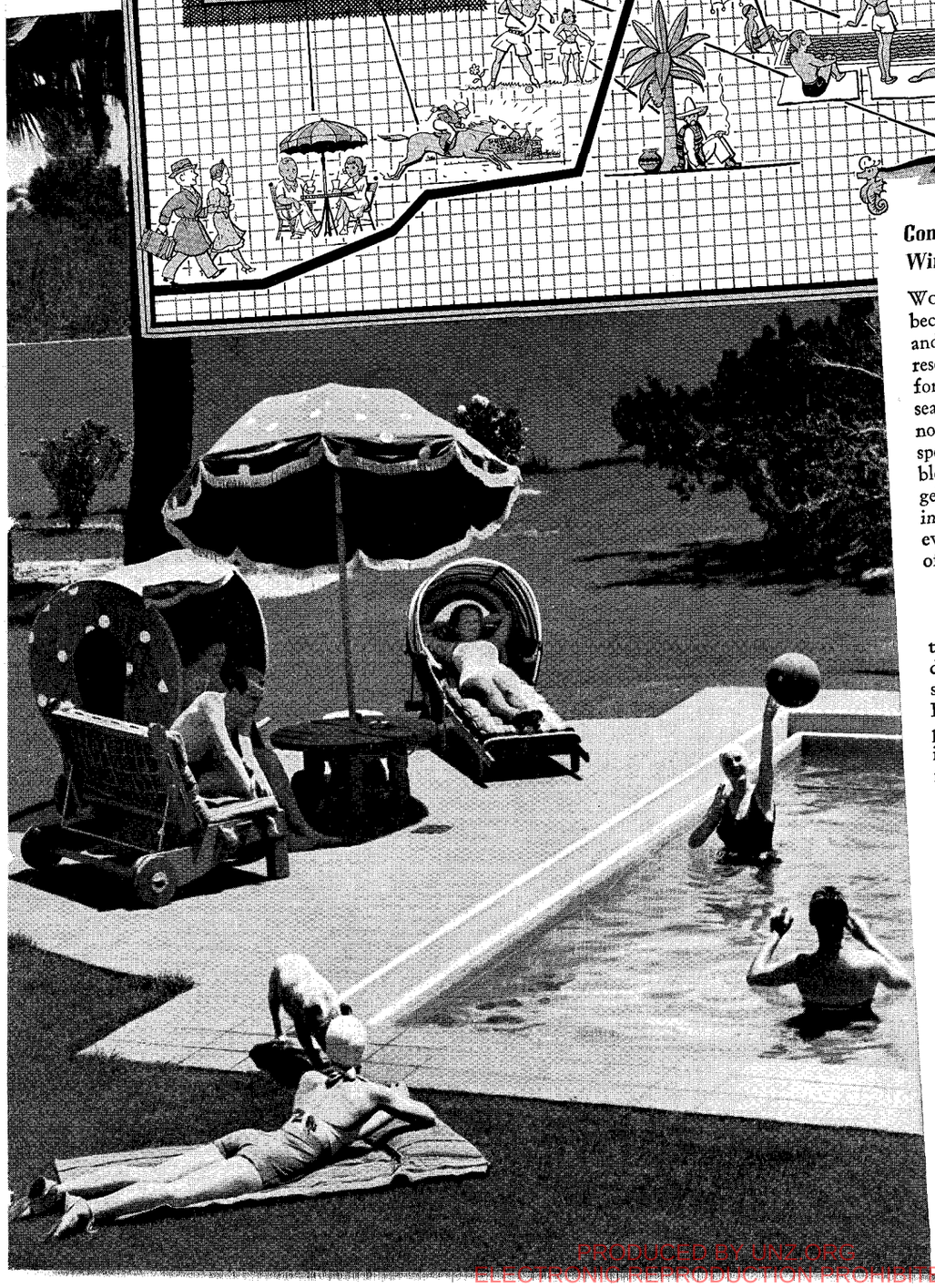

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"Of course . . . I should have known"

"Of course I should have known that the Territory of Hawaii is an integral part of the United States . . . but like lots of people I have only thought of the Territory of Hawaii as a lovely place to spend a vacation."

* * * So—since many people conceive of these American islands as just a pleasant play-land, here are some facts about the Territory of Hawaii which everyone should know, because they pretty much affect everyone in the United States:

. . . the Territory of Hawaii's principal industry is cane sugar. Annual production, two billion pounds.

. . . this American industry supplies the sugar needs of 20,000,000 Americans. Our country never grows enough sugar to meet its requirements.

. . . pays its employees the highest farm wages in the American sugar industry—creating a buying power totaling millions of dollars annually—*dollars spent for the products of other American industries.*

. . . provides them with year-round jobs *without seasonal layoffs*, a record unequalled in the production of any other agricultural crop in America.

. . . enables the Territory of Hawaii to pay more taxes to the Federal treasury than many states—an unparalleled Territorial record.

Thus the Territory of Hawaii, an integral part of the United States, is also an integral part of American industry and one of the vital forces that create jobs and buying-power for the people of America.

These are not dull facts. They are bright with a luster for everyone to see. They give vivid proof of the inter-dependence . . . between all America's people, industries and all parts of the nation . . . from the "Down East" states of New England to the Far West Territory of Hawaii, U. S. A.

DO YOU KNOW—

The cane sugar industry in the Territory of Hawaii is responsible for the creation of many mechanical inventions noted throughout the world of sugar. It has been a pioneer in increasing and conserving soil fertility, developed new, hardier and more productive varieties of sugar cane and notably advanced the science of pest control. Accomplishments that have proved invaluable to the strength and progress of American agriculture.

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GRACE LINE

Quechua Indians, loading a llama for a trip to market

Manuel de Amat, when he was past seventy. The United States knows her mainly through *The Bridge of San Luis Rey.*

Behind the great gates beyond the stone bridge, officers and privates of the police-guard loitered about the courtyard. Front sidewings had been added to the main building, and these had been transformed into police stations. A svelte, smart-moustachioed officer came up courteously, challenged me, and then conducted me across the flagstones.

The baroque palace rose like a confectioner's triumph in sugar and chocolate. The walls were cream plaster, the columns and pilasters of chocolate-colored stone. A broad staircase with wide, shallow steps, easy for an old man's climbing, turned left and, accompanying a carved oaken balustrade, wound to an upper gallery, where a waxen Christ agonized on a cross in a golden shrine.

From atop the palace, which seemed all galleries, roof-gardens, and stairs, I looked down on the deserted garden below. Yellow trumpet-vines, running about unrestrained in venturesome trails, proclaimed with a thousand little golden blasts that here, once upon a time, love in fantastic triumph dwelt. In a concrete conduit, which had been constructed of silver in the viceroy's time, a branch of the Rimac flashed through the garden, making melodious music. Birds, intoxicated with the sunshine, fluttered among the orange trees and sang spring songs in midwinter. Beyond the garden wall, a slab of the Andes, iridescent mauve and violet, looked soft as a dove's breast in the morning light. Behind them, facing the toy palace, the city, with its towers and spires, its pastel walls and green convent patios, breathed an antique aroma.

As we walked to the end of the garden, we paused before the Moorish pavilion topped with a birdhouse built in the shape of a crescent moon. "Here in the afternoons the old viceroy would refresh himself by watching the actress and her maids bathe in the pool beneath," went on the officer. "Do you know why she was called the 'perra chola'—'the half-caste bitch'? Her protector himself gave her the name one night when in a fury she forgot her manners and boxed her leading man's ears on the stage. She came of exceedingly humble parentage, you know—Indian and Spanish, with perhaps a dash of Negro in her. The people took up the opprobrious 'perra chola.' Though she was their idol, they often yelled it after her affectionately in the streets, for sport. She changed the nickname to Perricholi to give it an Italian flavor and thus disguise the sting." He stretched his arm out in front of him. "There she is now, standing at the end of the arbor."

On a slender pedestal stood the marble bust of the young Micaela, the girl who had won the Louis Quatorze of Peru. The viceroy had had it done by a Genoese sculptor.

We passed back through the courtyard. "Do you believe the Perricholi ever really lived here?" I asked. "Many claim she never did."

"There is a doubt," said the officer.

"Well, if she didn't really set up housekeeping here, tradition tells a better story than history," I said, taking a last

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GREAT WHITE FLEET

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look. "For she should have dwelt in these walls and gardens: the place was made for a lover's retreat."

"Ah, life was lived in those days! The eighteenth century was our Golden Age. Everyone was rich, the cost of living low. The theater was a blazing triumph. Today we have lost our zest; we study politics, and frown. It is better to laugh and make love."

IV

I DROVE about the city and saw half a hundred spots that were an evocation of past glory. I sniffed the haunting aroma of five centuries and five continents. I saw the Torre Tagle Palace, that most beautiful example of Spanish Colonial domestic architecture in this hemisphere; San Marco University, the oldest seat of learning on the continent; and the National Library.

At the Inca Museum the *huacos*—funeral vases buried with the dead—were of terra cotta, beige, and blue: the colors of the Andes, the desert sands, the sky. The Indians worked with the colors with which they were most at home. The decorations were of formal motifs, geometric, suggesting both Egypt and Greece. Generally the drawings and little sculptures were of the daily life of the people: women baking, children supping, men playing ball or fighting to the death. The *huacos* suggested that all the activities carried on in this earthly life would be pursued in the unearthly one.

Leaving the showcases of squatting mummies dressed to meet death in robes of parrot feathers, I went to the cathedral to look upon the man who had set his swineherd's heel on the culture of the Incas.

Pizarro with his own devout, thieving hands had laid the foundation stones of the twin-towered gray cathedral. As I entered, an unctuous guide beckoned me to the chapel at the right of the main entrance. He tiptoed with exaggerated precaution, as if to beware of awaking a sleeper. In the shadowy, windowless gloom, on a stone shelf some six feet from the floor, lay a long, glass coffin. The guide struck a match and held the flickering flame close to the dusty glass. Within, like rotting bundles of greenish parchment, lay the mortal remains of Peru's conqueror. The long frame with the shriveled legs extended well over six feet—taller in death than his fellow Christians, as he had been in life. The guide pointed out in the mummy's shoulder and neck the marks of the wounds that had caused his death. The conqueror's head was mended with wire.

GLOBE

Quechua Indian expressman of Lima, Peru. He is a descendant of the Incas, whose empire existed until the arrival of the Spaniards under Pizarro in 1532. He wears homemade clothes, a red and black checked poncho, tan trousers, a silver ring . . . and a smile

Clutching, bony fingers, locked over his groin, made a gesture of hiding the body's abject nakedness. Of course, it may not have been Pizarro at all, but some unknown substitute on whom so much curiosity and tribute were showered. Yet, as I regarded this starkly impotent figure that was the dead color of last year's wasp-nests, it seemed to possess some incorruptible dignity, to exude a subtle macabre overtone of former high estate. And although I rarely believe in authentic bones of crypted saints, I was quite inclined to believe that this desiccated breast had once heaved with that indomitable spirit that belonged peculiarly to Pizarro, and to no other.

V

YET the essence of modern Lima is hard to catch. It is a medley of contrasts and surprises. The sunbaked mud walls that border the roads between the modern seaport of Callao and the capital call to mind Biskra and the date orchards of Algeria. The cotton fields, irrigated with melted Andean snow, might be those of Alabama. In the suburbs, where most of the English-speaking colony and the newly married generation of well-to-do Limeños live, the villas of mauve, green, azure, and cream, with flowering trees and fenceless lawns, recall both Southern California and the Riviera. An ancient grove of gnarled olive trees planted in 1560 might be an Italian landscape near Sorrento. Plazas, churches, and convents, with tiled gardens breathing old Seville from every stone, are within sight of modernistic ferro-concrete apartment houses. Bakeshops and flower-shops are presided over by the Japanese. Before the forty-two cinemas of Lima are placarded the faces and figures of ubiquitous Hollywood stars. The east windows of the tall banks and commercial houses look to the Andes where lies the incalculable mineral wealth still unexploited.

While I was watching from the road a lively chukker on the polo grounds of the country club, a spanking new V-8 Ford passed with three Chunchos, savages from the Trans-Andean region, in the back seat. Their faces were streaked tribally with blood-red paint, their heads adorned with bandeaux of parrot feathers, like Inca mummies. By their expressions they seemed quite taken with the odd amenities of civilization.

To get at all close to the mystery of Peru it must be borne in mind that it has remained predominantly Indian. Out of the estimated six million population, less than half a million are white. Except for the Spaniards of aristocratic lineage and alabaster complexion, the people of Lima are a conglomerate group with skins of various shadings of Indian red, brown, deep sallow, olive, sour cream.

As I drove in the Panagra bus through dim, dawn-lit Lima to take the airplane for Arequipa, mist hung intimately, like portières, about the doorways of narrow streets where many of the colonial families still live. Fog dropped like blankets of gauze from the modern office buildings on to backs of yellow tramcars clanging at milkmaids astride their donkeys and singing out "leche." Yes, I thought, Lima, like its climate, is half sun, half mist. The brash and the new make grating music against the seasoned and traditional. Romantic old Lima languishes on her death-bed. Behind musty, brocaded curtains, her modern heirs, with a dozen different ideologies on their tongues, argue openly, or in secret faction, as to the disposition of her estate. The nation's four or five million Indians munch their wads of *coca,* aim to keep out of white men's affairs. The wealthiest young men of the nation play polo, while other youths talk communism and paste seditious posters on antique walls. A few, like the officer-guard at the Perricholi Palace, prefer to laugh and make love.

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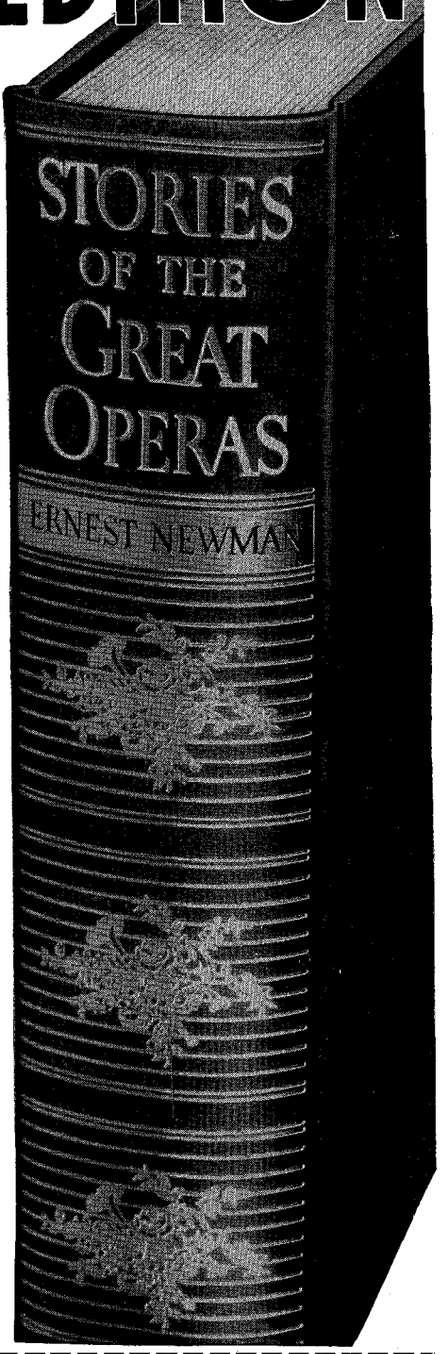

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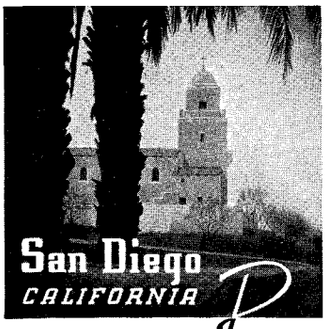
In these seething, nerve-strung days few lands offer the traveler so much in tranquil yet heightened perspective as does Egypt, land of the unchanging amid change, pivot of East and West.

From her desk at the American Legation at Cairo, Helen Barkley Hayes writes us, "I cannot imagine a more marvelous place for weary people to come and settle awhile. The country with its herds of goats and big gamoose cows and little, dainty-stepping donkeys, its natives always laughing and amused, and always the same brilliant blueness of the sky and startling cleanliness of the clouds works its way into your spirit.

"There are innumerable things to do, fascinating places to visit, and if you have time to plan, they can be done for very little." The trip to Luxor, for instance. "You may have heard that in proportion to its distance it is one of the most expensive of all. But once a month through the winter a special excursion is arranged by the Egyptian State Railroads. Ten dollars for *everything*—train fare, all meals, transportation around Luxor and Thebes and even the most expensive item of all, the antiquities entrances. You have a half-day for the Tombs of the Kings, Rameseum, etc.; then a half-day each for Karnak and Luxor Temples. The fourth half-day is yours to plan as you please."

Miss Hayes speaks, not only of the monuments of ancient Egypt, of the mosques, the old Citadel of Saladin, but of the day-in and day-out living amongst them that makes life a rounded whole instead of a punctuated series of museum episodes. Here an Occidental may live according to his own standards and not spend all his money nor ruin his digestion. Excellent pensions abound where fifty to sixty dollars a month covers all expenses. A visitor staying only a reasonably short time can get a membership in the Gezira Sporting Club and enjoy riding, swimming, tennis, and the races on Saturday afternoons. For the nostalgic American there is *La Cafeteria Americaine* which boasts a steam-table, a ticket-machine, caviar sandwiches at ten cents each, and an after-the-theater clientele in formal attire. Yet just beyond lies the Oriental quarter with its winding streets and teeming bazaars.

But Egypt is not confined to urban centers. Along the Nile lie emerald valleys; to the west the great Sahara, while eastward, beyond a barrier of cliffs, the mountainous desert of the Red Sea Provinces—lands of stark beauty and springs of physical and spiritual health.—K.K.



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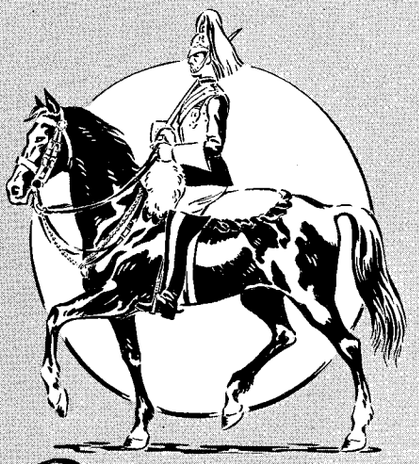

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Since first-class hotel rooms in London and its vicinity are practically unavailable, Raymond-Whitcomb have engaged the luxurious R.M.S."ORION" — 23,500-ton flagship of the Orient Line and one of the newest and finest ships afloat — to lie at anchor in the Thames at the Port of London from May 11 to May 14 and serve as a floating hotel. Here American travelers will be assured of comfort and convenience, combined with pleasant surroundings and congenial society. Rates, including breakfasts and dinners on the "ORION," and daily transportation to and from central London, $75 up.

Raymond-Whitcomb have also reserved seats for the Coronation Procession in the Westminster Abbey Grandstand, which is generally considered the best grandstand in all London. Prices, 18 guineas to 50 guineas. Seats can also be furnished in other grandstands along the route of the Procession at a variety of prices.

In these special arrangements, Raymond-Whitcomb believe that they are offering some of the best accommodations now available for the Coronation. Since already the demand for first-class accommodations exceeds the supply, American travelers wishing the most desirable reservations are urged to make their bookings as soon as possible.

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Straws in the Wind

The Rajah of Sarawak

Recently our friends down at *Harper's Magazine* let it leak out that their latest subscriber was Mr. Alphonse Capone, and that his magazine was being sent to him in care of the government, Alcatraz Island, California. Would it be taking unfair advantage at this particular moment to announce that the latest SCRIBNER subscriber is His Highness, the Rajah of Sarawak, G.C.M.G., Astana, Kuching, Sarawak?

Until we hear otherwise, the Rajah will be considered our most interesting subscriber. If you are a little rusty on

your geography, Sarawak is not in India, but is an independent state in Borneo, under the protection of Great Britain. The present Rajah is Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, a descendant of Sir James Brooke, the first ruler, an English trader who in 1842 got the land—some 50,000 square miles in extent—in one of those smart deals which have made the British Empire what it is, or what it was, anyway, before Mrs. Simpson came upon the scene. In a fight between factions, Sir James offered to rule on payment of 500 pounds a year to the Sultan of Brunei, and what is more, came through with a good government for many years.

The present Sir Charles is monarch over nearly half a million Malays, Dyaks, Kayans, Kenyahs, Muruts, Chinese, and assorted races, and from what we can find out has less trouble keeping them in line than Jim Farley has with the Democrats. Some years ago he led several expeditions into the interior to punish headhunters, so it is easy to see that he's a busy man, as well as the only white rajah in the world.

American Artists Series

Perhaps the most important editorial feature of the new magazine will appear in March, when SCRIBNER'S begins its series of twelve reproductions in color of the work of ranking American painters. Having just rounded out a half-century, the editors feel that it's time to take stock and see what American painters have accomplished. Who are our classic painters and who among our younger men working today are destined to become classic?

This series will be chosen, and the reproduction supervised, by Doctor Bernard Myers of the Fine Arts Department of New York University. The major galleries, museums, and private collections are being combed for suitable and reproduceable examples of the finest American painting. The growing list already includes "Pop" Hart, Winslow Homer, Richard Lahey, Andrew Butler, Saul Schary, and others.

Entirely new ideas are being applied. All of the subjects are to be chosen in

such media as water-color, pastel, gouache, sanguine, and the like—techniques that lend themselves most easily to faithful reproduction. The paper will be as close as can be manufactured to the original paper on which the work appeared. The average color printing requires four standard colors for good reproduction. Our printer will use as many as six colors, and will vary the inks if necessary.

The series will be American, but that does not mean that it will be excessively metropolitan, or hill-billy or bayou-conscious. The editors simply wish to offer readers a monthly series of fine pictures that can be detached from the magazine and framed, and which will add distinction—that's the word—to a room. We hope ultimately to carry this series to the point where it can be issued in portfolio form as a significant document on the art of America.

Interim Report

In October it was announced in these columns that the editors would keep subscribers informed of progress made by the new magazine, believing that most readers were almost as much interested in the business of publishing as in the reading of the magazine.

Thus far it has been the deliberate policy of the editors to let the magazine demonstrate its own merits, and to refuse to embark on exhaustive promotion, circulation, or advertising drives. Even so, progress has been rapid during

the past four months. The net paid circulation in October was 70,000, a gain of 75 per cent over preceding months. November net paid, when all figures are in, will run to about 75,000 and the December net paid to about 93,000. After January 1 the advertisers will be guaranteed 100,000 circulation. What is most encouraging is not that the circulation is going up rapidly, but that the percentages of sales from copies displayed on newsstands is increasing each month. During the past four months the advertising in SCRIBNER'S has more than doubled, which is cause for cheer all around.

Life in the United States

Since this department was founded in 1931 there has been an enormous response on the part of readers. Today in the minds of a large number of readers it is the most interesting part of the magazine, since many of the contributions are from people who are not professional writers. The manuscripts which have come in in recent months, however, indicate (*continued on page* 89)

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The following is our latest revised list. The coupon, with $2.00 (no other charge), will bring you your manuscript by return mail. Satisfaction is assured by our unconditional money-back guaranty. Any two manuscripts may be had for $3.75; any three for $5.00. *Send for yours today.* MEDIA RESEARCH BUREAU, Dept. 632, 1110 F St., Washington, D. C.

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Scribner's
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How Shall We Run Our Cities?

MURRAY SEASONGOOD

Is the merit system worth fighting for? Cincinnati has found it so—a city whose government today is as good as it once was corrupt

If you had buttonholed Lincoln Steffens some thirty years ago and asked him what was the best-governed city in America, he would have said something like this: "I can't tell you which is the best-governed, but I can tell you which is the worst-governed—Cincinnati." And nobody would have doubted him. Cincinnati was worse than St. Louis, worse than Minneapolis, worse than Chicago or New York, worse even than Philadelphia. But today this same Cincinnati is as good as it once was bad. Competent and distinterested observers, men accustomed to measuring their words, do not mind coming right out and saying that it is the best-governed municipality in all our broad land.

How did it happen? How did a run-down, boss-ruled, machine-ridden community change to one governed by citizens with expert assistance? What did the merit system have to do with it? And why are the bosses unable to recapture City Hall and to plunge us back into municipal dark ages? Here was a city run by Boss Cox, who started as a saloon-keeper. He was succeeded by one Rud K. Hynicka, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, who, passing through Cincinnati, found that he liked the view from a hilltop and the beer in the gardens, got himself a job as a newspaper reporter, became a Cox lieutenant, and rammed down our throats what went by the name of government.

It was, of course, the spoils system. We were governed by a political gang, this one labeled Republican. Now and then they were thrown out, but always came back. In 1912 Ohio amended its constitution, and the General Assembly passed a civil-service law. Here in Cincinnati we were enjoying one of our reform governments, so it was easy for us to set up a civil-service commission and to put it to work in good faith.

Our progressive group was soon to learn that good government cannot be attained merely by writing some laws. The Cox-Hynicka machine was coming back. It retook City Hall, filled the commission as it wished, and began pouring the gravy. I did not then know exactly what was happening, but I was soon to learn, for in 1914 or 1915 the Republican Executive Committee was reorganized, and Mr. Hynicka invited me to come in. At the time I thought that the proper way to try to reform a political organization was by working within the party. So I accepted membership on the reconstructed committee which included some of the most influential businessmen of Cincinnati. I made a thorough study of the workings of our Civil Service Commission and concluded that it was just what Hynicka wanted it to be—an instrumentality for getting and keeping the men the boss wanted. I protested and, finding that remonstrance and effort futile, resigned.

Several years passed and then, in 1923, I fired what has been called "the shot heard round the wards." It was at a meeting of the Cincinnatus Association, during a debate on whether city officials should be voted the extra levy they were asking. With some heat I maintained the negative and pointed out many instances of governmental wastefulness and inefficiency in both the city and the county. I tried to show that the county gang was spending so much money that there was not enough left for the city. At the time I had no idea anything would come of my speech and I had no intention of engaging in a political controversy.

To my surprise long extracts from this pot-shot appeared in the morning papers, but in the campaign no one was with me. Officials, citizens, and newspapers (except the *Post*) berated me. The *Times-Star,* the afternoon Republican (Taft) paper, was typical in its approach. It ran an editorial titled "Sabotage in an Unexpected Quar-

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ter" in which it likened my argument "to that of the syndicalist who throws a wrench into a complicated piece of machinery with the idea of discrediting and breaking down the existing social order." My speech was termed "a snappy, even a brilliant expression of a type of political idealism that never gets its feet on the ground."

Of course, I was invited to make a lot of other speeches. Usually when I appeared before a club or organization some city official also appeared—to demonstrate the falsity and "political malice" of what I said. But the press, opposing me editorially, nevertheless reported my speeches fully, and I was able to put before the voters the idea that Cincinnati should have a non-partisan, city-manager form of government, that all positions should be filled on the basis of merit, and that there should be an independent investigation of my statements and figures.

Following the election the "business element" in the Republican Executive Committee insisted that my charges should be proved or disproved by "an impartial committee." Twenty-one Republicans, including myself, were appointed. I considered for a long time whether to serve on this committee, since three or four of the members were also members of the Republican Executive Committee whose acts were under scrutiny. I declared that no man should be a judge of his own case, but I consented to act.

Now let us look back at what this investigating committee found about the merit system in Cincinnati and Hamilton County. The chapters on this subject were written by William E. Mosher, a distinguished personnel man, now director of Syracuse University's School of Citizenship and Public Affairs. Doctor Mosher found that civil service in the city was a mockery. He showed that in 76 per cent of the examinations there were three or less entrants; that in 374 examinations there was but one entrant; that in 1923 alone there were 368 provisional appointments, every one of which later became permanent through the trick of letting provisional appointees pass an experience test. That was not all. There were contributions to party funds, gross discrepancies in the rate of pay for the same positions, inefficiency, no standard sick-leave policy, no retirement policy. In effect, the civil-service commission was simply a rubber stamp for the patronage committee of the party itself.

About this time half a dozen of us initiated an amendment to our city charter. We were like the three tailors of Tooley Street who in a petition to Parliament referred to themselves as "the people of England." We had no money and no organization to start with, but we pushed on with the theme that things were so bad nothing could be worse. We got more than the required 20,000 signatures and then we won the election by better than two to one. In our charter, as later amended, we provided for a civil-service commission of three members serving six years. One was to be appointed by the Directors of the University of Cincinnati, one by the Board of Education, and one by the Mayor.

Throughout two campaigns I had been saying that the holding of municipal office could be made a dignity as well as an honor. Consistency required that I at least try to put this preachment into effect, so after election to the council I became Cincinnati's first mayor under the amended charter—taking office January 1, 1926. As the terms of civil-service commissioners expired we filled them with men who have made Cincinnati's commission what it is today.

The examinations are fair and impartial. The numbers taking examinations have increased. Classification and standardization of salaries have been made. A successful retirement plan has been put into effect. The rule against political activity and contributions has been enforced—so that in effect the pay of city employees has been raised 2½ per cent, that having formerly been the minimum "voluntary" contribution extracted from these people.

Our movement grew and prospered. We found that Cincinnati was not "corrupt and contented," and many able citizens began working aggressively to assist us. But early in the occupancy of City Hall we discovered that good government in the city was shaky unless extended to the county, for the county, under our peculiar Ohio budget laws, had more money available. The same machine had been in control of both, and had more political prizes to distribute. Dismiss an inefficient or disloyal employee in the city government, and he would turn up in a county position. There he would snipe on the non-partisan government in the city.

We set about to correct this situation by providing a merit system for the county. We had to use the state civil-service commission, and we were delayed for some time by an unfavorable opinion of the attorney general, who was a member of the local Republican high command. However, we eventually got around him, and in the county we followed the same plan that had worked so well in the city. We made no wholesale dismissals of employees. Instead, we put all the employees on good behavior, told them to give up their party jobs.

There were a number of rather amusing incidents. The Recorder inherited in his office a squad of one-finger typists who recorded deeds and other legal papers. He found the percentage of mistakes ridiculously large and instituted, after much opposition from the machine, a system of recording by photostatic process which saved money and increased accuracy and speed. When he called in one of the typists and informed him that he was dismissed because of his exceptionally large number of errors, he happened to ask the man what experience he had had previously as a typist. The employee replied that he had had none; he had formerly been a blacksmith!

In one of our early campaigns I learned that a rodman in the County Surveyor's office had spent all of one registration day in an election booth passing out marked sample ballots for the Republican machine. When I presented this matter before the Board of Elections (which, under Ohio's archaic elections laws, is composed of bosses of the two local machines, Republican and Democratic) one would have thought I was the offender.

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"Ferget it! He's got a nice wife and kids!"

The incompetency of politically appointed inspectors costs lives and millions in property damage annually. Two years ago, in Chicago, a water-tank collapsed, killing five people. The "building inspector" was a former malt salesman, appointed by the local boss because "he had a nice wife and kids." The man knew nothing about construction and was as ignorant as a child of building stresses and strains.

However, I caused them to subpœna both the rodman and the election officials of the precinct. When the rodman finally appeared, perspiring profusely, he said he was ignorant but innocent, to which I replied that he was half right, and that that was more than he had ever been before. The election booth was a small portable wagon, and the rodman had the stature of a Japanese wrestler. Nevertheless, the precinct officials swore that they had not seen him in the booth. That was their myopic story, and the Board of Elections charitably accepted it, and the county prosecutor ignored my demand to proceed because he said there was no penalty in the law for this offense. But the incident did dramatize for Cincinnati voters the fact that they were paying with public funds for the upkeep of the political machines.

One of the best examples of this recently came to light in New York City. There for four years the citizenry was harassed by a phantom plague conceived in the imagination of the Health Department. This department wanted to have more jobs to distribute, and hit upon the stratagem of a rat-catching campaign. An imaginary epidemic of bubonic plague was thereupon conjured up and although neither the United States Public Health Service nor the Health Department of New York State shared in the local department's alarm, a special appropriation of $800,000 was wheedled from a frightened Board of Estimate. Thereupon the Health Department selected a force of rat-catchers whose talents were vouched for by

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the machine because, in the emergency of the momentarily expected epidemic, the Health Department found there was "no time" for holding civil-service examinations. About this time the New York Civil Service Reform Association smelled a rat—of a more common species than the bubonic carrier—and took the matter into court. The "emergency" employments were found illegal and civil-service examinations decreed. Whereupon the "epidemic" disappeared as if by magic.

Another illustration will show the interdependence of the state and local machines and the hostility of each to the merit system. Our Municipal Court Act provided that clerks and sheriffs should be under civil service, but I happened to notice that they had never been brought in and that they were among the most active opponents of the reform administration. I took the matter up with the civil-service commission, which ordered non-competitive examinations. The idea here was not at all to displace these clerks and sheriffs (a few of whom had acquired considerable proficiency) but merely to put them under the merit system where they belonged.

That done, we were presented with a spectacle. The Hamilton County Republican delegation to the General Assembly caused a bill to be passed taking these employees out of the classified service and giving them a minimum pay higher than the standard established for city employees doing somewhat similar work. A number of us made a trip to Columbus to protest against the passage of the act and then to urge the governor not to sign it. After it was on the books, its validity was questioned, but the highest court of the state sustained it. Then the Democrats gained control of the General Assembly, and we began pleading with them to repeal the law. But without success, for there was now a Democratic clerk making the appointments.

On top of this came a Republican organization victory in Hamilton County which practically wrecked the merit system. A charter commission was then elected to draft a real county merit system independent of the state commission, but once drawn the charter drew the fire of both political machines. It was beaten, and the county again placed in the hands of the spoilsmen. Good government, of course, means a perpetual struggle.

In Cincinnati we have been fortunate in having some public-spirited people who saw to it that the Civil Service Commission was not a cloak under which the machine could operate in a way it wouldn't dare to in the open. In cities where there is not a group of vigilant citizens to guard against manipulation, the merit system provided by law is a farce. It must have support to mean anything, for the machine works twenty-four hours a day.

Does the merit system pay? Of course it does. Campaigning in 1935 for a civil-service law for Birmingham and Jefferson County, State Senator Simpson of Alabama said that jobs had been created to pay political expenses to such an extent that governmental costs were 20 per cent higher than necessary in the county and 33⅓ per cent higher in the city. Every employer knows the advantages of avoiding labor turnover, of selecting and promoting employees on the basis of competency, and of maintaining a good morale. Comparisons of tax rates of various cities are somewhat inconclusive because of the difficulty in weighing services rendered, valuations for tax purposes, and local conditions. But it is not without significance that Cincinnati, enjoying a sound merit system, has had the lowest adjusted tax rate of any city exceeding 300,000 population. Across the state, in Cleveland, where the merit system has been scrapped, the tax rate is one and a half times as high.

There are also indirect benefits. Cincinnati's fire losses in 1935 were $290,000, the lowest since 1868 and almost 50 per cent less than the low 1934 total. This was partly accomplished by means of 199,942 fire inspections and re-inspections, partly by means of improved equipment, partly by means of faithful service from employees beyond the reach of politicians. All had the effect of reducing insurance premiums. Another benefit of the merit plan is that we are now drawing into municipal service a type of employee we never could get before. Young men who can qualify for future administrative jobs in the various departments are finding it worth their while to take employment with the city on a permanent basis.

How different is the situation in cities dominated by political gangs. With the extra costs for taxpayers sometimes come tragic results. Two years ago a twenty-ton water-tank atop an industrial building in Chicago collapsed, crashed through several floors, and killed five persons. The tank had been inspected by a building inspector, who, it turned out, had been appointed through the influence of a ward committeeman. At the inquiry it developed that the inspector was actually a malt salesman, that he knew nothing at all about the building trade, that he was as ignorant as a child of stresses and strains.

The inquiry was carried on to determine who was responsible for his appointment. When finally the ward committeeman was reached, he gave this interpretation of his reasons for naming that inspector: "A relative of his, a friend of mine, asked me to place him. It was the only job open at the time. It seemed like a good sport for him. Why, I used to play ball with him thirty years ago. He's got a nice wife and kids."

Of course, we are instantly moved to ask what about the nice wives and kids of those who were killed. But also, what about the nice wives and kids of the small homeowners, deprived by unnecessary public expenditure of legitimate spending for parks, recreation, health, and education? Local political machines banded together by "the cohesive power of public patronage" are not merely local in character. They have an injurious effect on the whole system of politics in this country—local, state, and national. Combating these evils is, to my mind, the highest form of peace-time activity open to the ordinary citizen. If once a sentiment can be created for a universal, sincere enforcement of the merit system, then careers in government can become the rule and competent administration of public affairs a reality.

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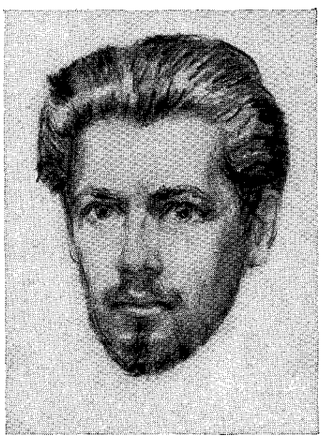
A Note on Scribner Fiction

Discussion of Scribner fiction, since the October number was issued, has been extensive and divergent. For those readers who have entered into the discussion, as well as for those who have remained in silent judgment, the fiction editor has comment and remark.

Because the readers of Scribner's are appreciative, intelligent, thoughtful people, the stories chosen for publication must be of high excellence. They contain more than simple romance, adventure, comedy, tragedy. The emphasis is not alone on what people do, but on why they do what they do, how they think, feel, see. Good characterization, a theme of significance, a presentation of skill and appeal are stressed in Scribner stories, and they must have some artistic form.



John Lang — a self-portrait

Some readers shy away from stories containing anything that has to do with sex; they even shy away from the word itself. Because the matter of sex does have a part in the lives of most of us, however, and because it is an important subject, we do not feel that we can, or should, leave it out of our fiction. We believe the subject of sex should be treated seriously and honestly, and therefore the romantic but pointless story is not for us—neither is the prurient sex story.

The gloomy fiction to which many readers object has its place also. It may be depressing, but it carries more substance than cheerful fiction and is more interesting and provocative. However, cheerful fiction will be given adequate space whenever we find the right combination of gaiety and worth.

Some readers may consider the stories in this issue depressing, and for that reason avoid them. Other readers will find enjoyment because of good presentation, and satisfaction because of theme. The mood a story holds or creates in these readers will not drive them from it. In "The Bad-Nigger Mood," for instance, death for the mean and shiftless and release for the deserving does not place the story in the gloomy class. Neither can "Pro Arte" be classed rightfully as depressing, even though it deals with sickness and death. Release for the living is stressed there. "For Nancy's Sake" may depress some readers, but those who have an interest in the relationships of father, mother, and child will probably be unmindful of any unpleasantness.

Our list of story contributors includes well-known authors and obscure beginners. And we are as proud of the beginners as we are of those who have won fame. We shall continue to seek out and present the best that the new writers are producing. In this way we expect to make a substantial contribution to modern literature.

Scribner's presents this month a young author unusual in his thinking, his expression, his observation, his living. We shall let John Lang introduce himself with excerpts from a recent letter:

"Born May, 1914; somewhat dead these 22 years; resurrection February, 1937. Coming to light again, I see all is as it was in second grade, only dimmer. It didn't take me long to find out how to add to myself, and try to complete myself, and in second grade I wrote my first poem, which was a story. In school I pitied Nietzsche his sentences, for they were like mine and worse; and I pitied Voltaire his obtuse if great intelligence, and Edwin Arlington Robinson his mustache. In my senior year I waddled after Carl Sandburg's bowleggedness until I stumbled over my real inability to imitate well—that was something real, and I was glad, but pretty bewildered. . . . In the mirror of pleasant idiots and hateful geniuses, which was myself, I saw how generously silly everybody was, and in everybody I found great ecstasies. I felt everybody more personally, and I was relieved on a number of subjects. Then, instead of purely personal things about myself, I started writing purely personal things about other bodies and other minds. I thought it was fun and important, and it was, to write about people going through what to them was momentous, and what was really only the mechanism of nature. . . .

"I haven't told you too much about John Lang, for a good reason: he is one of the people I write stories about. There is no greater waste of words than the ones which tell how many times a writer ran away from home, and what he did in those periods. If you don't know all that is worth knowing about a writer after you have read his stuff, he is writing about the wrong guy."

Concerning his story "War" he wrote: "There are a lot of writers who have, or seem to have, the notion that a man who has never been to war is not qualified to write about it. My idea is that war is a pretty common thing, not a rarity coming only once in each man's prime. I know that in my battle which took place when I was 13 or 14 I was easily capable of murder. It is no more incredible than war, though I admit and insist it is certainly incredible." Mr. Lang's stories appear on page 38.

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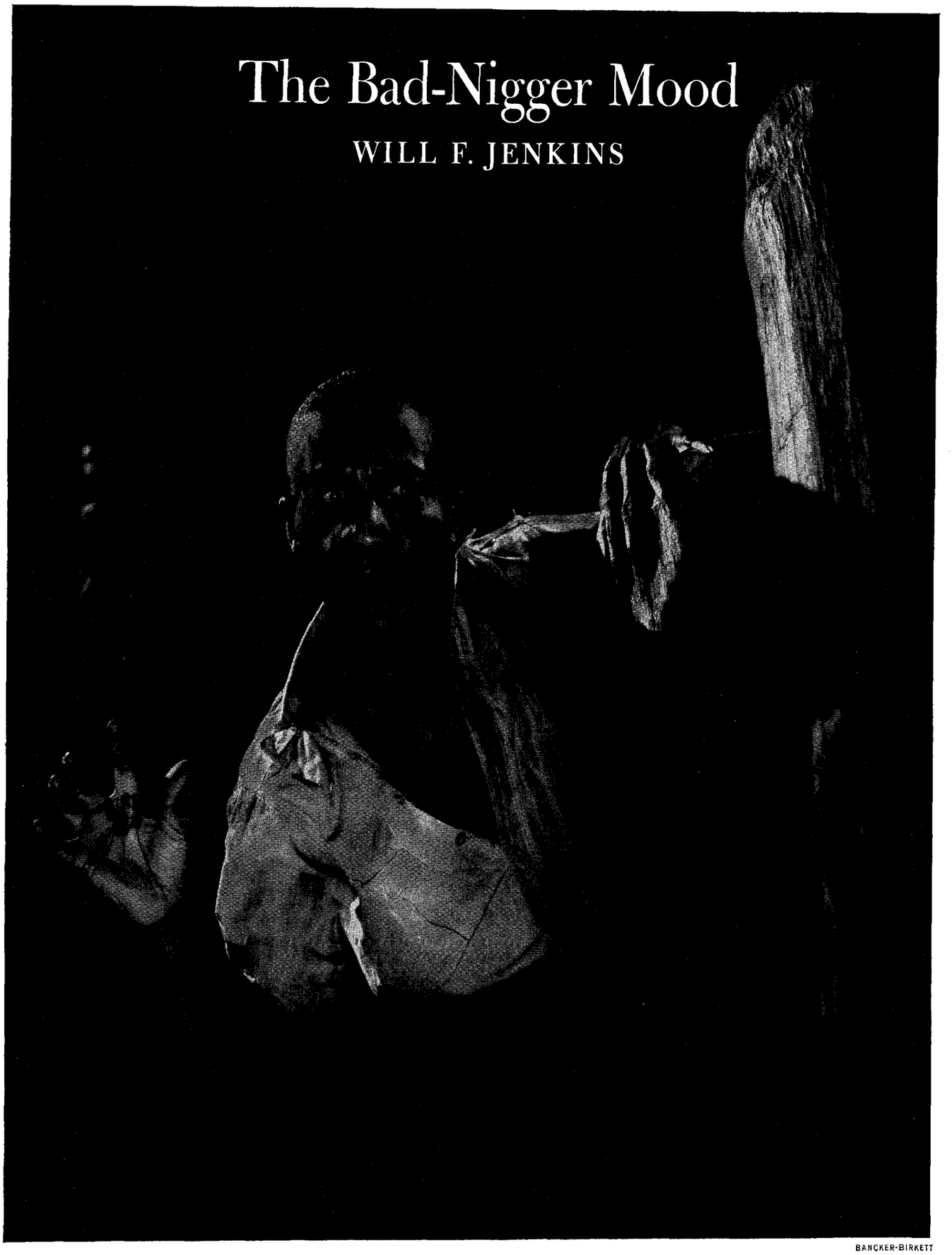
The Bad-Nigger Mood

WILL F. JENKINS



BANCKER-BIRKETT

He stood in the damp and odorous darkness

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Pete was out on the end of the wharf when the bad-nigger mood came on him. Perhaps his surroundings had helped to make it, but they were not enough, alone. It was dark and damply odorous on the wharf, to be sure. Tide swirled past the piles underneath, and dark water spread out far and dismally. The steamer was a long way up-stream, and her lights were bare, twinkling specks. He could see the thin silver sliver of her search-light, turned on for an instant to check her position in the channel. And he could smell salt water, and oyster-flats, and guano spilled in unloading—many moons ago—and the earthy smell of the potato-barrels awaiting the steamer to Baltimore. But those sights and sounds and smells were not enough to induce the bad-nigger mood by themselves.

It was something else, something unguessable. There was a queer, calm detachment that had come over him, and it had something horrible about it. It was like he was walking in his sleep and wanted to wake up. But he did not want to wake up very badly. The night seemed blacker than any night had ever been before, and there was black melancholy in it, which fed upon his heart so that there was not anything on earth that could make him smile. And the darkness of the night did not seem lonely, at all. Instead, it seemed like a mask, a cover, in which nobody else would ever know. But above all, there was a cold, detached withdrawal from all ordinary things that was wholly unlike the every-day Pete. It was the bad-nigger mood.

Standing there in the darkness, he heard the faint clack-clack of heels on the wharf-stem. He turned his head. It seemed to turn itself. He'd made a date with Martha, Cap'n Stewart's cook, for later on. He'd made it before the bad-nigger mood came on him. But now—though it did not strike him as strange—he was not interested in Martha. He forgot Martha. He listened to the heel-clacks with a new, strange, feral intentness.

He saw the lantern, far away at the end of the wharf-stem. Figures moved about it, loading the mule-truck with the last freight to go off on the steamer. He saw vague obscurings of that lantern. He blinked alertly and made out two figures coming. He heard the tappings of a woman's heels. The slurred, more uncertain sound of a man's. The tempo of the heel-tappings changed. They paused, and came on, and paused again. Mist' Holmes. Drunk again. Miz' Holmes steadying him.

Pete paused, and moved with an instinctive stealth from his place. He found a darker spot. He stood in it, savoring the cover of the blackness and the many odors all about. The steamer was still a long way off, and its red and green lights blended into a single parti-colored sparkle. The tide splashed and gurgled past the piling. The night-breeze was soft and irregular. The utter silence of the night all about him was emphasized by the faint, clamorous chorus of frogs in the marsh by Wilson's Creek.

Somebody stumbled and cursed thickly. A woman hushed him anxiously. The man cursed again, cursing her. Mist' Holmes and his wife.

Pete turned slowly. Beneath the abysmal shadow of the wharf-shed he saw the faint, whitish blur of the woman's dress. It swayed, as if she were supporting and upholding the man. She was. He was scarcely able to walk.

A barrel creaked. She'd got him to it and settled him down.

Pete listened in the darkness while the white man cursed his wife. Poorwhite, if he did have a big farm and money in the bank. Nobody but a poorwhite, and a drunk poorwhite at that, would swear at his wife.

There was a faint, re-echoed shout from shoreward. The crack of a whip. Then a tiny humming sound, reinforced with clankings. The scrabble of hoofs on planking. The mule-truck was coming out from shore. Out on the long dark wharf-stem along the narrow-gauge track, with Barneymule pulling it and the lantern shining sedately over the glassy water. The humming sound was the noise of the truck upon the rails. The clankings were the wheels rolling over the rail-joints.

The woman's voice grew urgent, more anxiously placating. The man grumbled, grunted, was still. Then there was no sound at all but the tide and the humming of the truck upon the rails.

Pete stared where the whitish blur of the dress was visible. The bad-nigger mood was strong, created perhaps by the silence and the dark. Perhaps. It was a primitive mood, as unreasoning as the acute despair a dog voices in howling at the moon. But men do other things than howl when the primitive takes possession of them. They do horrible things. But the truck was humming upon its rails. Coming nearer. Pete relaxed reluctantly.

The rays of an oil-lantern smote faintly upon the posts which upheld the roof of the wharf. The clattering of hoofs grew louder. Voices mingled with their sound. The noise of wheels grew loud indeed. Then a stentorian, "Whoa! Whoa, mule!"

The truck was abruptly at the end of its journey. Barneymule came to a stop, his long ears flopping. He knew the routine of a steamer-stop more thoroughly even than the men. The colored man with the lantern took it off the truck and set it down. He began to heave off the mail-bags. Other volunteer colored men clambered from the truck and heaved off the last-minute freight. Cap'n Stewart got down leisurely, smoking a cigar. He was Pete's boss. Pete did not move. He watched.

The steamer was near, now. Its lights were separated by appreciable spaces. From something like a painted image without depth, it swam suddenly into solidity. It possessed length and breadth and thickness. The engine-room bell clanked faintly. The engines stopped. The noise of the cut-water-wave became audible as a faint hissing sound. The search-light flared suddenly, stabbing the night. It smote pitilessly upon the wharf, outlining barrels, boxes, and men alike with an artificial glare. They

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showed starkly clear, with exaggeratedly black shadows. They looked unreal.

Pete turned his eyes from its brightness. He saw Mist' Holmes. He was sitting on a potato-barrel, swaying a little, nodding drunkenly. His wife, beside him, shielded her eyes. She looked tired, hunted, defiant. The search-light was reflected by something dark and liquid and flexible—like water—on Mist' Holmes' coat. But it was thicker than water.

"Mist' Holmes fell in the tar," said a voice beside Pete. It was a colored boy. "Wheah they fixin' the road. Got road-tar all over him. Ain't he a sight!"

The search-light abruptly flicked away and died. The bow of the steamer loomed beside the wharf. Somebody shouted. A faint whistling sound, and the thud of a hand-line falling on the wharf-roof. It tumbled down. Somebody ran and caught it. A second. A third. Men hauled at them. The steamer's engines growled thunderously. It edged in. The gangway-door, lighted from within, with a white man and three negroes leaning on the rail. A dripping loop of three-inch rope came over the wharf-edge. Another. The steamer touched, and the whole wharf swayed, swayed back, and was still.

The sounds of bedlam broke loose as steam-winches tightened the lines; as a whistle shrilled somewhere and roustabouts from the steamer ran ashore the gang-plank and swarmed down it with hand-trucks, as they ran against the rows of potato-barrels and scampered at full speed up the gang-plank again to the thunder of small iron wheels upon the wharf's uneven planking. The scene was all confusion, made vivid by a thousand-watt bulb which winked into intolerable brightness over the steamer's side. There was tumult, and motion, and babbling, and whoops from the roustabouts. The contrast between this hectic activity and the dark, damp silence of five minutes before was startling.

A hand-truck took away the third barrel from Mist' Holmes. The second. The one next to him. Miz' Holmes tugged helplessly at her husband. Pete saw his boss, Cap'n Stewart, go to her aid. She got Mist' Holmes to his feet. He roused to tipsy rage. He waved his hands furiously, spouting what were undoubtedly insults, but which the growling thunder of the loading drowned from the steamer. To avoid a collision, one man dumped his barrel so he could stop. Other men hooted as they went swiftly by. Overhead, a solitary dark figure looked down from the very top of the steamer. Cap'n Stewart went running to steady Mist' Holmes, while Miz' Holmes looked dully at his danger.

But Mist' Holmes got through unscathed. He stopped at a clump of piles driven right at the edge of the wharf to take the impact of the steamer's landings. He glared behind him and with an immense, drunken gravity leaned against them. He was just at the edge of the platform, with the tide swirling and gurgling a bare six feet below.

Cap'n Stewart checked. He turned back to the brightly lighted space. Miz' Holmes stood still as Mist' Holmes slid to a sitting position at the base of the clump of piles.

Hand-trucks rolled and rumbled. The long rows of potato-barrels melted like magic. There was a constant, continuous thunder of small iron wheels. There were the shrill yelpings of negroes working at high speed, calling to each other. There was a sudden roaring overhead. Steam blowing off from the steamer's boilers.

Somebody came down the gang-plank, dodging the hand-trucks. A red-capped porter followed with suitcases. Pete regarded him detachedly, brooding. Mist' Carter. Used to live here. Used to go with Miz' Holmes, before she married Mist' Holmes. Cap'n Stewart waved and went to meet him. They shook hands, and the porter piled Mist' Carter's bags on the mule-truck.

Pete saw a movement out of the corner of his eyes. He looked, without turning his head. Mist' Holmes had slumped down further. He was flat on his back, sleeping heavily. Pete turned to him. Mist' Holmes was drunk. He was asleep. He was helpless. And the bad-nigger mood was strong upon Pete.

He saw Mist' Carter shaking hands with Miz' Holmes. And she looked despairfully at him. Mist' Carter turned his head. He saw Mist' Holmes. And Miz' Holmes had, at that moment, just the look of a woman pretending that there was no dagger pressing deeper and deeper into her heart. Pete looked back at Mist' Holmes. He was drunk, and asleep, and helpless. . . .

The last barrel ran up the gang-plank. There was a sudden startling silence. Even more startlingly, the thousand-watt bulb snapped off, and the wharf was illumined only by the single smoky lantern of the mule-truck. Somebody on the steamer blew his whistle. Men ran the gang-plank back on board. The lines slacked and fell overboard. A bell rang. The engines stirred.

With a vast splashing, the propeller turned. The steamer swayed away from the wharf. It forged ahead, and moved away with gathering speed, and suddenly seemed to dissolve. It lost all solidity. It was a picture that moved away, a silhouette of lights. The sound of its engines and its splashing grew fainter. They were, very abruptly, merely some among the voices of the night—at one with the tide, and the distant clamor of the frogs in the marsh by Wilson's Creek, and the sound of movement and of voices on the wharf itself.

The voices were startlingly distinct. Men finished loading the incoming freight on the mule-truck. Barneymule clumped to his position at the inshore end. Figures climbed on it. But a whitish blur which was a woman's dress moved across the darkness. A man followed. Cap'n Stewart. He spoke low, so nobody would hear.

"D'you think you can rouse him, ma'm?"

"There's somethin' on his clothes, ma'm," said Cap'n Stewart, almost under his breath. "You'll dirty your dress. I think you'd better—uh—let the truck come back out for him. It's loaded full now. But I'll get somebody to come back out for him, ma'm."

She said desperately, "My dress? What does it matter if he dirties my dress? He's done everything else! Did you see Carter—look—look at me——"

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The two figures were very close together. Cap'n Stewart's voice said, low-pitched:

"He don't blame you, ma'm. I know the boy. Pull y'self together, now. Come along ashore, an' I'll send somebody out to bring your husband in. He's best off here for the present."

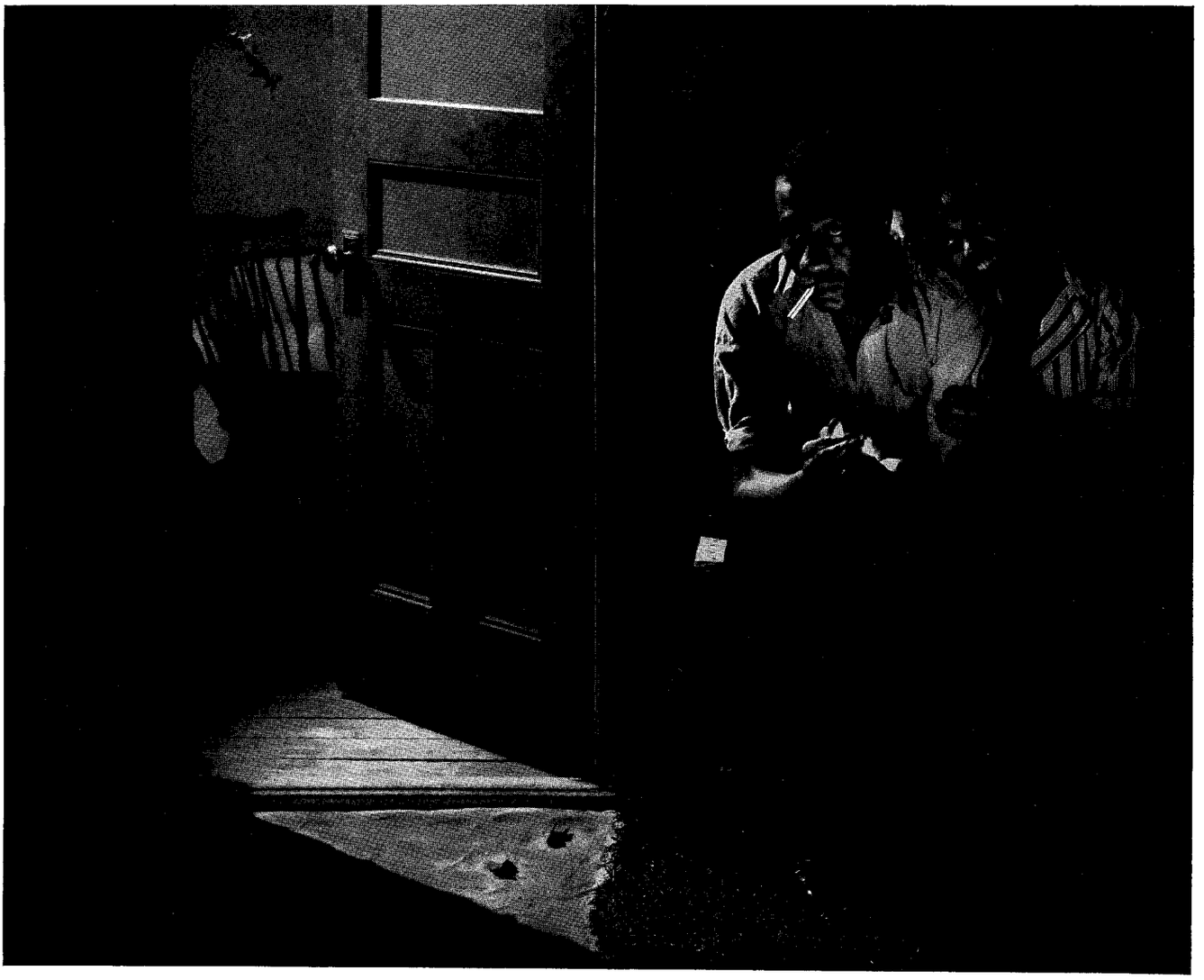
She started for the mule-truck which now was waiting, and Cap'n Stewart helped her up onto it. Her set, frozen face was turned for an instant toward Pete. But Pete did not see in it that bitter humiliation—Carter, whom she had turned down, witnessing the sottishness, the public disgrace, of her husband—the man she had preferred to him.

Pete did not notice such subtleties. The bad-nigger mood was strong upon him. Only his eyes moved. There was shouting. "Go'long, Mule! Le's heah from y'!" Hoofs scrambled. The mule-truck creaked, and its wheels hummed upon their rails. It began the long journey to the shore. The shadows of the roof-posts moved and flickered as the lantern passed from among them. It receded. It grew small. The song of the wheels upon the rails grew fainter, and the whacking thuds of the mule's shod hoofs.

Pete stirred. His hands opened and closed. He stood in the damp and odorous darkness, with the dwindling sound of the truck signifying that he was increasingly alone. In his ears was the sound of the tide swirling past the piles underneath. Dark water spread out far and dismally. In his nostrils was the smell of salt water, and oyster-flats, and guano spilled these many moons ago. The night seemed blacker than any night had ever been before, but the blackness was a cover, under which anybody might do anything and nobody ever find it out. He heard a fish splash—plop—fifty yards away. And he heard Mist' Holmes' stertorous, drunken breathing.

Pete took a cautious step toward him. He stopped, and his eyes were narrow slits. The bad-nigger mood held him fast. He stood above Mist' Holmes. He saw starlight glitter on the semi-liquid tar with which Mist' Holmes had been bedaubed when he fell down where the road was new-mended.

Mist' Holmes grunted protestingly. . . .



BANCKER-BIRKETT

"Fraidy-cat!" said Martha, teasing

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Pete, running lightly and swiftly, caught up to the mule-truck. Barneymule had settled down to his normal, ambling stride, with a load of freight and a dozen assorted humans riding behind him. Pete swung up to the truck's deck, only to sit down at the back end with his heels dangling toward the planks underneath. Somebody said in his ear:

"Mist' Holmes was sho' the drunkest I ever did see a man!"

It was a colored boy who'd been out on the end of the wharf. Pete did not answer. He was still detached, still in that queer, sleep-walking state in which a man regards darkness as a mask, a cover, in which anybody can do anything and nobody will ever find it out.

Barneymule stopped by the small warehouse on shore. The passengers leaped down, or stepped down, or—in the case of Miz' Holmes—were assisted to the ground. Pete saw her face in the lantern-light. It bore an expression he would ordinarily have inspected with deep curiosity. It is not often one sees a human face whose owner would gladly change places with any other human in any other conceivable anguish. But Pete looked, and looked away.

He moved, dragging his feet, away from the final small flurry of activity in which the incoming freight was placed in the warehouse, the warehouse closed, and all business ended for the night. Cap'n Stewart was talking quietly to one or two of the colored men who had gone out to see the steamer. He conferred briefly with the man who drove Barneymule. Pete heard him say in a low tone to Miz' Holmes:

"I reg'n, ma'm, you'd rather I went on. With Carter."

Miz' Holmes' voice was without resonance or life or expression:

"Yes. I—I—I'm much obliged."

Cap'n Stewart turned away from her. He saw Pete just as he took the wheel of his car.

"Want a lift, Pete?"

"I'm walkin', suh," said Pete. Sheer habit made the tone polite. Pete was not normal in any way. "Just walkin'."

Mist' Carter was already in the car. Cap'n Stewart started it. It went chugging up the road. A mile or less. Pete followed on foot, and as he walked away from the wharf, he heard the mule-truck start back out for Mist' Holmes.

Pete turned in the lane to Cap'n Stewart's house, walking like a feral thing, his eyes moving and his ears alert. He savored deeply of the darkness, the all-concealing obscurity of the thick, honeysuckle-hung jungle on one side of the lane. It invited him, with its promise of secrecy.

He drew near the house. He heard a faint clatter of dishes from the kitchen—Martha hurrying through her work so she could go walking with him in the warm summer night. A murmur of voices came to him from the living-room. Cap'n Stewart's voice. Mist' Carter's.

Pete stopped and peered in. Mist' Carter was saying:

". . . I never have gotten over it anyway. But now I see what sort of a hell she's living in—"

Cap'n Stewart ran his hand through his hair.

"I'm sorry, Carter. Everybody warned her what sort of a man he was, before she married him. Bad stock to begin with. And everybody'd be glad to help her in any way, but—"

The telephone began to ring. A long ring, a short, and a long. A long ring, a short, and a long. Not the quick, staccato rings of the switchboard operator, who had only to push a button to ring on the line, but the clumsier signaling of somebody who was cranking a ringer-handle to call Cap'n Stewart's house.

Cap'n Stewart made a motion to Mist' Carter and answered.

"Hello . . . Yes . . . *What?*" He started. "My God! Of course! Coming!"

He slammed up the receiver and said harshly:

"Come on, Carter! Back to the wharf! In a hurry!"

Pete went on around to the back of the house. He heard the car start and go roaring down the lane to the main road. The sound of clattering dishes had ceased. He heard Martha slam the closet door after hanging up her apron. Now she looked out and saw Pete, standing there in a strange and inhuman calm. But she could not see his expression. She came out, giving him a wide, adoring grin.

"Right on time, honey! Wheah we goin' to walk?"

Pete's hands closed and unclosed. He liked Martha. Normally, he considered that he loved her. But the bad-nigger mood was still upon him. His eyes were keen. His ears were sharp. His brain was preternaturally acute. That brain noted something, now. His hands were sticky. Martha pressed close, fondling him.

"Cap'n Stewart's gone off agin. In a hurry. What for, honey?"

"Somebody called up from the wharf," said Pete slowly. "Said Mist' Holmes done fell overbo'd. He was mighty drunk, an' they left him out theah when the truck came ashore, bein' he was all messed up with road-tar. But some folks went out to git him an' bring him back, an' they couldn't find him nowheah. So they kinda figger he rolled himself overboard an' drownded."

"Sho'!" exclaimed Martha. "Ain't it a shame!"

Pete released himself from her arm. He moved toward the lighted kitchen door.

"What you goin' theah for?" asked Martha curiously. "No need for kindlin' now!"

Pete opened the screen door, carefully. He looked down at the shining, sticky substance on his hands.

"Just goin' in to wash my han's," he said. "I got somepin' like road-tar on 'em."

Then he stopped, standing by the sink in the kitchen of Cap'n Stewart's house. The color drained from beneath his pigmented skin. He looked, for an instant, like a plaster-of-paris statue that has been dusted with cocoa, so that the white still shows through. His head was almost geometrically round. His eyes, ordinarily, were

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soft and melting and of a very deep brown. But now they were not soft. They were the eyes of a hunted animal which sees dogs in full leap for its throat. The breath went wheezing from his lungs in a whimper of paralyzed horror.

But then Martha's voice came in the door, coaxing and amorous.

"Hurry up, honey. I feels like smellin' honeysuckle. Le's go walkin'."

Pete swallowed convulsively. He took the soap. He took a scrubbing-brush. He cleaned his hands with the strong kitchen soap and boiling-hot water from the kettle. He stumbled, once, as he went out the door again. But Martha's arm was comforting. He clung to it.

"Le's—le's wait till moonrise," he said shakily. "Le's sit down out heah till it gits lighter . . . Please!"

"Fraidy-cat!" said Martha, teasing.

But she sat beside him on the back porch of Cap'n Stewart's house. Pete looked off into the dark night, into cavernous openings into blackness, into hollow caves of obscurity among the trees and shrubs and buildings in the yard—and Pete stayed close to the streak of light that came out of the kitchen door. He didn't want to go walking in the dark. The bad-nigger mood was gone.

For Nancy's Sake

VIRGINIA BIRD

From the window, Martha watched Nancy hurrying down the street. Despairingly, she noted that, despite dancing lessons, special exercises, and orthopedic shoes, the child still had Fred's jerky, stiff-kneed gait. Even in her pretty new pink dress, Nancy looked only like a forlorn orphan, seeking a warm place, a welcoming pat.

With a grimace Martha turned and walked into the bedroom. She'd promised to drop by to show Louise her new fur jacket this afternoon, but she was late now, because of Nancy. Not that she minded, of course. But the child's lack of response to all her efforts, nurtured by Fred's sly approval, was so disheartening. What other mother in Blue Acres would put up with such combined opposition? And then take the blame for all that went wrong.

In the bedroom, Martha reluctantly cleared away the annoying tasks always left for her. Move Fred's brushes to his own dresser. Put his robe away in the closet. And finally, leave a note reminding Marie to have a malted at six for Nancy. Though dull and inefficient, Marie had to be kept. Fred said that she was good to Nancy. He meant she sided with *him*.

One of these nights, Martha assured herself, moving from closet to dresser to bed, she'd make her final appeal to Fred. And while she'd certainly not let him start a scene before Nancy, she'd force him to understand that she must have a free hand with the child. Or she'd simply wash her hands of everything.

Every one knew the chaos that always resulted in children in a conflict-ridden home. In the Mental Hygiene Lectures she'd endured all winter to become a more progressive mother, Doctor Boyer had emphasized this again and again. And though she'd tried and tried to remove Nancy from all conflict, to give her a balanced, harmonious environment, Fred had blocked her every attempt. Consider what she'd had to contend with the past two months——

Why just last night at dinner he'd caused a scene before Nancy. Across the table he'd said: "Well, Pippin, how would you like to come downtown and see a Micky Mouse show with Daddy?" Nancy had looked up quickly.

"Oh, Daddy, I'd love it."

Pleasantly, Martha had explained to Fred. "Not tomorrow, dear. Nancy takes her dancing lesson then."

But Nancy had persisted: "Just this once, Mother, couldn't I please?" Martha had frowned at Fred, but instead of being firm, he'd waved it away vaguely.

"Well, another time, Pippin."

So of course Martha'd had to shoulder the burden of discipline alone. "Now we'll have no more about it, Nancy. Tomorrow is the day for your dancing lesson."

But five minutes later, when Nancy ran sobbing from the table into her own room, Fred couldn't see how *he* was to blame at all. Pleasant to be able to throw off your responsibilities so easily. But Martha, where Nancy's future was concerned, had the courage to see a difficulty through, however unpleasant.

Later that evening, Martha had showed Fred the new dress she'd bought for Nancy to wear to her dancing class. She did *so* want Fred to feel that he shared in all she did for Nancy. But when she'd held up the dainty, ribboned dress, Fred (who never lifted a finger for Nancy) merely glanced at it, then complained, "But I thought Nancy asked for a blue dress. Why don't you take her shopping with you, and let her choose her own clothes?"

Right then, they had come very close to a break, but again Martha had been patient. "Fred, this bickering simply must stop. Don't you realize that we must work in

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harmony to help her develop normally? I can't understand, Fred, why you continue to balk me. Don't you care about the inevitable damage to Nancy's personality?"

Finally, after a momentary armored silence, Fred had grumbled unintelligibly, and continued reading. A typical flight gesture, as Doctor Boyer expressed it. Martha had put the dress away, but of course by then all her enthusiasm had gone.

And the time she'd explained to Fred that, since Nancy's stringy hair undoubtedly made her feel inferior to her little friends, she should have a permament. The Wood's Elizabeth, for instance, had adorable blond curls, and little Gail Bolton had the quaintest dark braids in red ribbons. But nothing short of professional attention could improve Nancy's drab, straight hair.

But Fred (defending his own unruly mop) had almost shouted at her: "What's the matter with Nancy's hair? I think it's pretty. Why make her unhappy about it?"

His continual barrage was thoroughly exasperating. But rather than abandon her efforts for Nancy, she faced his criticism again and again. At dinner, to bring the timid child out of her introvert's shell, she'd tried: "What's Nancy thinking about?" or "Tell Mother about your multiplication test, dear?" But only to have Fred growl, "Oh, let her be herself, Martha. She's at dinner. Let her forget multiplication." It was perfectly all right, though, for him to ask, "How are you and Jimmie Clay coming on with your skating? Beat him today, hon?" Perfectly all right for Fred to correct her before Nancy, and then gloat when Nancy prattled eagerly to *him!*

Then on top of all that had come this dreadful scene with Nancy today just before she left for her dancing lesson. When Martha laid out the new pink dress on the bed, Nancy in her frilled slip had glanced at it without comment. "Isn't it beautiful, dear?" Martha encouraged. But Nancy said only "Yes," indifferently, and continued pulling on her stockings.

Later, as Martha sat on the edge of the bed, she studied Nancy impersonally, noting her sharp little shoulder blades, her thin arms and legs. Unfortunate for the child to have Fred's gaunt, ungainly frame. Although with patient, careful training, the stiff little body might be developed— But if Fred were going to balk all her efforts this way——

Hoping to win the child's confidence, Martha said, "Dear, you do understand how necessary it is to go to every dancing lesson at Miss Dean's? You do want to be a graceful little girl, don't you?"

Nancy, buttoning her shoes, nodded in her listless way. Then she asked, "When is Daddy coming home? He has to see me in my new dress."

When Martha explained, "He may be late, dear. Besides, you mustn't annoy Daddy when he comes home tired from business," Nancy did not answer. But a few minutes later, when Martha went to help Nancy put the ribbon in her hair, Nancy only clutched the ribbon tightly and pulled back from her!

Too well-controlled to reveal her shock, Martha stood perfectly still and said merely, "Well, young woman, if that's how you feel about your mother—" And then walked out of the room.

Then Nancy had delayed in her room until Martha'd had to call, "It's almost four o'clock, Nancy. I want you to go this minute."

Without even saying good-bye, Nancy had slipped out the front door.

With a minute to herself, Martha remembered her date. Now, as she hurried down the steps and around to the garage, she decided that she must bring this distressing problem of Nancy to an immediate end. When a little girl glared at her mother!

After a very comforting chat with Louise (Louise had twin boys, but because her husband cooperated, she never had a minute's trouble with them), Martha decided she would stop by for Nancy after dancing class and they'd drive down to meet Fred. Perhaps they might all even have dinner downtown. And if everything went well, she'd overlook Nancy's behavior and try once more to win Fred's aid with her. It seemed a mother's lot to humble herself so she could bolster the morale of the rest of the family, but Martha didn't mind that. All she asked was success with Nancy.

And while I'm at dancing school, she thought, I'll ask Miss Dean if she is being particularly careful with Nancy. If she knows that I'm really concerned about progressive methods, she'll cooperate with me.

In the reception room of the dancing school, Miss Dean, a slim redheaded young woman, seemed confused when Martha said she'd come to wait for Nancy. As Martha sat down, Miss Dean said, "Nancy hasn't been here today, Mrs. Avery. I assumed she was ill."

Martha stared blankly at Miss Dean. For a moment, the racket of piano and shuffling feet from beyond the big glass doors deafened her. "Hasn't she reported here at all?" Surely Nancy'd done nothing so flagrant as not come!

"No, Mrs. Avery, Nancy's not here."

Martha rose at once. She'd not air a family mess before Miss Dean, but of course the whole affair must be *obvious*. Murmuring apologies, she left immediately.

Her damp hands were trembling on the wheel as she guided the car away from the curb and down the tree-arched street toward home. There must be a mistake. Why Nancy had left the house as meekly, two hours ago— She must certainly discipline Nancy. Nancy must know that her mother was to be obeyed. Once a wilful child feels the authority of her parents slipping, that child is lost. Oh, *why* had she let things reach this stage?

But what was to be expected of Nancy, considering Fred's interference? He'd deprived Nancy of the confidence and security she had a right to feel in her parents, and just as Doctor Boyer had said in such cases, children took refuge in lies and deceit. Well, she'd tell him what it had led to with Nancy. For the child's own protection, she must halt Fred's interference, at once. At once!

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DRAWN BY ISABEL BISHOP

How could Nancy ever learn to face an issue?

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Back home, Martha went from room to room, calling Nancy, until Marie answered from the kitchen that she hadn't come home. She was probably waiting until Fred came, to champion her. But this was one time when Fred would not cover up for Nancy's disobedience. One time he would *not*.

While Marie pussyfooted about, setting the table, Martha tried to read. Finally she heard Fred's key in the lock, and then Nancy's voice in the hall, quick and happy. But when they stood facing Martha, in the doorway, Nancy stared at her with mouth open.

"Hello!" Fred said, patting Nancy reassuringly as they came into the room, "We've been to see Mickey Mouse. And wasn't he funny, Nancy?"

Martha ignored his greeting to ask, "Why didn't you go to your dancing lesson, Nancy?"

But Fred cut in, "I came home early and met her on Cedar Street, and I thought that since Mickey Mouse doesn't come to town very often, we'd better drop in to see him."

How *could* Nancy ever learn to face an issue with Daddy always fending it off for her? "Really, Fred," Martha said, "I haven't asked you to explain why Nancy didn't go to her dancing lesson." She turned to Nancy. "Run and change your dress before you ruin it."

When Nancy had gone, Martha continued, "After all, Fred, she's your child. It seems I can't stop your ruining all her chances for normal development."

Fred, on his way into the bedroom with his coat, called back, "Look here, Martha, we've had a good time. Are you trying to spoil it for Nancy?"

She intended to have everything out with Fred right then, but when he came back and sat down to his paper, he said, "Forget it."

He'd never see a problem through with her, she realized. Fred ought never to have married. Marriage was a venture for two people. For two, *together!*

At last Marie served dinner, and they sat down in silence. Then over the fruit-cup, Fred began, "Tell mother about Mickey Mouse, Nancy. She'd like to hear."

"I most certainly would not, Fred Avery." Martha put her napkin on the table. "I have very definite ideas about a disobedient child." She noted Nancy's immediate glance of appeal to Fred, and continued, "When I send that child to dancing school or anywhere else, Fred Avery, I expect her to go. Every plan I make for Nancy's development is thwarted by your childish whims. . . . In these days of psychological understanding, most parents are eager to help children develop into normal adults, and I should think you'd be delighted that I'm giving Nancy the training to which she is entitled. But all I can ask of you, Fred, is that you just don't hamper me. Just don't *hamper* me——"

Martha stopped abruptly. Bad psychology, of course, to storm, but goaded so by Fred— Yet even when he was most exasperating, she must shield Nancy. "I want to talk to your father, Nancy," she said, lowering her voice. "Please leave the table, dear."

As Nancy ran from the room, Fred, fork in hand, looked at Martha. His expression silenced her. Cold. Hard. She couldn't move her eyes from his. The room seemed to close in around them, hot and tense as an arena. In sudden fear, she felt her face, her arms tingle, her breasts swell. Fred got up. Martha rose, too. Without speaking, Fred brushed past her to Nancy's room.

Martha could hear Fred's low voice quieting the sobbing child—fostering a martyr complex in Nancy. In ten or fifteen years Nancy would be a pathetic, neurotic woman of his making. With dignity Martha turned and walked into her own bedroom, quietly closing the door behind her.

She sank down on the bed. Fred had now made clear that he was allied with Nancy, against her.

For several minutes she lay there quietly in the dark and then she heard laughter in the dining-room. Fred had brought Nancy back to the table!

Fred. Always Fred. She'd never be able to do anything with Nancy, because of Fred. Suddenly Martha's hands tightened against the bed. Was not the intelligent thing to separate them? To remove Nancy from Fred's interference?

She might send Nancy away. To school, perhaps. To a good school, of course, where she would be in a normal, wholesome environment. Where she could be guided intelligently. Be safe from her father—from his harmful, sentimental influence.

In September, then. In September, she would send Nancy away to school.

The laughter from the next room shrilled in her ears, and Martha sat trembling.

Elemental Love

EVELYN HARDY

First was my love for you like Fire
Kindled and tempered by desire,
Like Water next, so clear and pure,
Like Air—because it was so fair,
And then at length like very Earth,
Solid, unshakable and sure.
Thus does my beauty rise and run
To greet you with the quickening Sun.

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"He would be out on the side of some alp, talking to her"

Pro Arte

ALLAN SEAGER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. R. GRUGER

My last porch mate had been a great nuisance—fellow named Porter who cried a little every day because he was sure he was going to die and thought he was too young for it. It made me nervous to watch him, and I was relieved when he did die and was shipped away in a pine box on the 9:50 train, escorted by a file of weeping kinfolk. Since Porter's translation, I had been quite bored. Under its load of snow, the mountain across the way looked like a bad etching, and at twelve below zero, you cannot try to read, or your hands will freeze holding the book. I was ready to talk, and I don't suppose anyone had ever been so glad to see Henry Comstock as I was.

He followed the head nurse out onto the porch and she introduced him. "How do you do?" he said politely and gave me a cigarette. He was over six feet tall, with broad, sloping shoulders and blond hair. He wore hard-soled slippers, blue pajamas, and a dark-blue flannel dressing-gown with a monogram on the pocket, the kind given by aunts for Christmas. He carried a copy of Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*. Evidently he had begun his cure in some hospital, because he was already fat, and when he put his head down, a well-shaved roll of flesh protruded beneath his chin, but even fat he was handsome, and, thinner, he would have been the handsomest man I ever saw. He got into bed and began to read with such concentration that I was sure someone had sent him the book as a gift.

As I looked him over, I thought that Comstock would do nicely. A bit young, perhaps, to be entertaining—he was about thirty—but I did not think he would cry himself to death as Porter had. Also he was well-mannered, and, from his face, he seemed to have a pleasant, youthful candor. But I did not, in spite of my anticipation, rush headlong into conversation.

I knew he was not ready to talk yet. When you first come to a sanitarium from the outside, you do not believe you are quite like the other lungers. They get to be pretty

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silly from worry and confinement. You will be courteous certainly, but aloof. Then in a couple of days you are telling the nearest person the things that trouble you when you are awake at night.

Comstock read until his hands got cold. He put them under the covers and stared out at the mountain gloomily. I decided to wait until the next day before beginning to talk to him, but the next day I was balked by his visitors.

II

I saw them coming up the icy path through the trees, the girl giving little screams, and laughing when she slipped. The man carried a package under one arm and he made gestures with the other. The girl's coat was sable. They were probably rich.

They entered the cottage. I heard them laughing on the stairs, and then they came out onto our porch. Comstock was asleep, and the man woke him, touching him on the shoulder.

Comstock opened his eyes at once. "Hello, Arthur. Hello, Mary. God, I'm glad to see you. How are you?" He raised up in bed. "Oh, congratulations. I saw the papers. I knew it would be like that."

"Weren't the papers grand? You should have heard me," the man said, "I've never played better. Never in my life. I was just an instrument for the real Beethoven, and the papers could see it for once. You know, Iturbi didn't get any better reviews than mine."

"I liked the *American* best. They called him a 'Titan of the Keyboard.' Can't you see him playing in a leopard skin and open-work shoes, like Lionel Strongfort?" the girl asked. She was very blonde with brown eyes, and obviously proud of her husband. "We sat up all night, waiting for the papers and drinking coffee. Arthur couldn't sleep all the next day because of the papers."

"It was because of the coffee," he said. "I bought Mary the fur coat—pose for the gentleman, Mary—and I made her quit her job, and now we are on our way to Montreal, and next year we're going to take a house in Connecticut, with a Steinway for the noise and a Bechstein for the pearly tone."

"Concert in Montreal?" asked Comstock. "What are you playing?"

"Bridge. This trip is for fun," the pianist said.

The girl had stopped looking at her husband. She said, "Hush, dear, we're being rude. Here is poor darling Henry practically phosphorescent with decay, and you talk about your damned pianos. What do the doctors say, Henry? You look well. I mean, you're not thin at all."

"Oh, it's nothing. Just a few little holes. I'll be out of here in a couple of months," he said confidently.

"But what do you do? Just lie here?"

"Lie here and look at the mountains and think. You can do a lot of thinking here."

"I'll bet you can," said the man. "Thinking about your sins. I'd pray if I were you. I've told you about it, haven't I, Mary? Pure Henry's very first affair—his first sane act after a lifetime of celibacy? How Henry trundled his profile round and round the lobby of the hotel in Switzerland? And there was this charming little *Suisse* who spoke only French? She used to come every morning to hear Milstein and Piaty and me play trios. She was trying to learn something about music, she said. But would the wolf Henry let her improve herself? No, by God. He had to be the pupil. He had to learn French."

I looked at Comstock. He was smiling and fidgeting. Obviously, they all knew the story very well, and this was only a joke which Comstock was enjoying.

"And it wasn't long before it became necessary to hold the lessons in Henry's bedroom. '*Voici le lit. Vois-tu le lit?*' Talk some French, Henry; you spent enough time on it. And then, to remove the Swiss flaws from their accent, he must take her to Paris so they could learn together the pure tongue of Ile de France, and there they lived, how culturally, talking French like mad, night and day, particularly in the daytime, until Henry began to cough and he couldn't talk any more and he had to come home and lie still. The trick lungs are manifestly your wages from an angry Providence. I hope you see that, Henry. I hope you see it as clearly as I do."

It had all been very funny up to this point. The pianist was happy and talkative because of his success, and Comstock was pleased because this fooling reflected his prowess as a male, but now his face changed.

"I got it from her, you know. The TB, I mean. She had it then. She told me when we got to Paris."

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry, Henry. But you never told us," the man said.

The girl leaned over and kissed Comstock on the forehead and said in a low voice, "Arthur's such a fool when he's played well. Forgive him, darling. He didn't mean anything."

"It's all right. I know you didn't mean anything. It isn't as if I were dying," Comstock said.

"But you are getting along all right, aren't you? I mean, there's no danger of serious complications?"

"No. I'm fine. I'll be back at work in a couple of months." He seemed anxious to cheer things up again. "How are the bookings for next season, now that you're the musical white hope of America?"

"Twenty-two already. One date with the Chicago, and I may get a concerto date with Stokowski—the Liszt E-flat, maybe. If you need any money, let me know. Seriously, I mean it."

"Darling, we've forgotten Henry's champagne. We left it on the bureau in your room there," said the girl.

"We brought you a couple of bottles because you couldn't celebrate with us. It's Mumm's."

"That's swell," Comstock said. "Let's all have a drink now."

"We can't, Henry. Our train leaves in a few minutes."

"Well, it was grand of you to come and see me, and I can't tell you, Arthur, how much your success means to me. You've worked like hell and you deserve all the honors you get and you'll get plenty. I know you will." Comstock seemed to be making this moment an occasion,

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as if he wanted the pianist to remember it. "You'll be the greatest pianist in the world."

Comstock had a fine forehead. His eyes were very blue and, as far down as his cheek bones, his face was lean, virile, and his expression made it almost heroically earnest. It was like a scene in the movies. I almost expected to see Myrna Loy and Clark Gable turn from his bed and sadly leave the porch.

III

After you have visitors, you are depressed, and when you are depressed, you talk. Comstock watched his guests go down the path. Then he turned, probably frightened that he could envy them so much, and began to talk at once.

Had I noticed his two visitors? They were Arthur Corey, the pianist, and his wife. He had just made his début in New York, and already he was considered one of the finest young American pianists.

He himself was a great friend of Corey's. They had been in college together, where Corey had lived over a garage almost without money, practicing ten hours a day on a rented upright. It was a funny thing, he would strike an octave chord and trill the second and third fingers, and then the third and fourth fingers until he could do it perfectly, sometimes as long as an hour. He had worked incessantly and he deserved all the success he could get, didn't I think? Because a man should have a reward commensurate to his effort.

Opposite me, I reflected, I have one of America's finest young men—tall, callow, and sincere. The reward, so Henry Comstock believed, was equal to the effort. Santa Claus came if you were a good boy, and when you worked nights at the office, the gods made you president of the company. Maybe the gods had sent him as a messenger to tell me that I was cynical and profane and had better watch out. Yet I wondered, according to his system, how Hermes would explain his own disease—he must have done something pretty bad to be punished with TB.

Had I ever heard Vladimir Horowitz play, he asked. His technique was marvelous. Once in Munich, Horowitz had listened to Corey in a small recital, and, being impressed, he had offered to teach Corey something about technique if he would come to Switzerland in the summer. Horowitz had a chalet on the mountainside near Crans-sur-Sierre. Last summer Corey had gone to Crans and he had visited Corey there.

(I remember Horowitz playing the *Suggestions Diaboliques* of Prokofieff, leaning over the keyboard, his eyebrows lifted as if in surprise at the swiftness of his fingers with the applause already mounting nervously around him. I remember Prokofieff, too. He was bald and looked like a dentist. You can remember practically everything lying here.)

I was a little impatient. I wanted to hear about the girl, "pure Henry's very first affair."

"And the girl? The girl who came to listen to the trios. The one you took to Paris," I said. "You forget the porch is only twelve feet square. I couldn't help overhearing." I cite my behavior as an example of the callousness you acquire in this place.

Comstock accepted my rudeness without offense. "The girl came every morning. Arthur used to play the trios with Piatigorsky, the 'cellist, and Milstein, the violinist, in the writing-room of the hotel. She sat on a chair just inside the door. Every morning. She was in love with Arthur then."

"Maybe she just liked the piano," I offered.

"No. She loved him all right. Or she wanted to be his mistress anyhow."

"Was she pretty?"

"Beautiful. She was only nineteen, just out of a convent school in Lausanne. I couldn't understand why she was on the make. But you don't have to make a fool of yourself just because they are pretty and want to make love."

"Depends," I said. After three years here, they would not even have to be pretty now.

"Well, Arthur made a fool of himself. Evenings he bought her drinks in the bar, and afternoons, when he was supposed to be working with Horowitz, he would be out on the side of some alp, talking to her. The summer before his début, with one of the greatest pianists in the world helping him gratis, and his wife working in New York to help out with expenses, and he gets sidetracked by a girl. It was wrong. It was wrong because of his career and it was wrong because of Mary."

"Impolitic and wicked," I said.

"I talked to him. I've always tried to keep him straight, but artists are flighty, you know, and he'd done this kind of thing before. But he just laughed. He said somebody had to make love to her. He said that's what she was living for. I said love was just a nervous habit with him. He laughed some more, so I made love to her myself. You see, I thought he would get to work again if I could draw her away. I couldn't sit by and watch fifteen years of work go to pot, could I?"

"Not as his friend," I answered.

"Arthur Corey is my best friend. That's why I did it."

"For art's sake," I said. "Sorry."

He did not get the pun. "I had never been involved with a woman before, and I didn't know how to start, so I asked her to teach me French. I've always been kind of dumb about languages."

She probably thought he was crazy, as handsome as he must have been then.

"She had only given me a couple of lessons before I saw I was in for it. She looked at me all the time."

"If they look at you like a shot rabbit, it's always love," I said. "But what kind of a girl was she? First she falls for Corey; then she falls for you. Her affections were remarkably flexible."

"She was a good girl, I guess," he said.

"Was she also a nice girl?"

"Very nice. She used to buy flowers every day while

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I went for the mail, and I would find them in the room when I came back."

"She was a wonderful girl." Then I had an idea. "When did she tell you she had TB?"

"It was one night when we got to Paris," he said.

The whole thing was plain now. If she knew that her lungs were bad; if she knew that in six months she would weigh perhaps sixty pounds; and on the table beside her bed, there would lie one of those kidney-shaped hospital bowls filling slowly, but still too fast, with blood and bits of her lung; and then one day she would see the white screen put up around the bed and only barely hear the chuckle of the oxygen tanks, why shouldn't she make love? That really was all she was living for. It was not flexibility. It was desperation. I have seen it here many times. It is a condition quite accepted by the authorities.

"When did you decide to take her to Paris?" I asked.

"About the time I saw that I was going to have to do more than just learn French, if I wanted to keep her away from Arthur," he said.

When they reached Paris, he was afraid that he might see American friends if they stayed at a good hotel on the Right Bank, so he took her over to a quaint little rat-hole on the *Quai des Grands Augustins* which advertised a *Grand Vue de la Seine*. And the *Vue* was really grand all right, he said. You could see Notre Dame every time you went out the front door.

"I should think it would have been delightful—lovely girl, quaint old-world atmosphere, wine cheap and plentiful, and the cathedral to look at when you got tired. Wasn't it delightful?"

"No. Not to me." He paused as if he sought the reasons why it wasn't, but the echoes of his mother and his father and his Sunday-school teacher and his headmaster and all the other voices of his upbringing were too faint for him to catch. "I don't know how you feel about women——" he began.

"No, but you will, my dear Comstock," I said. "You will if you stay here long enough. You will know how I feel about women, men, small children, the New Deal, inter-planetary travel, oysters, everything. It will take me a month to tell you how I feel about everything, and

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He did not say anything for about twenty minutes. Then he said, "I'm sorry I was angry. Thanks for helping me out. I see what you mean now."

after I have told you, why, we are a month to the good."

Comstock sat up in bed suddenly. "Let's have some of the champagne." We went into his room.

There were two bottles of Mumm's on his bureau. He sat down on the tin waste-basket with the bottle between his knees, undoing the wire and the foil, and I sat in the only chair. We drank from our toothbrush glasses. The wine was cold, dry, and very good.

With the glass in his hand, Comstock began again. "I'd never had anything to do with women seriously before. I never thought why until I was sick. But I know now. When I was about sixteen, my father was made president of the bank in our home town. He gave me a Model-T Ford. I thought he was a great man and I believed everything he said. One time he told me about things. He said, 'Son, keep away from women until you marry.' He was embarrassed and so was I, but I promised him. I thought he must be right, because of the Ford, I guess. And then I rowed in college and I never had time to play around with them."

"You are very handsome. It must have been hard to elude them," I said politely.

"No. I knew only the sisters of my friends." He poured out more champagne, and sat looking down into his glass while he made the wine go round in it. "But they have caught up with me now all right."

"*Avec ça?*" I said.

"That's French for 'So what?,' isn't it? If I hadn't learned French, I wouldn't be in this mess."

"You mean you are worried about the girl?" Then I said heartily, "Oh, she'll be all right. Very likely your little trip did her good—travel, change of scene." I did not believe the trip did her good. Unless she was a light case, the strain would probably kill her. But I wanted to be comforting.

"I wasn't thinking of the girl. I was thinking of myself."

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"Oh," I said, "what's the matter with you?"

"Well, you may laugh, but I've done wrong," he said, still looking into his glass.

"Sinned, you mean?"

"Something like that. I feel as though I'd let myself down and I'll never be able to look my wife in the face."

"Have you got a wife?" I asked.

"Not yet. But when I have."

"She'll never find it out unless you tell her. It's not branded on your forehead, you know," I said. I had heard of men like Comstock, but I had never seen one before. I tried changing the subject. "Did you ever eat at *Rouzier's,* or *La Perouse?* They were both in your neighborhood."

"We had a baked truffle at *Rouzier's.* I had never eaten truffle before and I didn't like it."

I could see that I was not much help. We finished the champagne, and Comstock did not say any more. He seemed to be depressed, and we went out on the porch and went to bed. It was snowing hard, and the wind made a lot of noise in the trees. I would like to have gone dancing some place because of the champagne.

For the next three weeks, Comstock and I had no conversation. From the little he said, I gathered that he regarded his shame as a problem which he could solve if he persisted. He lay with his head propped up, looking out at the mountain, smoking his pipe with great intensity. Perhaps it could even be totted up and balanced, red against black, and then he would feel all right. As I watched him, I could tell that he was trying to save what he could not call his soul, and he lost just nine pounds doing it, which you may say is quite cheap for a rescue of that magnitude.

"She knew it was going to kill her"

I lay six feet away from him, jealous of the scenes it hurt him to recall. I did not try to help him, because I was without sympathy. He had had an affair with a beautiful girl in Paris, and if he wanted to absolve himself, he could think of the dark inhabited tissues of his lungs, where in waxen waistcoats (this information is brought to you through the courtesy of the Rockefeller Institute) untold millions of little creatures, fifty thousand of which could pass, could you persuade them to, through the eye of a needle without touching the steel or one another, were gorging themselves on his flesh, unhindered except perhaps by antibodies, although science cannot tell us much about antibodies yet. He could console himself with that. He had "betrayed" the girl, and she had given him TB. He was paid if he felt that way.

One day, he asked me to come into his room. "I think I've got it straightened out," he said. "You see, I went into it to help Arthur. It was wrong, but I did it to help him. The girl was willing enough—it isn't as if I'd seduced her. She was willing, and this TB is a punishment. It evens up, doesn't it?"

"Seems to," I said, wanting to laugh. "Your good intentions even leave you one up."

"I did wrong to help a friend and now I am paying for it," he said. He looked relieved and cheerful, but I couldn't see just why it took him three weeks to find the solution.

"Nunc dimittis," I said.

It is not often that you get a chance to watch a man tinker with his conscience. It is very interesting. It would have been more interesting if Comstock had given even one minute's thought to the girl. He had told me that once in Paris, about dawn, he woke up and he saw against the window the profile of the girl's body in the early light. She was crying. It was that which had wakened him, and, turning from the window, timid, expecting his anger, she told him she was ill.

But in his successful calculation the girl was not included.

IV

After this, Comstock improved rapidly. He gained weight, his X-rays turned out well, and he took to playing bridge in the card-room evenings. If you are strong enough, you are allowed to play cards until nine o'clock. The authorities consider it a beneficial relaxation.

One morning I stopped at the post-office for the mail. There was nothing for me, but there was a letter and a little package for *M. Henri Comstock.* The postmark was *Davos, Schweiz.*

When I got back to the cottage, Comstock was in bed. I gave him the letter and the package. He opened the letter and read it. Then he jumped out of bed, went into his room, and began to dress. I could hear him. He left the cottage and walked down the hill at much faster than the approved rate.

I thought the girl had died, but I wanted to be sure. So I had no qualms about going into his room to look around. On his bureau was the letter. I picked it up and read it. The Directors of the Such-an-Such Sanitarium at Davos had, it appeared, the unhappy duty to inform M. Comstock of the death of Mlle. Albertine Bergier, a patient in their establishment. Before her death, Mlle. Bergier had requested the writer to send M. Com-

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stock her ring as a remembrance. The Directors joined in sending M. Comstock their sincere condolences.

On the bureau, in a pile of tissue paper, lay a pretty little gold ring set with sapphires.

In a few minutes, Comstock returned, still quite agitated. "She's dead," he said.

"Mmm," I said. "Send a cable?"

"Yes, that's all I could do." He began to walk back and forth. "I'll never forgive myself now. This is going to haunt me forever."

I must have shouted. I was pretty mad. "For the love of God, Comstock, don't be a damned fool all your life."

He stopped and looked affronted.

"Try to think of the girl for just a minute. Your soul is immortal—it'll keep. She was a young girl from a convent. She knew she was sick," I said patiently. "How long do you think it took her to decide to go to Paris with you, to act like a tart so she could see what love was like just once before she died? Not what love was really—she didn't love you—but just a rehearsal in a twelve-franc hotel bedroom."

"You can't talk to me like this," he said characteristically.

"I am talking to you like this, and you'll be expelled if you hit me, so you might as well listen. It might even be for your own good. From my obituary, you may find out something about this girl. You see, she knew what the strain of your little jaunt was going to do to her. If you get drunk once in a beer-joint downtown, it sets you back a month, but for a couple of hours, you're free. She knew it was going to kill her, but she would be free to find out why she was a woman. And at night when she was frightened by her bargain, she went and stood by the window so she wouldn't wake you crying." Now that I had worked this off, I felt better. "Don't let it worry you, Comtsock. She had the choice of maybe two more years alone, or the trip to Paris, and she took the trip and the pine box that went with it. It's not your fault. You had nothing to do with it. You were only the male spider."

He did not say anything for about twenty minutes. Then he said, "I'm sorry I was angry. Thanks for helping me out. I see what you mean now."

After that Comstock never spoke of her again. Instead he talked about the romance in the advertising business and the three years he stroked his college boat at Poughkeepsie. Last week he was allowed to leave the sanitarium. He was very fat, looked enormously healthy, and he was beginning to take on the fat man's readiness to laugh.

On the whole, Comstock was good value. He was much more entertaining and instructive than I deserved, and, since no one has been assigned to his bed, I miss him quite a lot. It is a bore not to have anyone to talk to. I lie here and listen to the trees popping. The bole of the tree shrinks away from the bark suddenly when it is cold enough, and there is a loud crack. Since the sanitarium is in wooded country, the cracks come about every half-minute in this weather. Last winter, my porch mate and I used to bet on the length of the interval between the cracks, and I won eight dollars.

On Turning Over a Stone

SARA HENDERSON HAY

In the grass, in the ditch, at the feet of childhood it lay,
Angular, bulky, adamant—a boulder
Half buried in the ground, thrusting its shoulder
Out of the turf. Do you remember the day
We rolled it over, and what we found beneath?
A strange, flat universe, an alien world
That scuttled in shimmering armour, or slow uncurled,
While we knelt in the grass on our knees, and held our breath?

That was long ago—and I did not say:
"But what will people think, that I pause for wonder
In a ditch, beside a shifted pebble? or stoop
To a jointed, crystal-eyed creature?" This latter day,
I am too proud, too wise. I am too grown-up
To turn a stone and discover a world thereunder.

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SCRIBNER'S PRESENTS *each month a short story by a new and talented writer, with illustrations by an equally talented artist . . .* *turn to page 21*

The Cleansing

JOHN LANG

DECORATIONS BY ADA MALIN

EVEN when you knew she was only fifteen her slenderness was still a miracle of engineering, for she was strong and supple, she carried herself so well, so gracefully. But—oh you should have seen her, to realize the full marvel—she was so *exquisitely* slender, with the sort of fragility that in its lines, which were more or less straight and fairly boyish, accented the strength which womanhood cannot be without. That is, a woman to be desirable to the highest degree must be designed anatomically for a certain task, and Mary certainly was. Yet the slenderness of her waist and its meeting with the fullness of hips was accomplished in a secret way not to be discovered by the stupid intelligence of the naked eye, but to be therewith fully appreciated nevertheless.

Do I make myself clear? Mary was marvelous.

At the time of this story—I suppose you'd call it a story—I was hiding in the Fleetman woodshed, a thing of holes and degeneracy of disuse, if you know what I mean. It was falling apart, and nobody dared to enter it when he didn't have to and after he hadn't since early in the spring, but I did because I had forgotten that Lucy had been in to bake for us, and so I had stolen the smallest pie and remembered Lucy only afterward, after I had picked a piece out with my finger. If you knew Lucy and saw how big and black and frowning she was, you'd know why I was hiding in the dark of the woodshed. The only light that came in (I had of course shut the door) came through the plentiful but seemingly dusty cracks between the boards that made only a dusty light. I lay on my stomach looking through an especially wide crack when Mary came along. Like all the fellows who were aware of her, I had studied her and knew the route to take to get the biggest thrill in the shortest time when she walked by. But she didn't walk right by. There was a mud puddle that she stopped to poke at with her toe. Then she went and sat on an old table that we had brought out to break up for firewood. That was how the scene was through the crack in the shed: Mary on the table, looking contented with being such a beautiful Mary, the mud puddle closeby, between her and the house, and the house away about two hundred yards, or maybe less than one hundred yards; it looked far, looking through a crack from down near the ground. The house was over to the right. To the left were trees, a lot of them, and underbrush I was supposed to keep down, but never did very well.

Suddenly I wondered: Ye gods, can she be waiting there for me to come out? But I reddened and thought that only a minute. I am just hired help, and a daughter of a big shot like Fleetman would be crazy to give a guy like me a chance. Still, I liked the idea, and she *had* been pretty nice to me in the four weeks I'd been there, having rescued me by hand more than once from Lucy, and so I held it in my mind pleasantly for a while, but of course I didn't go out and show myself. That would have spoiled it all. And besides it would have taken a braver man than I.

I could see that the day was fine, that the sun coming through the cool air was just hot enough, especially if you sat still to enjoy it. Mary leaned back on the table, her arms bracing behind her. She was sitting with her very nice bare legs over the edge of the table, swinging them a little. Her head was back, and her throat was exciting to see like that, and I think she was humming. She must have had her eyes shut, for she kept the same pose until after Kruper came up from the house. He was a red-faced fat German, a greasy animal with pig eyes, who had no friends except those business associates who owed him money, and those who wished to.

He stood a long minute, enjoying her, before he let her know he was there. Then he said, "There's nobody up at the house except Lucy. Your pa ain't there. I had to see him on something important." I hated the sound of Kruper's voice, it was so trained, so obviously trying to please, so different from the voice he used to tell you the price of meat. Mary was only vaguely startled to hear him, and more annoyed than startled. I think she said, "So?" Or perhaps she said nothing and waited for him to go. They were twenty yards away, and at the time I was so disturbed, I am not sure just how it was. I wished she would push him into the puddle.

He stood smiling a deep pig-faced smile and became

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inane to please her. He tried to be childish, but he was only inane. We could hear meadow-larks between ourselves and the trees, in the field, and Kruper said, "Ah . . . birds!" In the pause he seemed to breathe uncleanly, asthmatically, as if the inside of his throat were too piggishly fat. "Birds," he said. He whistled, and he imitated the call of the larks fairly well. It was worse than if he had failed, for he was so unclean, and he was dressed too well for a place like this. He couldn't have sat down on that old table.

Kruper whistled twice more, and Mary laughed twice, politely, and Kruper, greatly encouraged, launched into much diffuse talking intended to be cleverer than banal. His eyes were on Mary's body too much, and it made her, it seemed to me, uncomfortable, and when she drew her feet up onto the table, she tried to pull her skirts down over her knees like a little girl and sit entirely inside her dress. She was so charming and so very slender and young. I liked her very much.

Kruper became soberer, and seemed to impress Mary at length with much dry talk of meat-packing and canning. He had a canning factory that I had worked in once at 17½ cents an hour. He ran it well enough and made a lot of money. He had a wife and some cute little kids.

From where I was, I couldn't hear everything they said, and especially when Kruper assumed a very confidential tone it was hard and sometimes impossible to hear. But I could tell from the tone how it was going, and I could see by the way Mary sat that she was a little afraid and wanted to run off to the house and be away from him. I began to be definitely angry, and resentful of Kruper, aside from my previous and general dislike of him.

Kruper came closer to Mary and had his stubby hands on the table-top. She didn't want him to see her edge away from him, and appeared to me actually suffering, and not wanting to let Kruper know, to infuriate him.

He talked of flowers, and carelessly he talked louder when she seemed unwilling to listen. "You should see them in by the trees," he said, and turning he waved his arms wide to indicate the whole of the woods. He re-

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placed his hands on the table. "Nice ones, I never knew so many were here in this state. But I suppose it is the season. I suppose they just popped out now and surprised me. I am *in* a lot you know, not much out, and to see them so glorious all at once is, you know, so nice. You should see them." His voice was unhealthily urgent, and I wondered if Mary was sickened. I certainly was.

"So free and fresh," he was saying, "nestling in the leaves and grass away from the world—away from the world just like you, hey, Mary?" And he slapped the table and appeared too strainedly happy and wanted Mary to laugh. But Mary couldn't seem to laugh any more.

"You should see them," he said. "You should see them —so fragile, they will die or wither away tomorrow—"

From where I was, I thought she was trembling. I thought so because I myself was trembling in that shed that seemed to have grown hotter. Of course, I might have been fooled all along about Mary because I had *wanted* her to be afraid of this Kruper and had *wanted* her to get away from him. But maybe she would go with him to the woods. Maybe she liked him somehow. Very often women seemed to like men who were ugly. I was afraid for Mary.

But no—Mary hated him, I could see that. He lowered his tone, and his voice became tantalizing and a little bullying. I tried to hear what he said, and couldn't. I wondered how it would be if I went out there. How would it be? I would come out (*continued on page 77*)

War

I WAS in a group of forty or so, and we were an easy target. A boy on top of the hill could throw a snowball at random and be very likely to hit one of us. The first snowball hit no one but skidded into the snow, making a black hole. We saw the hole first, then knew what it was, then looked up. At the top of the hill were a dozen fellows, and at a signal they all launched snowballs into the air. We dodged around, bumping into one another, and three of us got hit by snowballs, and several of us were sprawled on the ground, having been knocked down in the rush to avoid the snowballs. It was infuriating.

When we threw back, we had very little success, because the hill was high and we could just reach the top, while they could throw with ease and concentrate on accuracy. Other groups of fellows who had been prowling up the ravine and trailing rabbits and breaking up ice on the creek came and joined us, until in five minutes there were a hundred of us.

But the top of the hill was lined with more and more figures, until there were at least a hundred and fifty of them, and they made their shots with care, throwing slowly, each effort a separate contribution to our annihilation. They could afford to deliberate and make their shots deadly. We, on the other hand, made our throwing ineffective by grouping together so as to be less exposed individually, but making ourselves as a group a target hard to miss. There was the utmost confusion in our group. And being too close together, we could not swing our arms with ease, and, in short, we were badly organized, we could not throw well, we were an easy target, we kept knocking each other down.

Suddenly Felix Lulevich rushed before us and stood part way up the hill, raising his arms, exhorting us to stop our shouting. We were all silent, and he said with decision, "Spread out, men, side by side, and you'll have a chance." We started to move, but hesitantly, and then he screamed, "Spread out, you damned fools, do you want to be killed!" There came a derisive hooting from the top of the hill, and a perfect avalanche of snow was directed on Lulevich, but he emerged standing up, and he swung at two of us, knocking the two fellows into the snow, and all of us obediently spread out in a line at the base of the hill.

The bushes were small and offered little protection, but behind the largest bush a group of eight or ten gathered for an instant. Then all together this group ran back toward the protection of the ravine, but Lulevich was still facing us all and he saw the group running. At Lulevich's terrible cry they stopped, and they were ashamed, but they kept moving backward. Then all of us started throwing at them, and even the enemy at the top of the hill stopped throwing at us and threw at the escaping group. Ashamed to the limit, they signed to us that they would return and they stopped retreating. So we turned again to fight the hill-top enemy, and the ten fellows rejoined us.

All of us who had been below in the ravine and in the rest of the valley were in the fighting-line at the bottom of the hill, and we made an army of one hundred, or at most one hundred and twenty.

But past the top of the hill was the great plain which was the schoolyard, and the hill-top army rapidly grew as all the fellows on the grounds joined them. They increased until their fighting-line was almost double, and there must have been two hundred of them.

To judge from their cries, it was delightful for them to take their time packing snowballs as hard as they wanted and to take care in aiming, choosing among us a target.

But we made it a serious business, for we saw defeat in our pain, for many of us had been hit more than once, and we cursed our enemy. In gangs of half a dozen they would withhold fire until they were all six armed with

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many balls and then they would barrage a single one of us so that he could not possibly escape being struck. Our leader, Lulevich, was hit more than the rest of us.

One time when he was hit in the chest and seriously hurt, he retreated to the largest bush and motioned Walter Traum and me to follow. Some others came too, but it was to Walter and me he spoke. He said, "Lang, you keep ten men here in this spot, no matter what the rest of us do or what happens. Traum, you and I will divide the rest of the men and separate. That will split the enemy on the hill, and when they have separated, Lang and his men will take a position on the top of the hill and hold it at all costs. Traum and I, Lang, will make every effort to join you, and when we do we will all together split the enemy and drive them off the hill."

Besides Lulevich and Traum and me there were six fellows behind the bush. I was given these six, and I instructed them how to act. We all returned to the fighting-line and fought in the usual way, as we had planned, for ten minutes. By that time my six men and I, one by one, had sunk to the ground, as if very badly hurt, and Lulevich and Traum began to separate.

When Lulevich and Traum, with their followers, were definitely two groups, when they were about fifty feet apart, they ceased moving, so as to make it look less like a planned maneuver. And for a quarter of an hour they fought like this, staying almost in the same positions, moving apart very slowly, and at the end of that quarter of an hour the enemy on the hill-top was divided correspondingly, in two groups about a hundred feet apart—and the very highest level of the hill was completely bare.

I began talking to my men, who were all sprawled as if dead in the pitted and trampled snow.

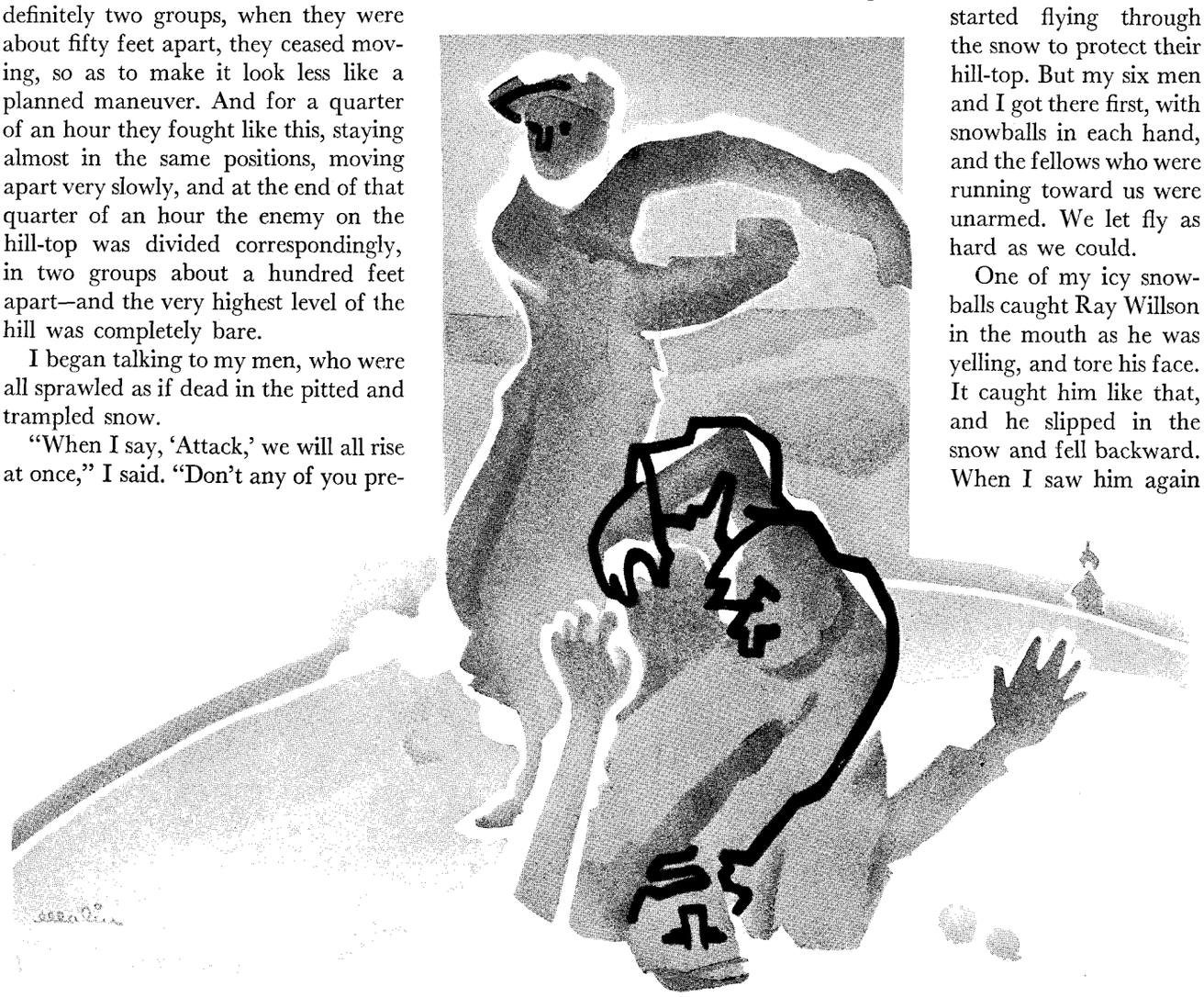
"When I say, 'Attack,' we will all rise at once," I said. "Don't any of you pretend you are really hurt and stay here. Don't any of you hesitate; we must all get up together and run like hell to the top of the hill. When we are once there you know what to do: Stick together until Lulevich and Traum join us."

I said, "Keep down, don't move, I'm going to look around." I then raised my head for the first time and looked to see just where the fighting forces were. Lulevich and Traum had both actually led their men a third of the way up the hill, as if they really intended marching right into the enemy and taking their hill. The hill-top army was in two groups, almost a hundred yards apart, and they were fighting as furiously as the attackers. I saw that our men were fighting to better advantage now that they had reduced the distance between them and the enemy, for they could throw the shorter distance easily, even if it was up-hill. And I saw that the hill-toppers were no longer gladly shouting. They were all in deadly earnest.

"All right, men," I said. "Get ready . . . Attack!"

We all scurried up the hill, slipping, fighting frantically for headway, moving fast, considering the conditions. Half-way up the hill, cries of dismay at sight of us came from both hill-top armies, and men from them started flying through the snow to protect their hill-top. But my six men and I got there first, with snowballs in each hand, and the fellows who were running toward us were unarmed. We let fly as hard as we could.

One of my icy snowballs caught Ray Willson in the mouth as he was yelling, and tore his face. It caught him like that, and he slipped in the snow and fell backward. When I saw him again



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later, he was standing off by himself, bewildered, and his mouth was still bleeding.

The seven of us fought furiously, and we stopped the attackers momentarily at a distance of fifty or sixty feet on both sides. Meantime Lulevich and Traum and their men were rushing in, excited and fighting their hardest, and the hill-toppers, recognizing the strategy, and feeling somewhat at a loss for being maneuvered, had lost courage. However they outnumbered us two to one, and they began closing in on us again, and only a few of Lulevich's men got to me and my six.

One of my fighters, Wilford Kramer, was lying before me holding to his belly and trying, it seemed, to throw up. All of us were in a panic of fury, and it was this fury that for a while kept the great numbers of our enemy back.

But then they moved in to us, despite our snowballs thudding into their bodies and breaking on their heads, and they threw wildly and hit us, and one snowball coming from behind blinded me with red when it struck me high on the back of the neck. I sank to my knees then and almost fell over the prone body of Wilford Kramer, and I must have stayed down a little while. I could hear the arms whirring over my head: my fighters in a ring, throwing over me. And I could hear them grunt.

When I got to my feet again, I came up into the arms of one of the enemy, and I wrestled with him, throwing him down the hill. We were all together, mixed up, and then we were being crowded off the hill. We could hear Lulevich shouting encouragement to his men, who were in a body two-thirds of the way up the hill, and I actually bumped into Traum, his men had come so close. A volley of snowballs from Lulevich and his men came over our heads and into the enemy.

Then my five men and I (Kramer was still up there, being trampled on, helpless) went down the hill, falling and skidding, covered by regular volleys from the men of Lulevich, and Traum's men on the other side were in hand-to-hand combat, taking the enemy's attention from me and my badly beaten fighters.

Traum retreated downward, fighting in orderly fashion, helped by the regular volleys from the men of Lulevich.

And then we all drew together and retreated to the bottom of the hill, being struck repeatedly by the hill-toppers, but hardly minding it after the fierceness of the hand-to-hand battle.

Our men resumed their formation, a long line, and Lulevich, Traum, and I met behind the largest bush to talk things over.

"If I had had a few more men—" I said, but Lulevich said, "It wouldn't have made much difference, I guess. And it would have looked too suspicious at the start."

"Kramer is still up there," I said. "He got hurt."

Lulevich pounded me on the back so that I ached, and Traum shook my hand. "You sure did a good job," he said. "I saw you plaster Ray Willson's puss. I never did like that sissy."

He shook my hand hard.

"But what can we do," I said, embarrassed, "to get up there and beat those guys?"

"We'll just fight them," said Lulevich.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"I don't know," said Lulevich. "We'll just fight them."

We went back and joined the fighters, and Lulevich walked up and down the whole line, talking the men up, encouraging them. "We'll fight the rats," he said, and he slapped a man on the back so hard that he sank to his knees. "We'll fight the lousy rats."

Then Lulevich got us all into two lines, one exactly behind the other, and he led us up the hill, though all the time the hill-toppers increased the downpour of snowballs. For a while they had been making very large ones and shooting them like trench-mortars, in an arc. Now they used only hard-packed balls, and they drove as hard as they could. One of our men was crying, but it was an angry crying, and it made us all feel stronger and vengeful. It helped to make us hate the enemy on the hill. We marched steadily upward.

When we got half-way up the hill we stopped throwing snowballs, and Lulevich ordered us, by a planned signal, which was his turning and the waving of his arms, to drop to our knees and make three snowballs each. We did so, and then with a loud cry which he repeated as we rose higher on the hill, Lulevich and all of us attacked, not throwing at all, but just plunging upward, our heads bent down and the enemy's snowballs striking our backs where they did not hurt so much, and where they skidded off, breaking up and spraying behind us.

Before Lulevich, the enemy quailed and wavered, and in a body at the center they retreated, so as to be able to keep throwing snow, and so as not to come into personal contact with him. All of us marched with a terrible inevitability, not hesitating and not running, and when we were very close we stood up straight and threw with all our might. We threw two times, hitting many in the face and eyes, and then, rushing, we emptied ourselves of our last hard-packed snowballs. The hurt and scared ones in the first lines of the enemy turned and stumbled into the fellows behind them. There were bodies to walk across as we advanced to continue the attack so impressive thus far, so demoralizing to the enemy.

Our fury was greater than ever now, and many of us were crying our rage aloud. The enemy retreated in confusion, screaming, stumbling over themselves. There was a terrible slaughter: the ones we caught up with we butchered with blows in the stomach and in the face. The ones who could stand up ran, and we swooped after them, roused anew to see them cringing and begging, for we had hated them, and now we despised them. The only thing that tempered the punishment we meted out was the soreness of our arms, and even this was only a slight weakness, for at that wild moment we were beyond physical limitations in our passion of revenge.

We swooped down on their bodies, maimed, we tore at the enemy. The schoolbell ringing at the end was like a halo of sound around the monstrous head of our victory.

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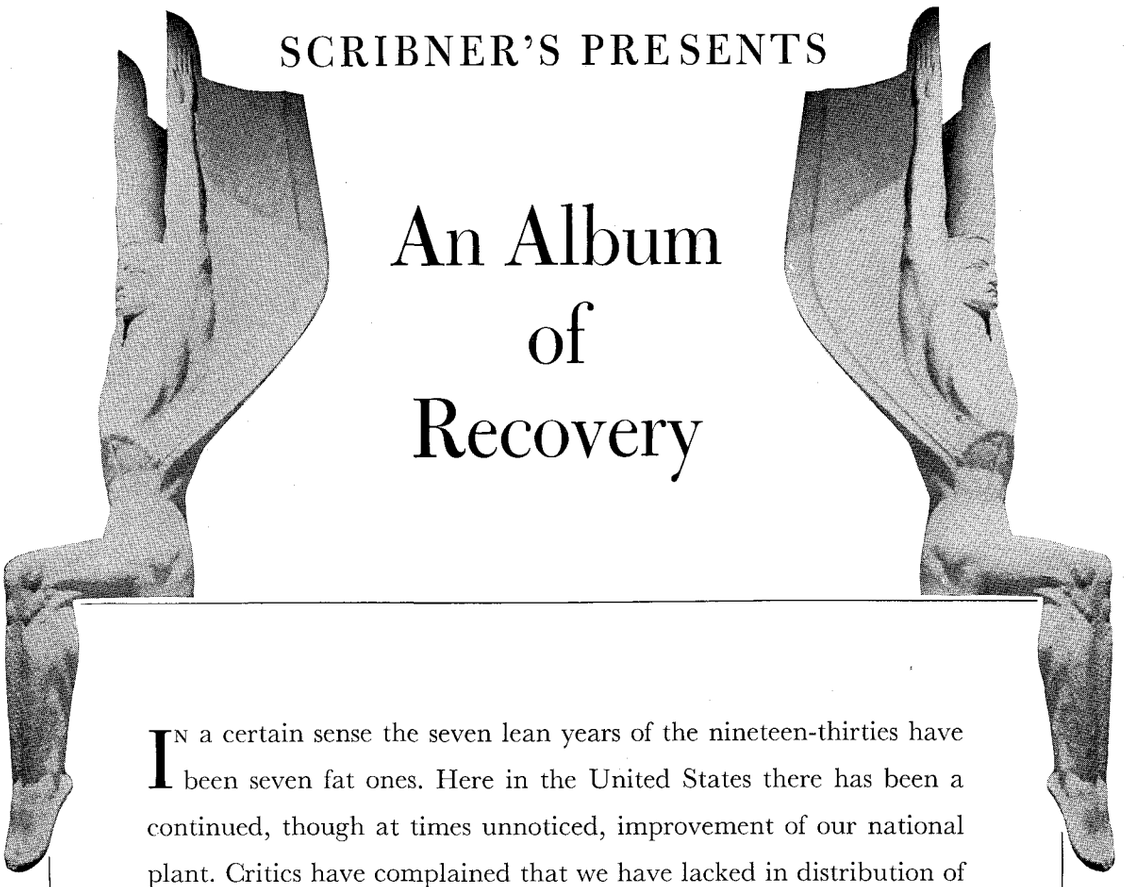
SCRIBNER'S PRESENTS

An Album of Recovery



In a certain sense the seven lean years of the nineteen-thirties have been seven fat ones. Here in the United States there has been a continued, though at times unnoticed, improvement of our national plant. Critics have complained that we have lacked in distribution of goods, but no one can say that we have lagged in production, transportation, and communication. We are more efficient in these fields today than at any time in our history. During the past seven years aviation has jumped from infancy to maturity. Railroads have electrified their lines, adopted Diesel power, streamlined and redesigned their trains. Bus-lines cover the country; more tractors work on the farms; there has been notable progress in the automotive field. Radio has come of age; commercial television is not far off. Air-conditioning has become commonplace. It is now possible to lift your telephone receiver and talk with almost anyone, anywhere. New bridges, dams, highways, tunnels take form in the North, East, South, and West . . . and not always with Uncle Sam's money. Today's world would have seemed just a little incredible less than ten years ago, but here are some of its highlights, in the following eight pages.

The winged figures above will be cast in bronze, used on Boulder Dam (Wide World)

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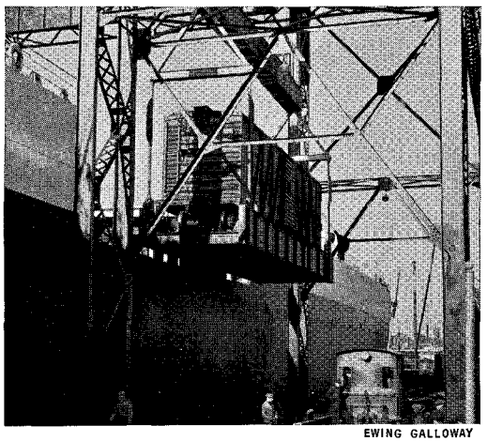
Greyhound's new cruising buses are safer, faster, and much more efficient in operation

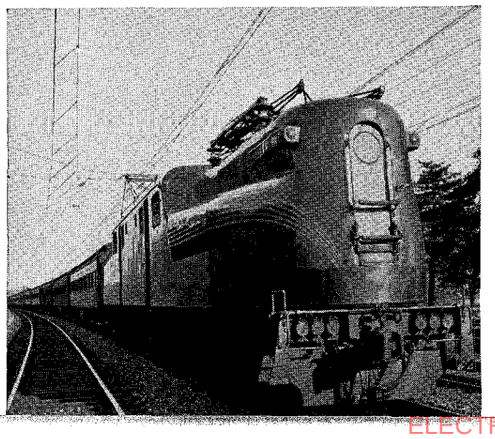
GENDREAU

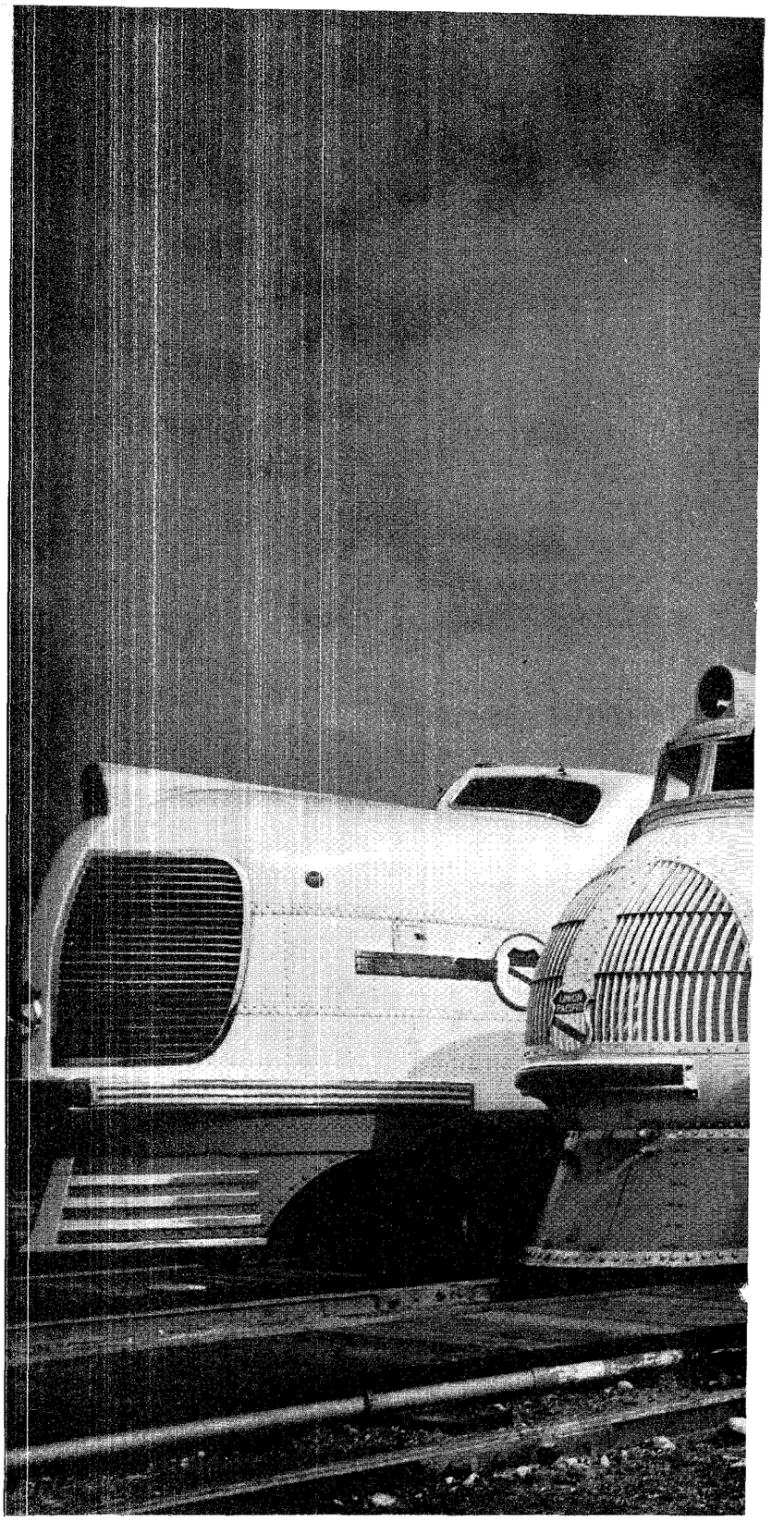
More than half a million Americans now live part of the year in automobile trailers



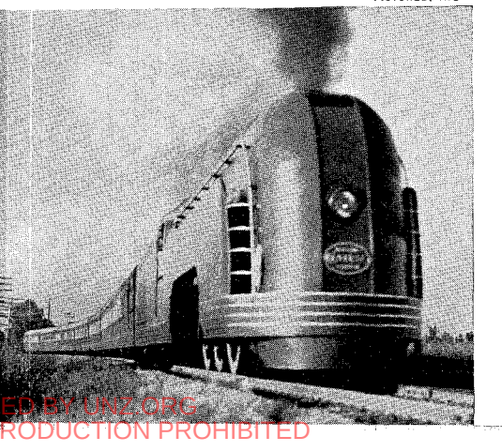
EWING GALLOWAY

Loading whole freight cars on new sea-trains, carrying 100 cars each





PICTURES, INC



Transp

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ROBERT YARNALL RICHIE

ıtion: The Iron Horse Is Streamlined and Redesigned

Above: Diesel power makes for rail efficiency; the new streamlined Diesel trains of the Union Pacific, operating between Chicago and coast cities. Extreme left: Streamlined locomotive used on the Pennsylvania's electrified New York-Washington line. Left: The New York Central's streamlined steam-train, now operating between Detroit and Cleveland

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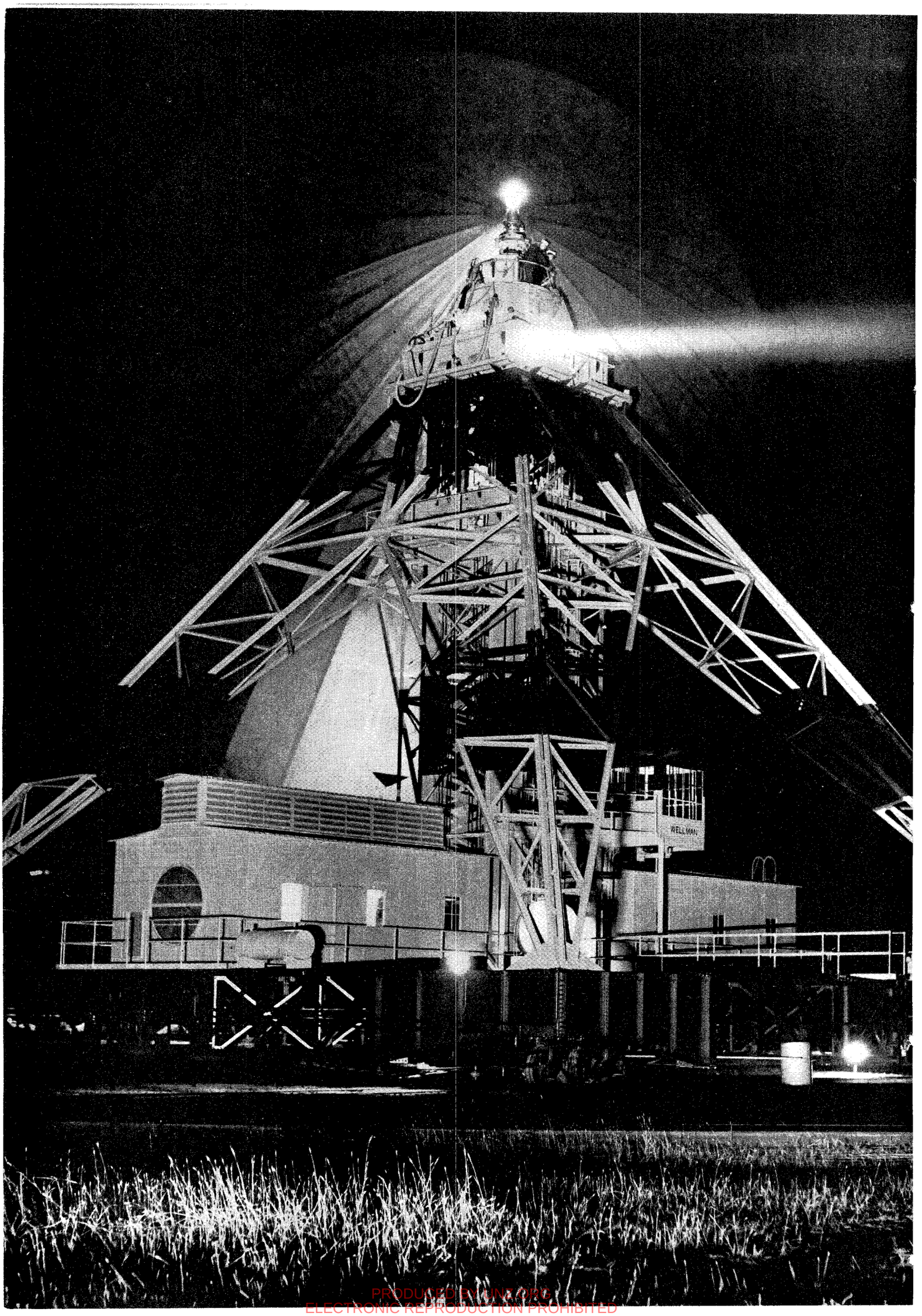

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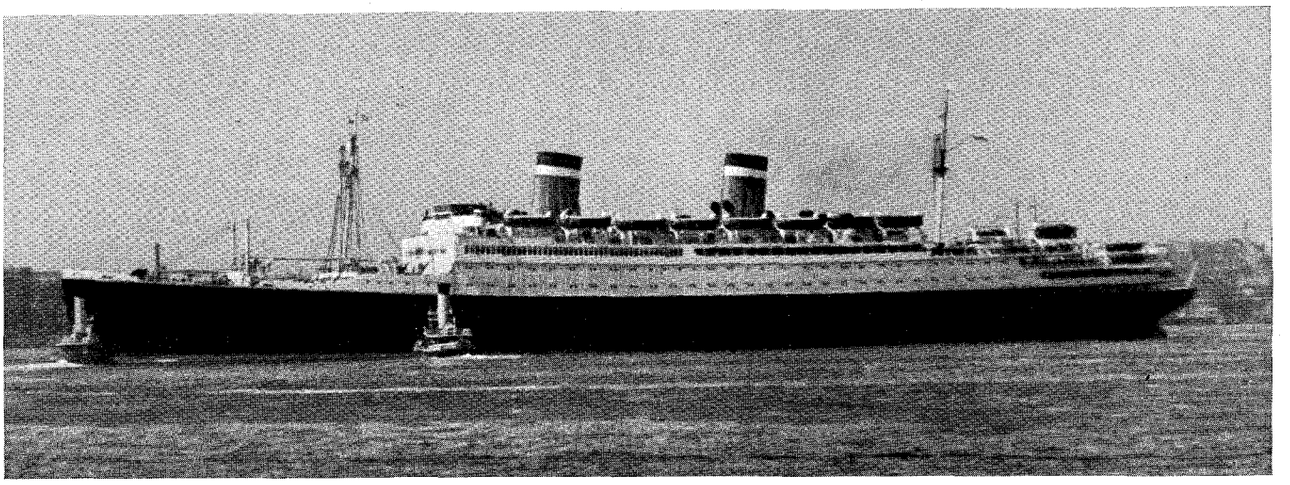
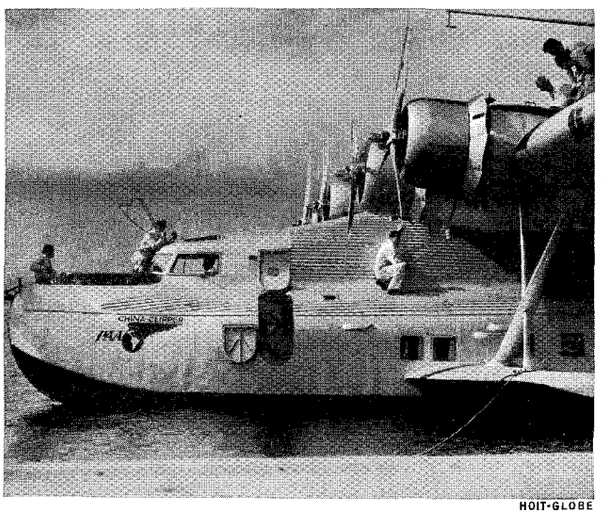


The *Manhattan* spans the Atlantic in six days

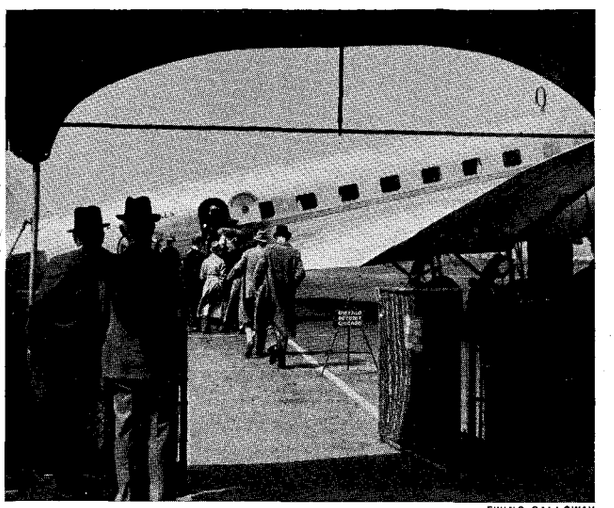
Opposite page: The *Hindenburg* begins regular transatlantic service in 1936

Six Reasons the World Grows Smaller



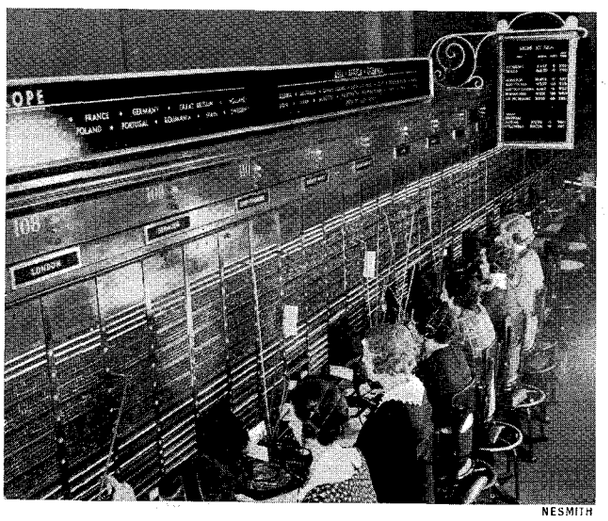
HOIT-GLOBE

Crossing the Pacific Ocean becomes a matter of hours rather than weeks. The new Pan-American China Clippers fly from San Francisco to Manila within five days



EWING GALLOWAY

American Airlines introduces new Douglas club- and sleeper-planes, carries largest share of 1,150,000 passengers traveling by air in the U. S. in 1936



NESMITH

Ten years ago it was a dream; today you can lift your receiver and talk with 93 per cent of the world's telephones. A. T. & T.'s new overseas switchboard

GLOBE

Use of Diesel tractors in road-building, construction, and on farms has increased more than 400 per cent during the depression period

TURES, INC

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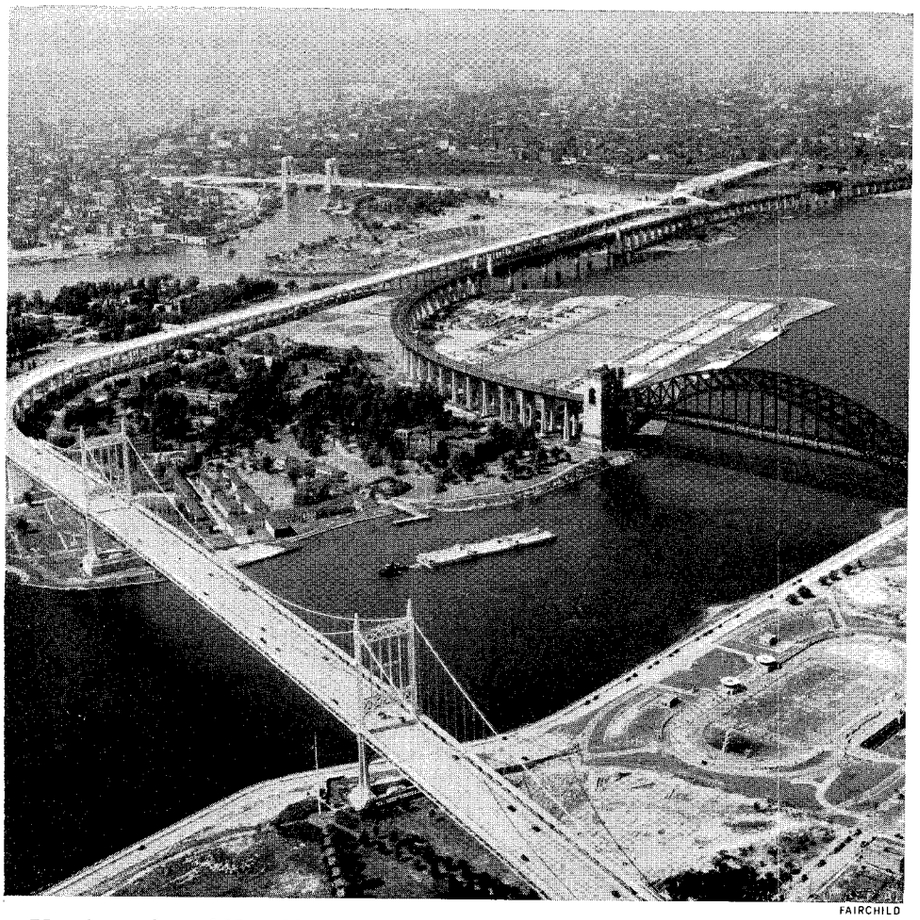
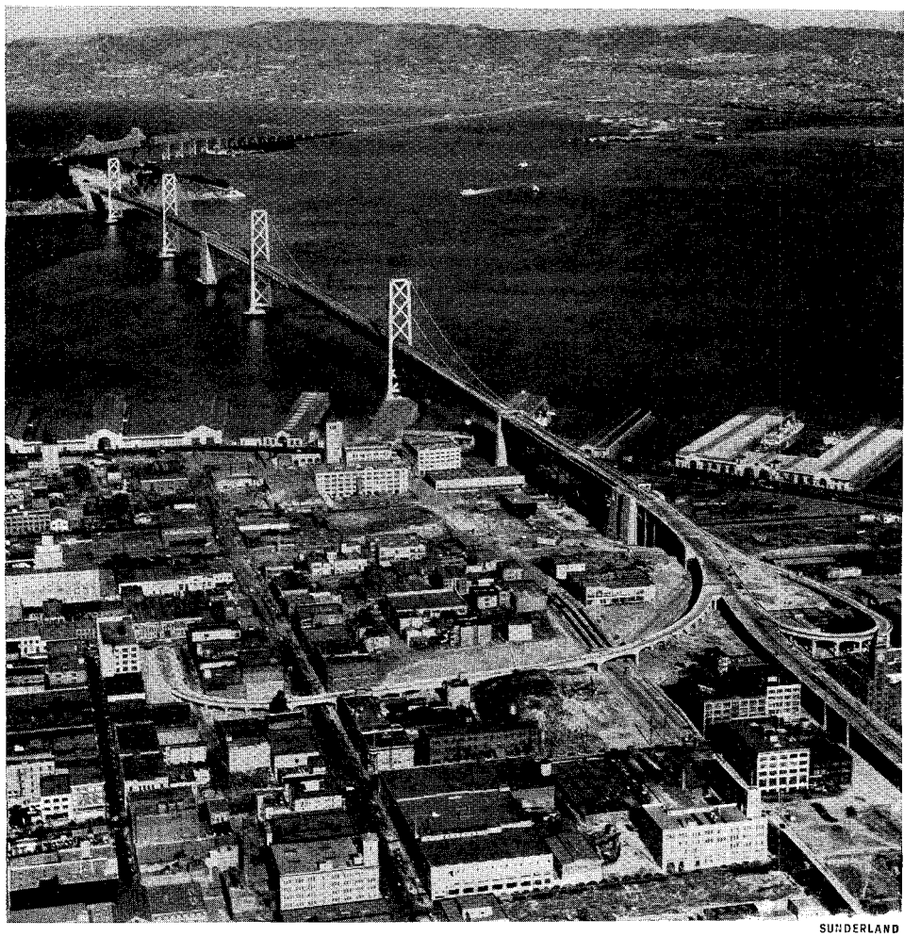


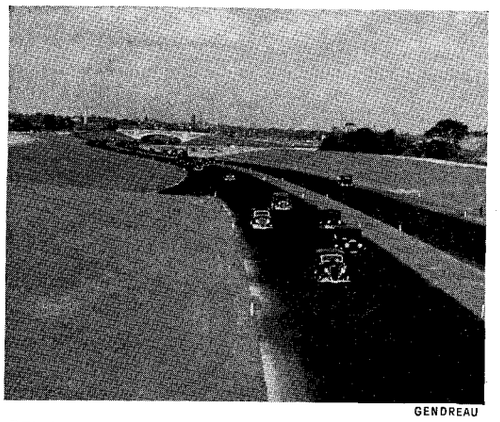
FAIRCHILD

Untying a few of New York's traffic knots: the Triborough Bridge now connects Manhattan with the Bronx and Long Island communities



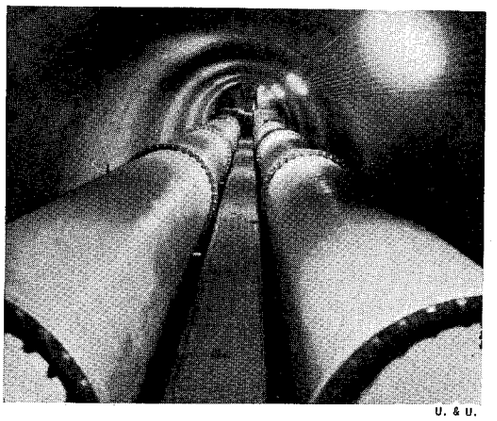
SUNDERLAND

Now almost as familiar to the rest of the country in pictures as to Californians by sight: the San Francisco bridge over the Golden Gate



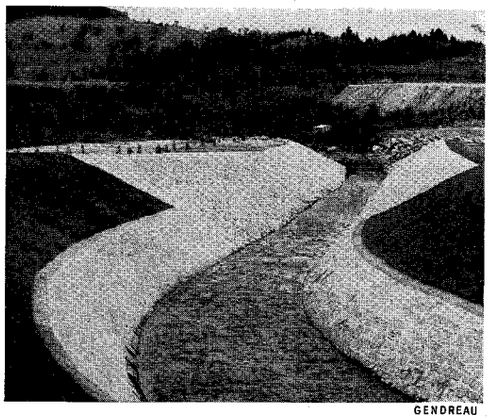
GENDREAU

Highways: faster and safer traffic on the Grand Central Parkway, Long Island, N. Y.



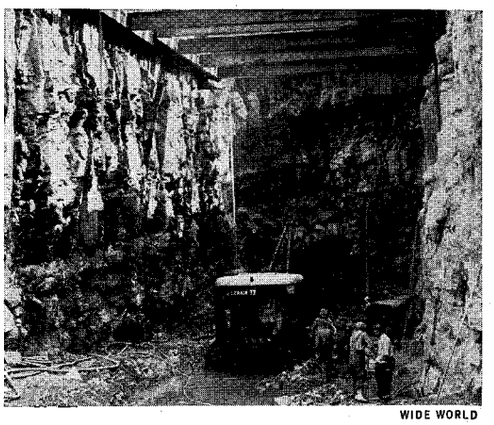
U. & U.

Irrigation: outlet pipes from the new Rye Patch Dam in Northern Nevada



GENDREAU

Flood control: outlet of the Winooski River project at East Barre, Vermont



WIDE WORLD

Hudson Tunnel: Port of N. Y. Authority and PWA project which will link the busy states of New York and New Jersey

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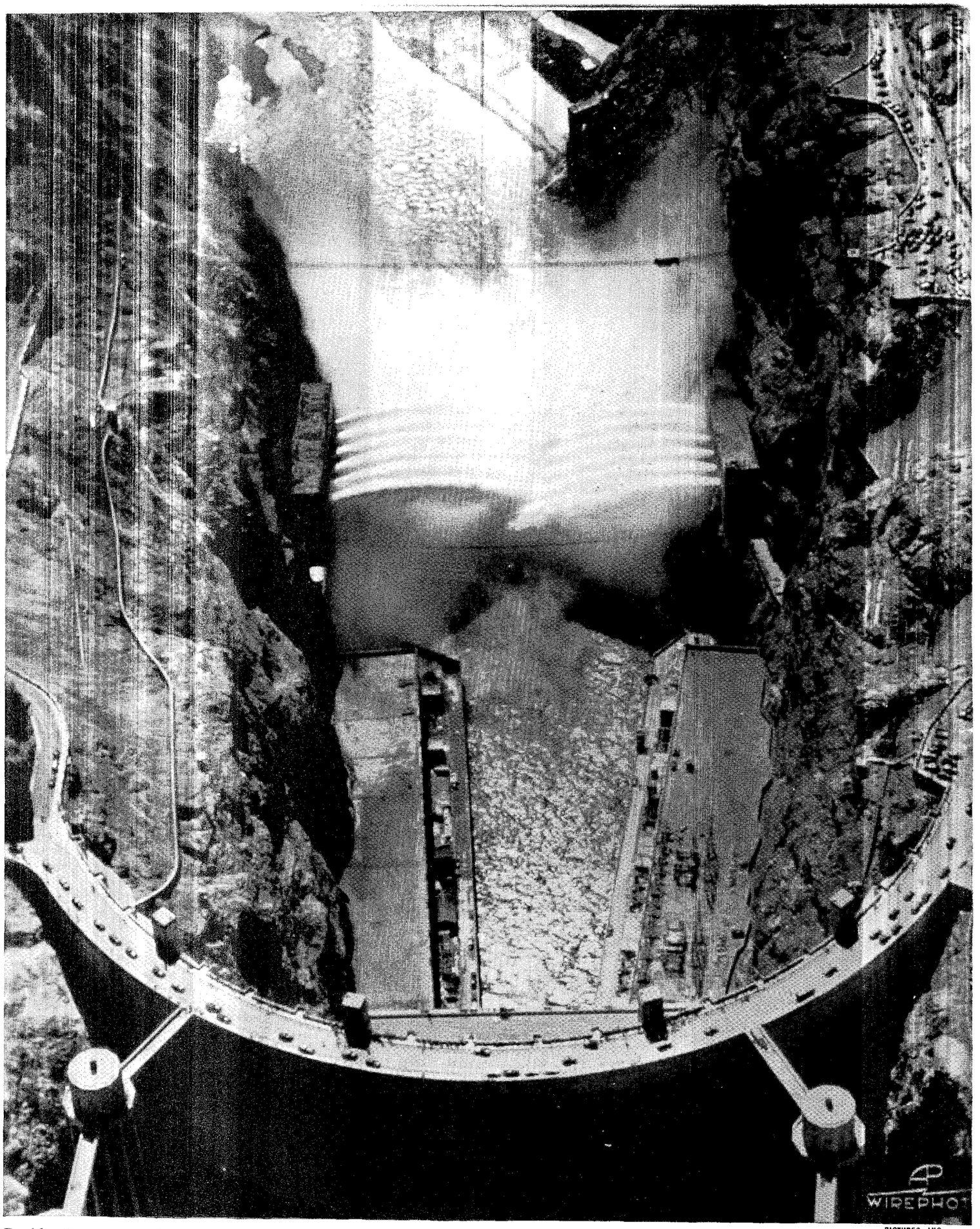

Boulder Dam as seen from the air. The photo, incidentally, has been transmitted by wire (see lower right-hand corner), another technical development of the lean 1930's

Public Works: Bridges, tunnels, dams and ditches

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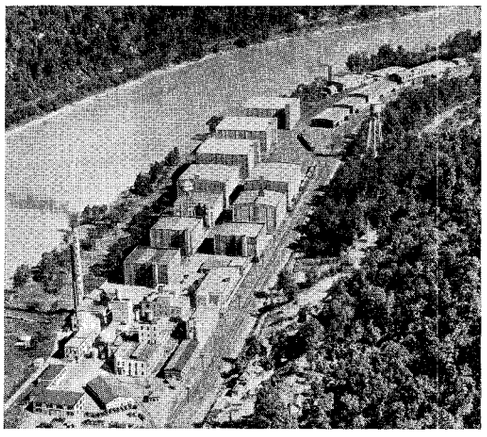
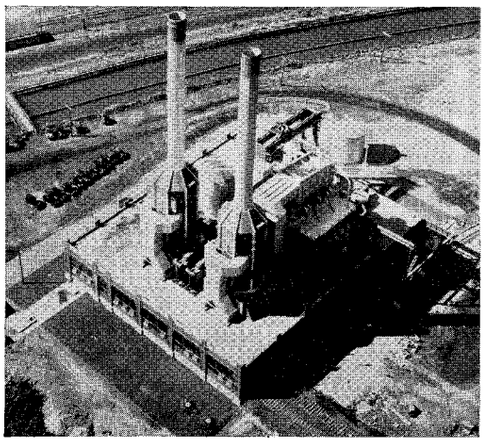
High-speed continuous strip-steel mills are a development of the past few years. The above motors, on the assembly line at Westinghouse, will operate one of these mills for Ford, capable of producing enough strip steel for 3,000 Ford cars daily



Liquor: an industry is reborn in lean years. One of the Schenley plants constructed recently, located just north of Pittsburgh



Power: new mercury-steam electric-power station constructed by General Electric, the most efficient type as yet developed

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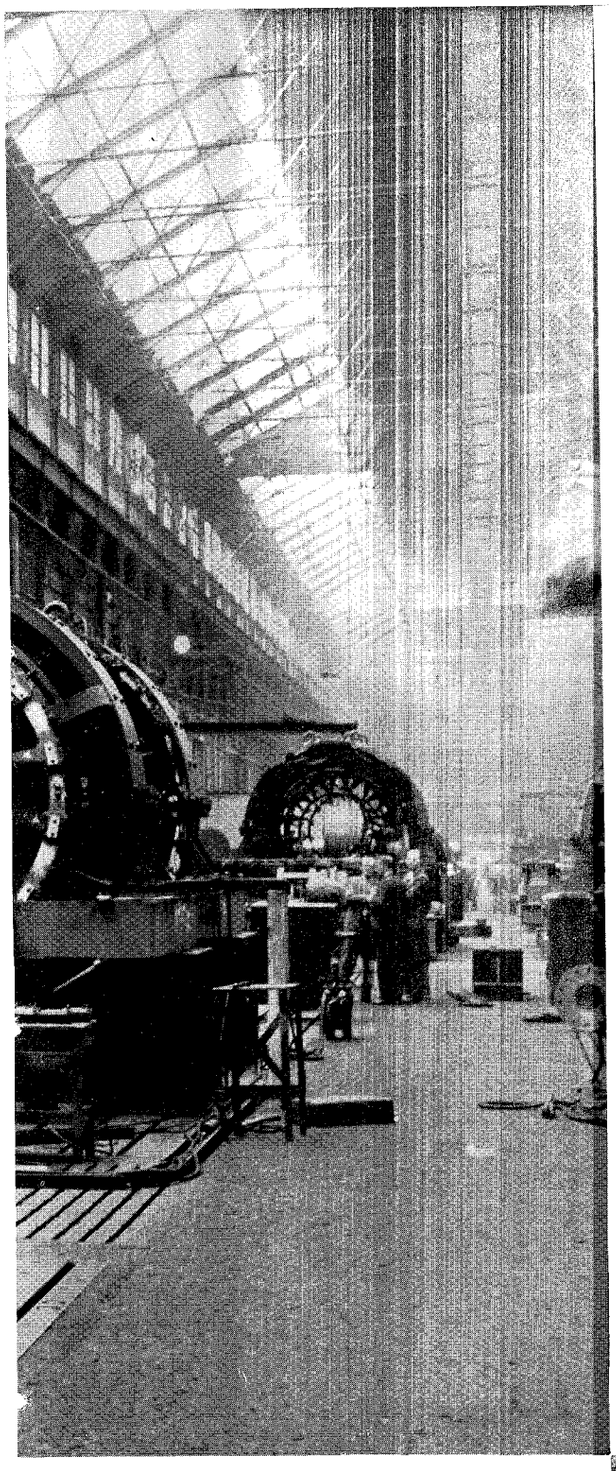
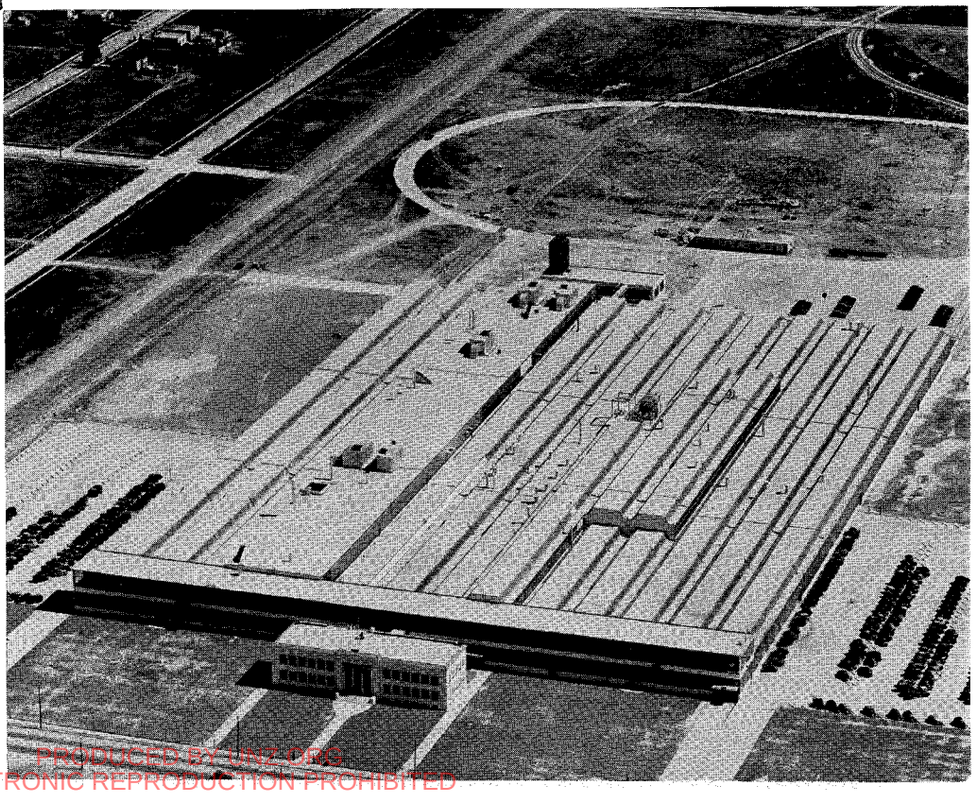


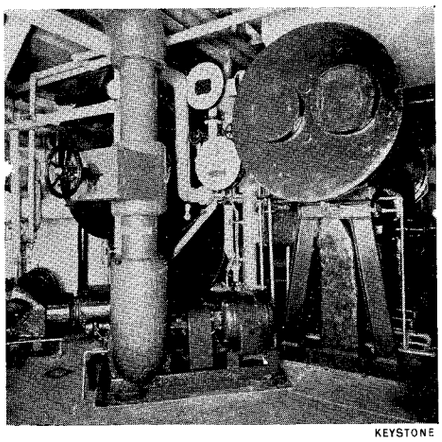
GENDREAU

Roads: new equipment improves highways

Production: The Wheels Turn Faster

Manufacturing: new plants have sprung up all over the country; one of several new factories of General Motors, near Los Angeles





KEYSTONE

-conditioning: another industry to come
ge in depression. The above unit con-
ons the air in Rockefeller Center

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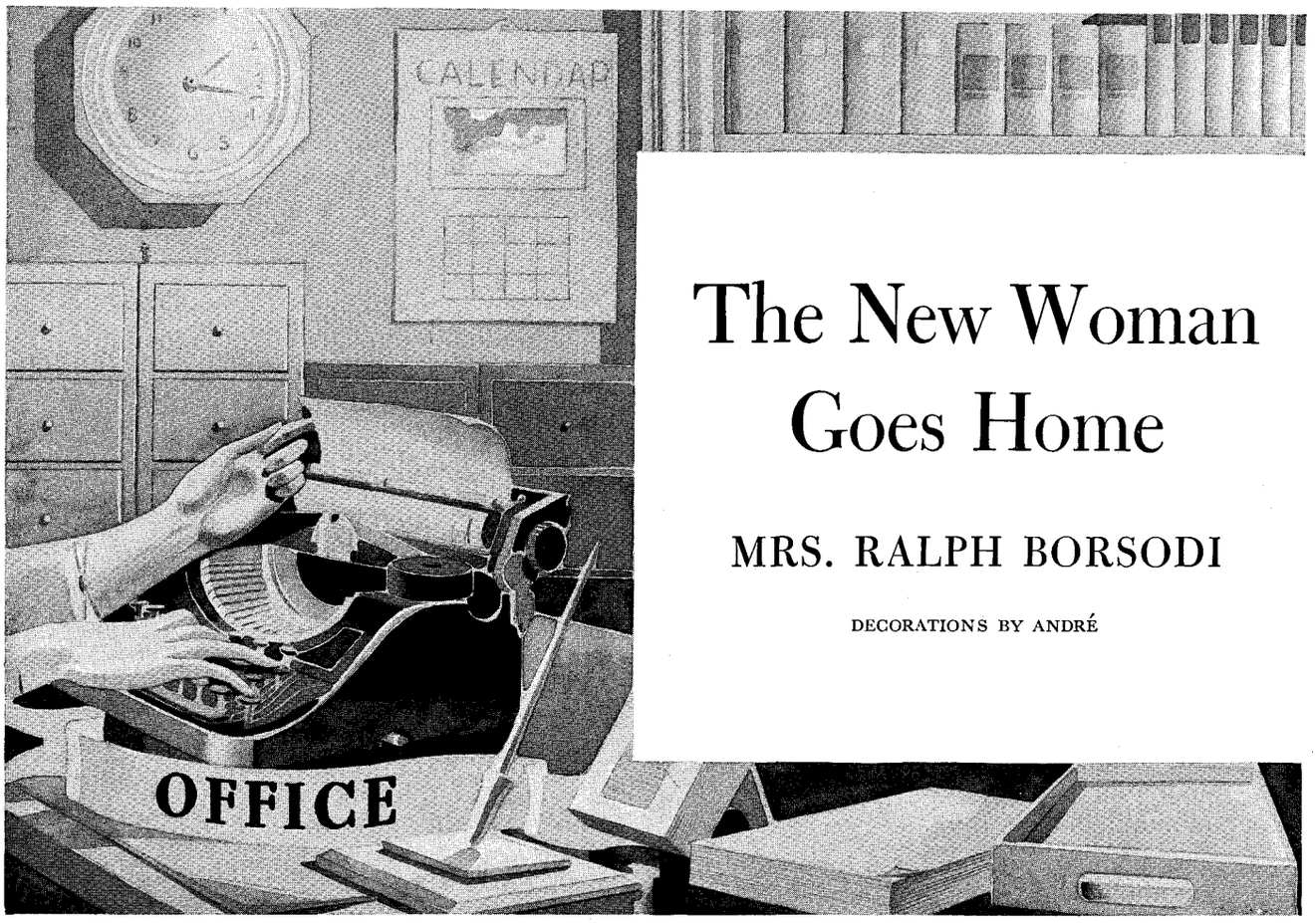

The New Woman Goes Home

MRS. RALPH BORSODI

DECORATIONS BY ANDRÉ

Most people believe today that the industrial age has demonstrated the economic futility of home-making. It appears obvious that machinery and power and the factory system have relegated the domestic tasks, such as washing, sewing, canning, baking, and weaving, to the submarginal homes—homes without income enough to take advantage of what mass production offers.

As a result of this belief, millions of women have abandoned the production of things at home to earn money in business, and those who have remained home-makers let outside agencies perform many home tasks.

Modern women vote, have equal property rights, follow independent careers. It is taken for granted that they can live as they like, and if they choose to abandon home-making and go into business, no one tries to stop them—the right to such a decision being the result of the long struggle for emancipation and equality which began with Mary Wollstonecraft in England and Susan B. Anthony in this country.

But I am convinced that this decision by many women, that they could be of greater economic value to their families in business than they could while performing home-making tasks, is based on an economic fallacy—a fallacy that has been overlooked in the fight for equality with men.

Without questioning the desirability of our having won the right to engage in all of these new activities and even to abandon home-making, if we wish, I not only deny the wisdom of this change (except for that minority of women who are by temperament and training unfit for wife-hood and motherhood), but I challenge the economic validity of the change. Money-making, for the overwhelming majority of women, does not pay. It cannot be made to pay them. It pays neither them, their families, nor society. And I think this can be demonstrated simply by subjecting *domestic production* to the same sort of rigorous economic analysis to which economists have subjected money-making, or what my husband insists upon calling, in his economists' jargon, *production for exchange*.

My husband and I have managed to prove to our own satisfaction that the average woman who cooks, cans, preserves, bakes, and launders at home, for her own family, produces more wealth than she could produce by earning money. So large have been my own hourly earnings on home work, such as baking, upon which we found it possible to determine costs very accurately, that we have come to suspect that if the same sort of cost analysis were to be applied to all of the activities of the woman who does a complete home-making job—to her work as nurse as well as cook, her work as teacher as well as her work as laundress, her work as entertainer as well as her work as dressmaker—that it would demonstrate an even more startling fact: that the value of her economic con-

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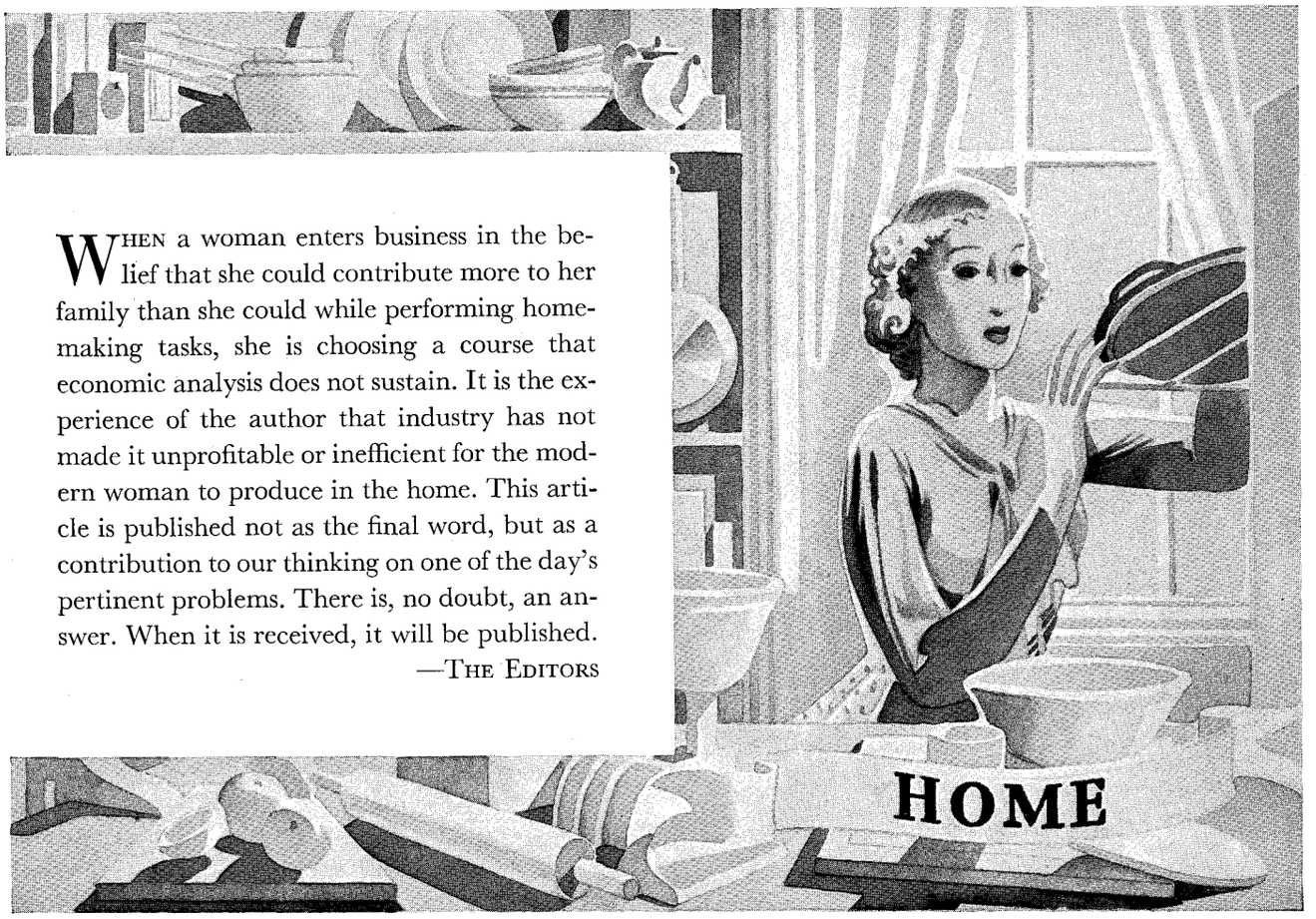

When a woman enters business in the belief that she could contribute more to her family than she could while performing home-making tasks, she is choosing a course that economic analysis does not sustain. It is the experience of the author that industry has not made it unprofitable or inefficient for the modern woman to produce in the home. This article is published not as the final word, but as a contribution to our thinking on one of the day's pertinent problems. There is, no doubt, an answer. When it is received, it will be published.

—The Editors

tribution *in the home* is substantially equal to the value of the man's economic contribution *in industry*.

Under the domestic economy of pre-industrial civilization, the equal economic importance of woman's work and man's work was universally recognized. Primitive man was the hunter, woman the planter; man the builder, woman the weaver. There was a division of productive labor between the sexes which prevailed up to the time when the factory system seemed to make gainful occupation—earning money—more productive than making things for home use. From that time on, it seemed that the work which men and women were doing in industry was more profitable, more remunerative, more socially productive than the work which women did at home. Power to make decisions about spending money went to the man, presumably because he was the only producer in the family.

Money-making acquired prestige, and home-making lost it. Inevitably it became the fashion for women to go into business, to enter upon professional careers, to get jobs in offices, stores, and factories. Women appeared in this way to be reestablishing the self-respect of which they had been deprived by the parasitic position to which home-making seemed to have been reduced.

But suppose the high pedestal upon which industrial production had been placed by public opinion was based upon a mistake? Suppose that the only reason the greater economy of small-scale production had been ignored was due to the historical accident that the steam-engine was perfected long before electric power came into use?

The implications of this possibility are breath-taking. We should have to reappraise many activities which women in particular have discarded as out-of-date. We should have to challenge much that we consider progressive, efficient, and "modern." We should have to abandon the Utopian vision of an economy of abundance in which machines would produce everything and we would do nothing but buy what the machines produced. And we might even come to recognize that the great technology, with 100 per cent industrialization of our economic life, about which so many people dream, is, by the hard test of sheer efficiency, as romantic and sentimental as the dream of a return to a state of nature and the simple life.

More immediately, we should have to recognize that the great movement of women—and perhaps even of men—into money-making and away from domestic production was a costly mistake. Men and women are biologically so different that there must be a difference in the economic activities in which they engage, if their contribution is to prove of equal value financially. The mere fact that the majority of us must be mothers handicaps us in any kind of work outside of the home. If we are to prove our equality, we will do it, not by competing with men in the task of earning money, but by dividing between

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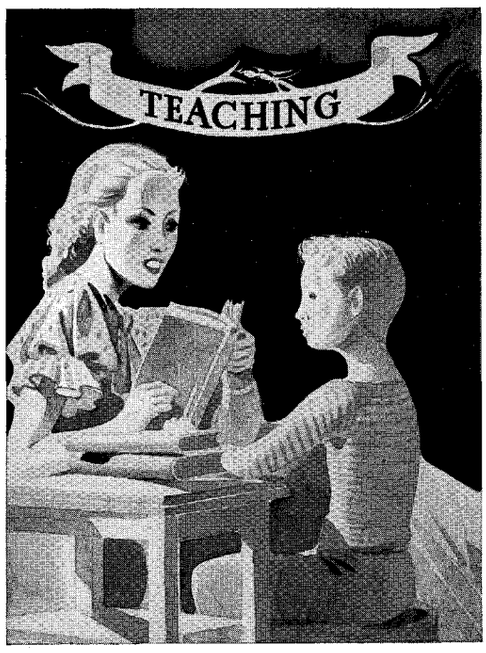
the two sexes the various tasks which need to be done.

My convictions about the value of the life into which the majority of women seem to be drifting, and the culture which this drift is accentuating, is the outgrowth of experiments which my husband and I have been carrying on for many years on a modernized version of the old homestead. For over fifteen years we have been making records of what it costs to produce on the Borsodi homestead—what it costs to produce things, not for sale, as on the commercialized farm of today, but for our own use. While we may seem to have concentrated upon the economic validity of our experiments, we have, as a matter of fact, attached even more importance to, and studied more carefully the spiritual and educational "by-products" of, this way of living. That is, of course, an old story, told in prose and poetry from Virgil in his "Georgics" to Thoreau in his writings about Walden.

The really novel discovery which we have made has to do with efficiency, the efficiency in production by which almost every crime committed in the name of progress has been justified.

We have found that the largest part of the food and clothing, utilities, and services needed to live in accordance with the high standards prevailing today can be procured, quality for quality, at a lower cost by domestic production than they can be procured from the factory system. Records covering the cost of raw materials, supplies, fuel, "overhead," and labor prove that if the average woman will do a serious job of household production, she can easily earn the equivalent of from $5 to $20 per week, year in and year out, with no losses from unemployment, depending upon the number of jobs taken back into the home from industry, the size of the family, and the family standard of living.

Such a sum represents a net addition to the money income of the average family which ought not to be ignored. For one thing it means that most women would be earning more than the average woman who has gone out of the home to earn cash. The most frequent annual income of women in 1929 was about $800 per year; today it is probably between $500 and $600. It is not an exaggeration to say that the gross weekly income of women in this country is less than $12 per week. This is by no means their net income. To determine the net income of women engaged in money-making we must first make a deduction for the average period of unemployment. We would also have to make a deduction for expenditures made because the work is outside of the home. An inquiry which I made some time ago among young women working in stores and offices in New York showed that they had to spend for commutation, carfare, lunches, extra clothes (particularly silk stockings), and above all for beauty treatments, from $3.60 to $5 each week to secure and to retain their positions.



Nobody knows exactly what the average woman has left from her weekly earnings after all deductions are made for expenses incidental to her working for money, but everybody will agree that it is much less than the $12 which statistical studies show to be the average gross weekly wage. The net amount, I know from observation of case after case, including high as well as low standards of living, is less than most of us would earn if we undertook a real job of home-making. And if we would use modern appliances to produce in our households, and apply some of that progress for which we strive so earnestly in industry, not only could we pay for the appliances with the cash saved by home production, but we would be furnishing our families better food, better clothing, better everything, from laundry work to entertainment. The coming of the domestic machine, the development of almost fool-proof electrical appliances, such as electric refrigerators and electric ranges, enables us to produce to such a standard without the drudgery formerly associated with household work and with ample leisure for gracious living.

Modern methods of cookery make kitchen work seem like a joke compared with the methods of our grandmothers' day. An elderly friend once described to me in detail how she cooked baked beans for her family of six about forty years ago. It was a grueling, all-day task. The beans had to be parboiled, the water poured off, the pork and sauce prepared, the beans placed in pots, and after being put into the oven, basted every thirty minutes with the sauce to keep them from drying out. Worst of all, a hot fire had to be kept going for hours.

Today, methods have been developed which eliminate most of these tasks, beginning with the parboiling and ending with the basting. Long, slow, low-heat cookery, without boiling, turns out perfect beans which tickle the palate and put no strain upon the digestion. With a modern electric range, you can put beans in a well-cooker at night, put in the exact amount of water needed, switch on the low heat, and pay no further attention to the beans until the next morning. Not only is most of the labor of our grandmothers eliminated, but beans are produced at a fraction of the cost for which they can be purchased in a store. The modern cannery, it is true, manufactures baked beans on a mass basis cheaper than we

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can produce them at home, but most of what we pay is not for baked beans—it is for the can, the transportation, the wholesaling and retailing necessary in order to deliver them to us, and for the water which the beans absorb in cooking and which represents two-thirds of what we pay for when we buy them from the grocery.

How much does a woman earn when she spends time baking beans? The answer is contained in the following figures:

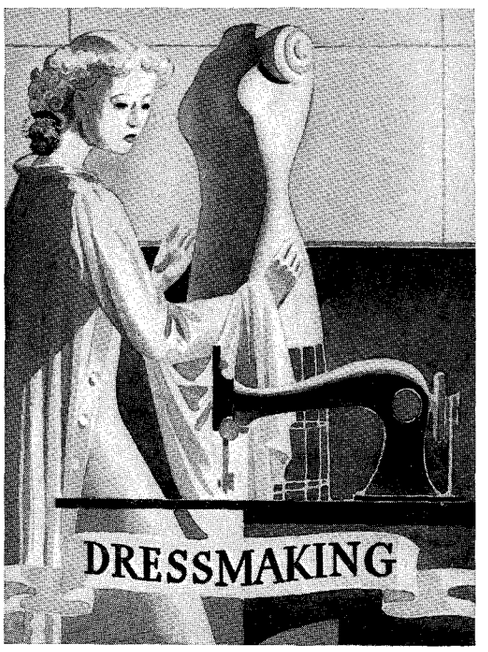
Cash Cost of Baked Beans with Salt Pork:

3 pounds dried beans at 6c.	$ .180
½ pound of salt pork	.100
1 cup molasses, and other seasoning, approx.	.100
Fuel: 800 watts—consumed during 8 hours at low heat in the "Thrift" cooker of the electric range at 3c. per kilowatt	.024
Range overhead—interest, depreciation, repairs	.023
Kitchen overhead—10 minutes	.011
	$ .438
Price of beans at retail, 9 pints at 16c.	$1.44
The Difference (earned in the 10 minutes required for preparation, putting to cook, etc.)	$1.00

This is earning money at the rate of $6 per hour, if we base the appraisal of the value of what is produced at home on the price which we would have to pay for a similar product in the market in which most women buy it. And it makes no allowance for quality; the materials and the process used at home furnish beans far superior to the commercial product.

It may be said that baked beans do not represent a very large part of the purchases of the average family, and that the folly of mass production of this particular product is exceptional. Granted, though canned baked beans and the canned soups which rival the baked beans as an economic folly are among the biggest-selling items in the modern grocery store. The baked beans illustrate dramatically the point involved; women have been giving up this task to the factory system and consoling themselves with the thought that it does not pay to bake beans at home. The consolation, however, is based upon an economic falsehood.

Let us consider bread, which represents a much larger part of the dietetic budget. Many women look upon the baking of bread in particular as one of those tasks requiring much labor, but I have not found it so. In the following table are the figures—from a recent baking at the Borsodi Homestead—showing costs in materials and in time. With modern equipment just half an hour was required for the work, which was anything but difficult.



Cost of Home-made Bread:

2 cups of milk (canned)	$ .060
4 cups of water	
½ cup shortening	.050
¼ cup honey	.030
1 cake of yeast	.030
3 pounds whole wheat flour at 4c.	.120
10 minutes electric mixer	.006
1 hour oven	.028*
½ hour kitchen overhead	.015*
	$ .339
Price at retail, 5 loaves at 12c.	.600
The difference (earned in the half-hour required for labor: assembling and mixing batch, 15 minutes; mixing loaves, 10 minutes; cleaning, 5 minutes.)	$ .261

*This is half the actual cost—the other half was charged to other baked goods in the oven at the same time.

This is earning money at the rate of over 50 cents per hour, without taking into account the difference in quality. I have never been able to buy loaves of bread of the same quality which we bake at home except by going to women's exchanges, which put out a "home-made" loaf but sell it at a much higher price than mass-produced bakers' bread.

How much could the average woman save each month, and furnish her family the liberal dietetic standard prescribed in the famous Stiebeling-Ward studies? To answer this question, I subjected my family for a month to a diet composed of the canned goods and baked goods which the majority of families buy with incomes ranging from $2400 to $4000 per year. In March of last year I purchased bread, cakes, pies, muffins, cookies, and crackers from the baker, or from the grocer, in wrappers and nationally advertised packages, instead of buying flour, yeast, milk, butter, and the other ingredients I ordinarily buy for baking. I purchased canned soup, canned beans, canned vegetables, and fruits, and once canned chicken, instead of buying these items fresh from the green grocer and the butcher to be cooked at home. I bought mayonnaise, French dressing, and tomato juice in bottles, instead of buying olive oil, vinegar, spices, and tomatoes, and mixing and preparing these items at home. Every can, every bottle, and every package which came into the house during the month was religiously saved. By the end of the month my kitchen was bursting with the accumulation of "empties." Then we stacked the empty cans, bottles, jars, and packages as well as we could on our kitchen tables and took a photograph of the accumulated month's investment in tin, glass, and paper, all

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of which had to be thrown away. A complete list of the canned, bottled, and packaged goods purchased during the month is shown in the accompanying table:

STORE-PURCHASED VS. HOME-MADE

Quantity	Product	Market Price	Home Cost	Earning if Cooked at Home
2 qts.	Mayonnaise at 28c. pt.	$ 1.12	$ .60	$ .52
1 qt.	French Dressing at 17½c. pt.	.68	.30	.38
31½ oz.	Spaghetti	.20	.11	.09
10¾ pts.	Tomato Cocktail	1.33	.65	.68
1 pt.	Baked Beans	.12	.04	.08
1¾ pts.	Vegetable Soup	.34	.18	.16
1 pt.	Chicken Soup	.41	.17	.24
½ pt.	Spaghetti and Meat	.20	.09	.11
½ pt.	Goulash	.20	.11	.09
¼ pt.	Chicken à la King	.45	.23	.22
3 lbs. 4 oz.	Canned Chicken	1.69	1.10	.59
½ pt.	Mixed Vegetables	.19	.06	.13
1 lb.	Pickles	.44	.19	.25
½ pt.	Chicken Noodles	.29	.12	.17
3 lbs.	Jams, Marmalades and Jellies	1.12	.49	.63
2 lbs. 2 oz.	Ham	1.34	.85	.49
12 oz.	Corned Beef	.20	.16	.04
23 Loaves	Bread at 12 c	2.76	1.60	1.16
2 oz.	Rolls at 20c	.40	.22	.18
4 lbs.	Cheese Cake	.60	.35	.25
3 lbs.	Cake at 25c. lb	.75	.37	.38
1½ doz.	Muffins	.39	.18	.21
23	Eclairs	1.15	.69	.46
9 doz.	Cookies	2.70	1.08	1.62
35 doz.	Crackers	.68	.33	.35
3½ doz.	Wafers	1.43	.55	.88
Totals		$21.18	$10.82	$10.36

The following month the family returned to its regular régime, the régime which we have been observing ever since we moved to the country. We cooked and baked once more, and we again purchased in large and economical quantities. The can-opener and the bottle-opener collected cobwebs, and the range, the mixer, and the refrigerator were used for production again. Duplicating the menus of the previous month as closely as we could, and using cost records which we have accumulated over a long period of time, we found it possible to cut the cash expenditures on these items approximately in half. The home cost shown in the accompanying table, however, does not take quality into account. If that had been insisted upon in the mass-produced foods, the saving would have been much greater.

How much less time did I spend in the kitchen in March? The following table compares the labor put into cooking during the month of March, with the average for five months preceding when we were cooking and baking everything at home:

AVERAGE LABOR TIME IN KITCHEN

	March	Average, Preceding Five Months
Monthly Labor Time	65 hrs. 37 mins.	82 hrs. 40 mins.
Daily Labor Time	2 hrs. 7 mins.	2 hrs. 40 mins.

These figures speak for themselves. They dispose of the belief that doing a complete cooking job makes any undue demand upon a woman's time.

During these five months, I had been feeding the family on the "liberal" diet recommended by Doctor Hazel K. Stiebeling and Medora M. Ward of the United States Department of Agriculture. All baking and cooking had been done in the home, with accurate records of the amounts and cost of raw materials, of fuel, and of operating the equipment used, as well as the labor time. As a result, this liberal diet was furnished the family for as little as 12 cents per plate per person. For a family of four persons, this would make a cost of $10.90 per week. From unpublished data in the United States Department of Agriculture on this diet, it was estimated that it cost a family of four persons, in the North Atlantic region, living in the ordinary way and buying baked and canned goods, $16.50 per week, on the basis of average retail prices in the United States for May 7, 1935.

COST OF FOOD AND COOKING

	March	Average 5 Mos. Preceding
Total number of meals served during month	438	446
Average cost of food per meal per person	$.186	$.124
Average cost of cooking per meal per person	.005	.008

Here is a single activity—of the many similar ones at which the home-maker can "work"—which, when appraised in terms of money, represents an earning capacity of $5.60 per week. On a mere per-hour basis, the home-maker doing a complete cooking job would be earning 30 cents per hour. This, it is true, is already more than the average woman engaged in "gainful occupations" earns. But it is hardly a fair basis of valuation, since an enormous number of women working for money must either pay board for their meals, or purchase them in restaurants. If the Stiebeling-Ward diet were to be purchased in this way, it would cost much more than $4.12½ per person per week.

If, instead, a comparison is made with the home-maker who buys canned, bottled, and packaged goods in the conventional way, and who is therefore able to reduce the time she spends at cooking about 33 minutes each day, then the amount earned by doing (*continued on page 76*)

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A Man's World Still

Not only does the male refuse to decline; his star appears to be in the ascendant—two answers to the December article "The Decline of the Male"

The Renaissance of Virility

ALBERT DE PINA

THE tragic years following the collapse of the stock market have been prolific of some rather curious ills and still more curious panaceas, but none so curious and fatal as the strange antagonism between the sexes which misguided writers would foist upon us.

The article in the December issue of SCRIBNER'S, by Messrs. Uzzell and LeRoy, is timely and serves to bring out into the open this insidious struggle. After carefully examining the facts, one might well deplore conclusions not warranted by the adduced proof. Having had the opportunity to study the social, economic, and spiritual readjustment between the sexes that has quietly gone forward in the United States since the Armistice, it appears to me that all roads point to the fact that instead of a "Decline of the Male" we are witnessing a renaissance of virility.

The sign-posts that point to it have very modern markings, and it may be that this coterie of writers and essayists have failed to interpret them. In any case, that deity of the moderns, James Joyce, the exquisite Ezra Pound, not to mention Aldous Huxley and a few others included in the article, are certainly not criterions of virility—at least, in their particular metier. The rank and file of the nation—the men and women who toil and spin—have little in common with the exquisite decadence of Ezra Pound's "Rhapsody on a Windy Night," and, thank God, nothing in common with Proust's *A Recherchez du Temps Perdu,* particularly his *Sodom and Gomorrah.*

A paragraph from your magnificent article in the same issue, "Literature of Today and Tomorrow," written, ironically enough, by a woman, might be offered as a refutation of the premises, the material, and even the proofs adduced by Uzzell and LeRoy. I quote: "A writer is not only all of these; he is a person with more emotion, more intimate communication with life, more energy—*not physical energy but psychic energy . . .*" And one might add, "far more neurotic than the average man who neither writes nor lays claims to luminous ideas and spiritual flights." Great writers and poets, as a general rule, have little in common with the multitudes because they are not strictly representative of their sex—they are, in a sense, Universal—else they are not great.

Recall that it was the minstrels and roving poets of another age who glorified woman and gave birth to Romanticism, not the tillers of the field and the hewers of wood or the warriors. So it would seem *reductio ad absurdum* to go to the poets and the writers for the proof that Man is decadent and lacking in virility.

Those æsthetic souls so divinely constituted who would rather watch a meteor in its trajectory and translate it into something like: *"A single star falls rapt and dim—I call it Death,"* or something equally tenebrous, than to glory in the warmth and the thrill of physical passion are too far removed from physical realities to be criterions of manhood. Simply because the impact of physical experience in passing through the spectrum of their minds partakes of their æsthetic genius—not to mention the sublimate of their emotions. The criterion is neither poetry nor fiction, but psychology.

Really to understand what readjustments are taking place between the sexes today, we have to take into consideration the dislocations brought on by the World War, which made industrialization of women imperative and by the same token, took them from the time-honored orbit of the church, kitchen, and children and flung them unprepared into the maelstrom of a man-made world. It is to their everlasting credit that they have not failed in adjustment, and if at times, in their new-found freedom and equality, they overstep the boundaries of common sense, we must remember that though lack of decency and lack of sense are synonymous, they are not a monopoly of the male.

Naturally, in a new world where the mysteries of sex are common knowledge; where the display of human anatomy has become a commonplace; and where both men and women compete shoulder to shoulder in the marts of trade or the fields of sports, the outmoded type of leering rapscallion with rapist ideas is laughed out of countenance. And this is as it should be, and certainly not as "appalling" as Messrs. Uzzell and LeRoy seem to think. After all, sex, instead of a taboo surrounded by mystery and overlaid by the débris of centuries of conventions whose origin we have forgotten and whose uses are not applicable to our age, has emerged at last to regain the unblushing naturalness of a biological fact.

Admitting for the sake of argument that the majority of the magazines and

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publications devote the greater part of their space to women—who do the purchasing for the nation—has there ever been a time when the domestic duties did not include buying? And if the manufacturers capitalize through advertising woman's desire for beautification, has there ever been a time when the female of the species did not mark the degree of culture of a given civilization by her efforts to enhance her beauty and her patronage of the arts? The Egyptians had their cosmetics, the Greek women their rouges and ointments—and even in the times of Messrs. Uzzell and LeRoy's mighty fine duffers of Cæsar's Tenth Legion, the concubines who followed them home a few hundred miles anointed and perfumed themselves as soon as they got to Rome, and learned these arts from their more civilized sisters. And, as history shows, the women haggled in the marketplace and *did the purchasing*. Yet, the above-mentioned essayists do not question the Legionnaires' virility. Granted that the man of today neither rapes nor carries off his modern Europa. Granted also that many of us, particularly in the large cities, suffer falling hair, store teeth, eye-glasses, hernia, and halitosis. But have Messrs. Uzzell and LeRoy ever taken the trouble to read history? The ancients suffered sorely from common afflictions. Are they aware of, for instance, Cæsar's baldness and indigestion, not to mention his playful little habit of throwing an epileptic fit that would put a California quake to shame? Ancient literature may gloss them over, but ancient records abound with references to the bodily ills and physical shortcomings of average men.

We are too civilized to throw human beings into the arena to be dismembered by wild beasts, because, being perfectible, we have increased in kindness, generosity, decency, and a sense of justice. By the same token we are too civilized to enjoy the sadistic pleasures attendant on the raping of a woman. It isn't that we aren't virile—it is that sex has come of age, and such pastimes are merely depressing.

Virility can be expressed in a thousand ways—building bridges; stretching roads from ocean to ocean; raising the level of the masses and protecting our liberties. We are not barbarians; our horizon is higher than a phallic symbol, and, believe it or not, as a nation we are nearer to the ideal of Plato's *Republic* than any race, nation, or civilization that the Earth has record of.

It is a pity that space limitations preclude an analysis of the influences of our past economic depression on marriage and the relations between the sexes. But merely go to the colleges and high schools, where wholesome, clean-cut youngsters look out on life, eager and unafraid, spending their surplus energies and sublimating their sex urgings on the fields of sports. Where a leg or a breast is not a signal for mob violence and where the human anatomy has recaptured the glory of the Greek ideal. Healthy animals do not spend their life mating; they have their mating seasons. Man is the only animal who chose to make it a mating season twelve months of the year, so if we are showing restraint, for whatever reason, it is eminently salutary and not a mark of decline. The modern man is confronted with economical, technical, scientific, and spiritual problems of a magnitude so vast that the "dear duffers of Cæsar's Tenth Legion" could not even begin to comprehend them!

Surely, after two thousand years of civilization, we have a right to expect that women, as human beings, should occupy a place of equality in the race for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and cease to be mere slaves and child-bearers. And that men, having increased in stature, should emotionally come of age and cease to make sex the *summum bonum* of their existence.

We Do Not Have to Worry

ROBERT FABER

The weakness of "The Decline of the Male" lies in the fact that it completely ignores the Common Man, the man whose vigor is indelibly stamped into every steel girder, every ton of coal, every automobile, every bushel of wheat produced in America.

In the Caspar Milquetoast so pathetically described by Messrs. Uzzell and LeRoy the Common Man would not have recognized himself. And if he were at all analytical he might have said of the article, "That's putting the finger on the bosses and the white-collar punks. They can't stand prosperity."

These creators, builders, transporters are the backbone of the country, and to talk of the decline of the male without taking them into consideration is like judging the quality of wine by the scum of its fermentation.

Numerically, laborers outnumber executives, brokers, bankers, doctors, teachers, clerks, advertising-men, writers, and all other white-collar workers at least five to one. Estimates by both government and private sources indicate there are some thirty-six million men employed today. Eighty per cent of these, or close to twenty-nine million are engaged in farming, mining, fishing, manufacturing, transportation, communication, public service (policemen and firemen), and in manual labor in trade establishments. Not one in a dozen working miners, stevedores, fishermen, farmers, bricklayers, policemen, or laborers suffers from "weak muscles" or from "lack of hard work and fresh air."

Now if we are to get a true picture of man in relation to woman and to his own inherent masculine capabilities, we must delve a little deeper and set our sights for a long-range historical perspective. We'll learn first that, since the dawn of history, man has passed through frequent periods of "decline." Second, that whenever the decline occurred in an upper class of society, a surge of power usually swept a lower class, which had not deteriorated, into control. Third, that a vigorous masculinity is not incompatible with a strong womanhood.

In primitive society, anthropologists tell us, the superiority of man over wom-

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an was unquestioned. Nevertheless, social organization most frequently took the form of a matriarchy with descent reckoned through the female line. Modern fathers frequently complain they have little influence over their children. Primitive fathers were almost complete strangers to their children.

Even the tough Legionnaires of Rome did not escape a woman problem. Returning from the wars one bright day, the "fine old duffers," as Uzzell calls them, discovered that the women had slipped the leash. To restrain them, the Lex Oppia was proposed, under which women could not come to town to spend more than half an ounce of gold, could not wear expensive apparel, could not drive in open chariots. The Roman matrons saw red at this ancient version of a Blue Law. Gathering their skirts about them, they rushed off to do as fine a bit of lobbying as history records. They canvassed all voters. Not content, they surrounded the homes of the proponents of the measure, and threatened to lynch them, Roman style, if it became law.

The bill was defeated, and Cato the consul, in great bitterness, declared in an address to the Senate: "If the men had retained their rights and dignity within the family, the women would never have broken out publicly in this matter." Now, really, does it seem as if human nature has changed in the last two thousand years?

Our survey of the battle of the sexes now takes us to the England of Queen Bess, the Virgin Queen. We find manhood—*and womanhood*—in fullest bloom. England is on the upswing . . . a lusty, gusty, upswing . . . probably the most virile and productive period in her long history. Was it all man's doing? Not by a long shot! In his *Short History of Women,* John Langdon-Davies tells us that a woman in Elizabeth's reign was more of a companion to her man than ever before or since . . . until recent times. She participated in the revival of learning on an equal footing, was mistress of her home, and was in every sense of the word a co-partner in the art of living. Few nations were sturdier or more aggressive than England during that period when men and women were on a companionable footing.

Our brief review of history shows us something more. Progress moves in cycles with almost monotonous regularity. First come the pioneers or conquerors. They settle down to enjoy their new wealth, and soon they and their descendants grow soft in the lap of luxury. They degenerate. Within a few generations power is snatched from their limp hands, either by the more virile common people of their own race or by foreign forces. It happened in Babylon, in Greece, in Rome.

In modern times, it is the common man within a nation who bursts his bonds and seizes control. It happened to the courtiers of the Louis' in the French Revolution, and to the Romanoffs in Russia. If history can teach us anything, it seems to be that a nation is safe and sound as long as it has a vigorous, militant common people.

What basis have our modern writers for mourning the decline of the male today? Evidently they do not realize that in our country the common man is vastly preponderant . . . that the hard struggle for a livelihood and for industrial rights keeps him constantly in condition.

With great sincerity, but with no greater vision than a frog in a well, these writers look at life around them and find what seems to be irrefutable evidence that man is on a toboggan. Let us re-examine the evidence with a realistic rather than an alarmist state of mind.

What would you say if some one tried to palm an old Wild West thriller off on you as the true history of the West? You'd kick like a steer! For the same reason, we cannot take the popular magazines seriously as a picture of modern times. The stories in them are nothing but day dreams bought over the news counter, wrapped in slick paper, tied with columns of stimulating words, and decorated with beautiful pictures.

Since more of the popular magazines contain an occasional sea, jungle, gangster, or prize-fight story, it is to be expected that men will read them. For the most part, though, the laboring man limits his reading to the adventure pulp-magazines, the sporting pages of his newspaper, or the lodge journal. In his reading, he is no softy, however genteel his white-collar brother may be.

We should not be surprised to find that almost all advertising, even that outside the women's magazines, is addressed to the feminine purse. Advertisers know that the division of labor in the modern home throws on woman the odious task of shopping. Husband, vintage of 1937, does not bring home a brace of fowl or a carcass of beef from the field. When he brings home the bacon it is in a pay envelope. Converting the money into food, clothing, furniture, drug supplies is work in itself, and woman is the goat.

Man's influence, however, must be reckoned with. Not so long ago, a publication soliciting trade from advertising agencies ran a series of ads whose keynote was "Behind every woman stands the shadow of a man." That means that women do the buying but they choose the cuts of meat their men favor, select the colors they like, and in general please them whenever they care to express a preference. This is no myth. Department stores find that a large amount of merchandise is returned because husbands or men friends didn't like what the little woman bought.

Another distorted mirror of life is the motion picture. Producers strive to create a "woman's picture." The theory in the trade is: "Get the women . . . they'll bring the men." Some pictures so designed have been very successful at the box-office, notably *Little Women, Cavalcade, Smiling Through,* all sentimental tear-jerkers.

The *Boy Meets Girl* formula is always good. It was good before *Seventh Heaven,* it inspired *It Happened One*

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Night, Design for Living, Forsaking All Others, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Libeled Lady, and almost everything else you can think of. But the movies, in no greater sense than the women's magazines, cannot be used to prove the ascendancy of a feminine culture. Why? Because almost as much evidence can be found to prove the opposite.

Take that historic moment some years ago when James Cagney, in *The Public Enemy,* wrapped his fist around a half grapefruit and squashed it into the face of Mae Clark, his unwed breakfast companion. In a few months the fair flower of womanhood was in grave danger so eagerly did producers vie in heaping abuse on female characters. This so aroused the chivalry of Will (Sir Galahad) Hays that he clamped down on the brutal producers tighter than a bulldog.

Nevertheless, the most popular movie heroes are not stuffed shirts. They must all be able to floor a rival with one punch. They must be able to manhandle their women as Clark Gable did in *It Happened One Night* and Fred MacMurry in *The Bride Comes Home.* They must be sophisticated like William Powell in *The Thin Man* and rugged like Gary Cooper in *The Plainsman.*

The movies do not neglect the action fan. They have a whole literature for him . . . Westerns, G-Man stories, murder mysteries, sagas of the Coast Guard, air mail, highway police, border patrol. Of the six hundred movies produced a year some one hundred and thirty are sizzling sagas of Red Gulch or the Bad Lands . . . real he-man stuff!

If the last two decades in literature are to mean anything to us at all, they must be measured in terms of their vigor and not their decay. Hemingway is setting a standard for hard-boiled writing that seems destined to endure for a long time. Erskine Caldwell gives us characters who are little better than savages in *God's Little Acre* and *Tobacco Road,* but there is nothing soft in his story-telling. The same holds good for William Faulkner, whose *Sanctuary* and *Pylon* made strong men weak, and for James M. Cain, who must have chiseled *The Postman Always Rings Twice* out of granite.

Virility in literature is nowhere greater than in the militant writing of those who embrace a cause. Clifford Odet's taxi drivers in *Waiting for Lefty* were raised on red meat, and the roar of their awakening had greater repercussions than even the author dared hope for. Irwin Shaw's *Bury the Dead,* an anti-war play, was the sensation of New York's last theatrical season. The work of Sinclair Lewis, John Dos Passos, Michael Gold, James Farrell, Albert Halper, Robert Forsythe, George Seldes, and many more whose social philosophy some critics may question, but whose vigor none can deny, prove not the decadence of man today but exactly the opposite.

The advance-guard literature just mentioned is a faint sign of the times, the first unheeded rumbling that portends disturbance. We are living in a restless world, a world tense with masculine desires—to fight, to destroy, to seize power, to grasp freedom, the world of Spain and China, Hitler and Mussolini, of liberalism in France, and social consciousness in the United States.

An age mentally alert is a wholesome age, not a decadent one. In the last few years we have seen tremendous strides in aviation, radio, television, Diesel engines, color photography, among practical inventions, and in science the work of Morgan in genetics, Millikan in cosmic rays, McCollam in vitamins give but the faintest suggestion of the wide range of accomplishment.

Applying our long-range viewpoint, we find that, physically, man has been advancing through the ages, not declining. There is ample scientific evidence to prove it.

Probably the best long-period measure of athletic prowess is to be found in the records of the Olympic Games. Every four years the "unbeatable" records in all forms of competition fall by the dozens. As a nation, we are definitely sports-loving, another masculine trait since time immemorial.

The most forceful evidence of man's belligerent nature is to be found, however, in the social and industrial unrest so prevalent today. Steel, shipping, utilities, mines, garment factories, orange groves, cotton fields, typewriter factories —all have had their share of industrial strife. According to *The Monthly Labor Review,* there were 2014 strikes in the United States during 1935, the largest number since 1921. And the 1936 total will probably be much larger.

What then of the indisputable fact, made so much of by Uzzell and LeRoy, that women have 65 per cent of all savings-bank accounts, 48 per cent of railroad stocks, 44 per cent of public-utility stocks, 40 per cent of all real estate? How can we defenders of the male gainsay the fact that women are the chief beneficiaries of most estates, receive 80 per cent of the benefits of life insurance and 65 per cent of the proceeds of personal trusts?

The figures are their own answer. The wife of a fifty-dollar-a-week mechanic does not own railroad stock, and the wife of an eighteen-dollar-a-week shipping clerk does not have a bank account unless it be a fifty-cents-a-week Christmas Club membership. The daughters of steel smelters and cement pourers may share in the proceeds of a five-hundred-dollar life-insurance policy when the head of their family goes to his final rest, but you would hardly dignify such a holding with the name "estate." In all probability it wouldn't last beyond the funeral.

Possession of wealth and capital must be construed a sign of power. The figures given above seem to prove that in the upper stratum of society, power is slowly but surely flowing into the hands of women. It is true, they are not yet running the estates and factories they inherit, but that may come with time. We cannot think of a single reason why they shouldn't. There are capable women and incompetent women, just as there are men, and if the best that woman has to offer is added to the best in man, we should have a finer civilization.

Perhaps Messrs. Uzzell and LeRoy, in presenting "The Decline of the Male," have stumbled upon evidence of the decline of a whole social group . . . the topmost class of society. The papers are always full of scandal among the Four Hundred. Too many playboys seem to waste their abilities in polo and fast living instead of in useful pursuits. Those one rung lower in the scale, the working rich, seem to suffer from body deterioration and neuroses. Soft living and dissipation seem to take a greater toll in energy (which, indirectly, is power) than hard work ever did.

As a nation, should we worry about this apparent decay? Not unduly. The masses of our country harbor such vast stores of energy, virility, masculinity that every bit of back-sliding up above is met with an advancement from below, every loss is balanced by a gain. How it affects you depends, of course, on where in the scale you happen to be, but nationally or racially we can be sure of one thing . . . we do not have to worry about the decline of the male!

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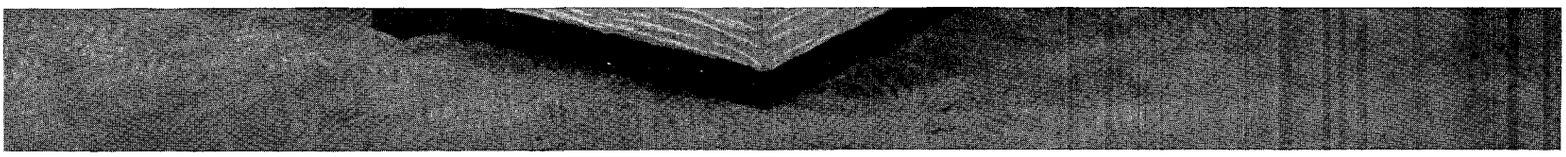
SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES *television . . . its status, problems, limitations, and immediate prospects . . . when and how it will come into our living-rooms*



Television in America

DON WHARTON

A FEW years ago everyone had a word for it. Some people wanted to call it "radioscape." The president of the Aerial League of America insisted on "airscape." A man who knew his Greek established a case for the word "telopiky" only to encounter a more meticulous scholar arguing for "telopsis." There were advocates of "photo-radio," of "video," of "rayfoto," of "visual radio," of "seeing-by-wireless," and of "radio-movies." No man went so far as the poet Stephen Philips who, pondering inventions at the turn of the century, closed a jingle with the refrain:

> And we studied Western Europe from the Tiber to the Taff
> Through his polychromotelepantophotophonograph.

But one person did in seriousness suggest that it be called "telephonophotograph," and only the other day there was a Western neologist trying to persuade a commercial enterprise to pay cash for his rights in the word "radiovision." His sales talk was as futile as the moans of a scholar who, as late as 1927, was still insisting that properly speaking, our cars were "suimobiles."

For today everyone speaks as casually of television as

Haussler photo; RCA television set; Pedac room

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of telegraph. Its etymology is obvious (Greek τῆλε, far + Latin *videre,* to see) and if it is not in every dictionary it is nevertheless on every tongue. But where the word "television" has slipped into our vocabularies, television itself has not passed into our comprehension. There is as much confusion about what our child is and will be as there was originally about what we should christen it. Of course the intricate technical operation is not generally understood, and there is no reason why it should be. Aside from this there are what we might term the practical phases. They are not understood either. And because of ignorance we are apt to underrate television as a force in our society to come, or to overrate it as a factor in the immediate future.

Part of our ignorance is planned. We have been purposely kept in the dark by men selling radio sets and radio time. And the dark has been so prolonged and dismal that now, with the corporations turning a little light on television, our eyes are well-nigh worthless. It is with difficulty that we even see the problems which must be seen if we are to appreciate what television is doing, what it may do, and what all this may mean to us and to the children we are bringing into this world.

The corporate background of American television is easily sketched. Most of the fly-by-night companies selling television stock in the late twenties and early thirties have vanished. Others will doubtless rise on the wings of present-day publicity, but cautious investors will place them in the category of wildcat oil-wells. At this moment the burden of intelligent interest is centered on three groups: the Radio Corporation of America with its subsidiary National Broadcasting Company; the boy-wonder Philo T. Farnsworth; and the Philco Radio and Television Corporation.

To understand why these three are foremost, one must appreciate the tremendous change in television since the late twenties. Television's task has always been that of picking out the details in an image, of transmitting these details and then reassembling them in their original order. For years the picking out and the reassembling (*i.e.,* the scanning) was done mechanically, with whirling disks and so on. To do it electrically—hence more quickly, hence more perfectly—was the dream of scientists the world over. And that was precisely what Farnsworth did in California and what Doctor Vladimir Zworykin did in RCA's laboratories at Camden. Was the boy ahead of the doctor? Were the California bankers wise in putting their money on Farnsworth rather than in RCA stock? I do not know, but it will be interesting to watch the patent fight toward which Farnsworth and RCA are possibly headed. And it is conceivable that ultimately any complete television system will be compelled to employ patents of both.

So we have Farnsworth encamped on Chestnut Hill in suburban Philadelphia, some twelve miles from the RCA research men. He does not plan to go into broadcasting other than experimental, nor into the manufacture of either transmitting or receiving equipment. Except for refinements and for the ever-possible discovery of something new, Farnsworth's future probably lies in the collection of royalties from manufacturers using his basic patents. RCA's position extends beyond that. RCA will also collect royalties from manufacturers using its television patents (as from those using its radio patents), but RCA will make and sell sets as well as broadcast through NBC.

In the sales field RCA's major competitor will probably be Philco. This company is important not simply because it backed Farnsworth when he moved east six years ago and secured a license to use his patents. It is important because, holding licenses from both RCA and Farnsworth, it (or at least the Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, which makes what Philco sells) has been providing the competition without which television would at best imitate a snail. If Farnsworth has kept RCA moving in the *laboratory,* Philco has done the same in the *field.*

The third stage is television in the *home.* To get there, television must surmount financial difficulties comparable to the electrophysical ones met in the laboratory. The backbone of these difficulties is that sight, unlike sound, cannot be broadcast over great areas. Why? Because—to state it simply—so much more information must be conveyed. In reproducing sight, a television set of the standard agreed upon by American manufacturers is doing the work of 270 radios. Its speed is such that it is receiving what is comparable to 13,500 ten-letter code words a second. Television actually is the equivalent of sending all of *Gone With the Wind* by telegraph in thirty seconds. The only waves that will do this work are the ultra-short waves (*i.e.,* those of ultra-high frequency), and their effective broadcasting range is rarely more than 40 miles, generally somewhat less than that.

It takes no great imagination to see the hazard here. A Zworykin or a Farnsworth—or a dozen working together in a single laboratory—may one day get around it, but until then nation-wide coverage is impossible. Five or six stations would be required to cover the one county of San Bernardino in Southern California. Even the tiny State of Delaware cannot be reached in all its corners by a single television transmitter. So in a very real sense television will start as the telephone did: as a local service. The old lady of Dubuque need not worry about the price of sets until there is a station in her neighborhood. There are rural sections today without telephone service and, barring epoch-making discoveries, parts of rural America will always be without television.

But who will have it and when? The answers are conditioned by a score of factors, but in general there is one valid maxim: the larger your city the sooner you will have television. New York will have it before San Francisco, Chicago before Atlanta. That situation will obtain until it becomes practical to connect some of the stations. Then a given community's chances of getting sight and sound will depend on geography as well as population. For instance, if Chicago and Cleveland stations were be-

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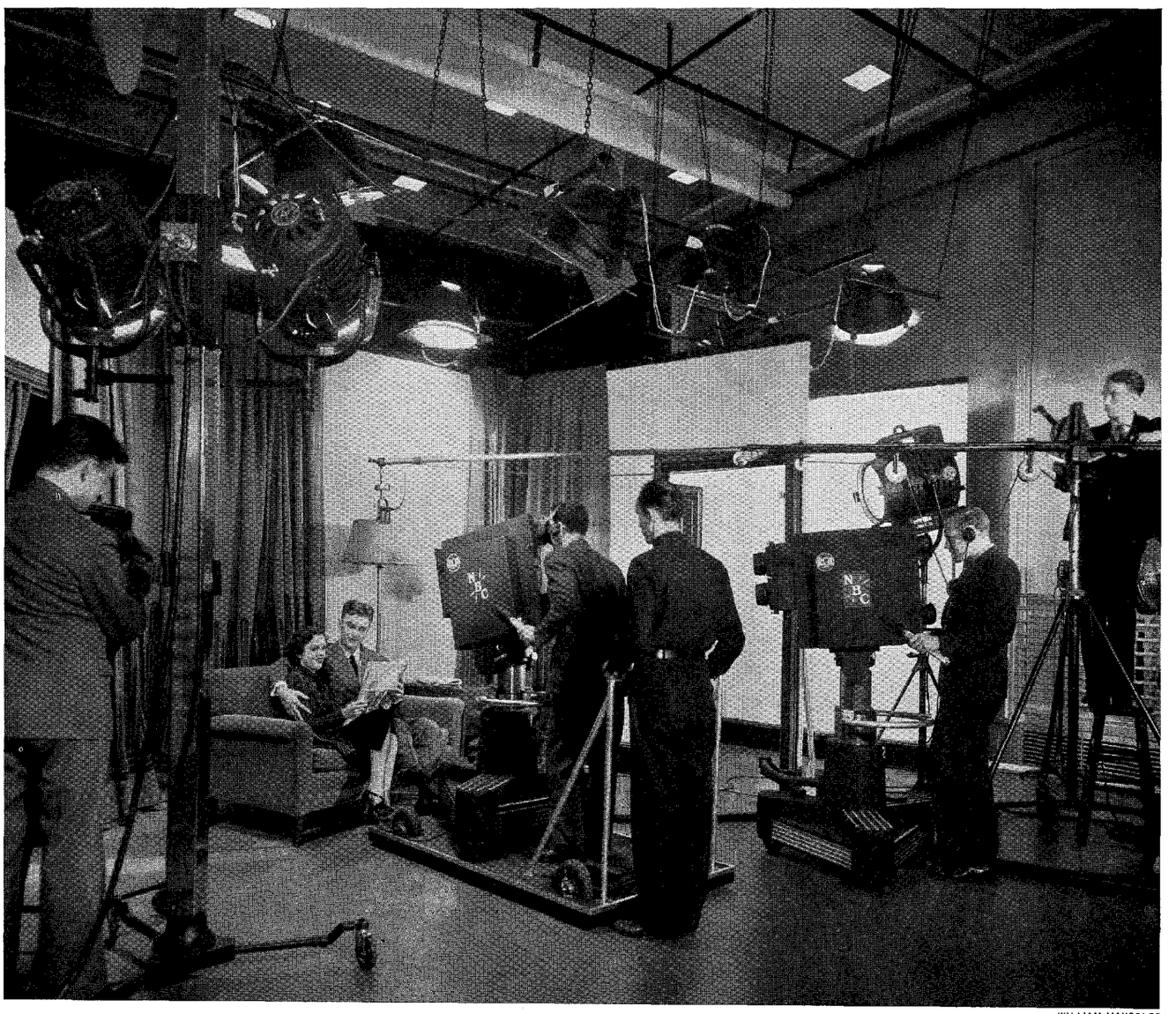
ing hooked together, then Toledo, sitting between the two, would probably get television before, say, Portland, Oregon, sitting on the edge of the continent.

These networks are more easily discussed than constructed. It is ironical that though television has more need for network broadcasting than radio (because of the limited coverage of each television station) it nevertheless encounters more difficulties in hooking stations together. When radio wanted to connect stations, it had merely to lease existing wires from the telephone company. Television can find no such facilities to draft. Grocer's twine could as easily lift a steel girder as telephone wires carry television's load.

But that does not eliminate the telephone company from the television picture. Between New York and Philadelphia, A. T. & T. has just laid down a new-type cable capable of transmitting 240 telephone conversations simultaneously. With certain changes en route and at the terminals, this cable could link television stations. And between other cities where the telephone traffic is heavy and growing, A. T. & T. will presumably install similar cables, eventually forming similar television links. But the places where telephone traffic warrants such expenditures are limited, and network television has other possible ways of connecting stations. One is by short-wave relay stations, another by a combination of these with whatever cables the telephone could lay down.

The trouble is that all three methods are expensive. This fact—so long as it is a fact—will doubtless compel television to go through a pioneering period of uncon-



WILLIAM HAUSSLER

An NBC television studio in which for months the officials have been trying simple shots, experimenting with lighting, background, make-up and movement. Television has to overcome the technical difficulties of both the movies and the radio. The iconoscope cameras here, and the microphones overhead, are picking up sight and sound which are carried by cable to the transmitter atop the Empire State Building. Thence flashes television to receivers in Radio City and in the homes of RCA officials

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nected stations in such cities as New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles. A second period will see regional networks built around each of these three centers. After that there is the dream period of tying these networks together. Because of the expense of building a station, because of the high rate of obsolescence, the probability of an operating deficit, the necessity of learning operating technique—the first period will likely be dominated by concerns with large reserves and a hugh backlog of radio experience. In short, the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System.

But neither Columbia nor NBC will tell you when they will go on the air commercially. Neither can tell you, for the reason that the Federal Communications Commission has given no television license except for experimental broadcasting. The FCC has not even allocated space in the radio spectrum for television in general, much less space for any particular station. Patent problems have not been ironed out. Manufacturers have not gone into production of sets. Only a few experimental transmitters have been placed in operation. But along with these negative clues there are some positive ones. Gathering information from dozens of sources, sifting, checking, discarding, and piecing together, one can draw up the following Five-Year Calendar for commercial television:

1. *By January, 1938:* Possibly television in New York, starting certainly not before the 1937 Christmas season. Possibly Philadelphia will have it at the same time, getting a jump on more populous Chicago through the fact that Philco, RCA, and Farnsworth research have been centered in the Philadelphia-Camden area and that Philco and RCA receiving sets will be manufactured there.

2. *By January, 1939:* Television in New York and Philadelphia is fairly probable, with Chicago and Los Angeles little if any behind. With stations in these four cities, television will be covering an area with a population of almost 20,000,000. Conceivably the New York and Philadelphia stations hooked together—making a single program available to nearly one-tenth of the nation.

3. *By January, 1940:* Stations also on the air in Boston, San Francisco, Cleveland, Detroit, Baltimore (transmitter located so as to cover Washington too), Pittsburgh, St. Louis, and possibly some of the following cities: Milwaukee, Buffalo, Minneapolis, Cincinnati, Kansas City.

4. *By January, 1941:* If television keeps up with this calendar through the first three years, then 1940 will probably be a big one. Television's advancement into the smaller cities will depend upon its reception in the larger ones. But granted reasonable success, it will probably begin consolidating its gains, changing mightily from *station* to *network* basis. One or more networks on the Eastern Seaboard are not unthinkable by this time. The New York hook-ups may reach to Boston and Baltimore-Washington; may be reaching out toward the populous Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo area.

5. *By January, 1942:* The potential networks on the Eastern Seaboard could hardly fail to be paralleled by ones in the Great Lakes section. Chicago may be hooked to Milwaukee on the one hand and Toledo, Detroit, Cleveland on the other. Once a Great Lakes chain gets as far east as Cleveland and an Eastern chain as far west as Buffalo (or Pittsburgh) the two may be welded. Only the optimists think this can be done in less than five years. If accomplished even in that time, it will be television of the first magnitude: a single program covering an area of some 40,000,000 inhabitants with at least half the nation's purchasing power.

If commercial television arrives in New York next autumn, it will hardly be the television so many people have conjured up in their dreams. New Yorkers need not yet begin planning to march their country cousins into the living-room for a football game before cocktails and a Marlene Dietrich film after dinner. Broadcasters will doubtless stumble over one another in a scramble to be the first to put this, that, and the other on the air. But for a steady diet during infancy, television will be compelled to stick largely to studio programs and Telepictures —newsreels and short subjects adjusted for television. No Zworykin has yet found a path around the elementary fact that in television, as in radio, someone must pay for the program. In England it is the set-owner, through a tax, but under the American system it is either the commercial sponsor seeking customers or the broadcaster seeking circulation to sell to more sponsors. That set-up has worked for us in radio and it will be tried in television. But the broadcaster will have to plow enough money into this new field, without getting lavish, until he gets a mass audience. The sponsor will certainly not pay more for thousands of lookers than he pays for millions of radio listeners. Television's course will resemble that of the movies, which avoided million-dollar productions until they had a first-class market for films.

Even in the beginning, however, a studio program will be more than a man strumming a guitar or a soprano holding a high note. With every responsible person in television long convinced that novelty is not enough, there is a genuine effort to get entertainment. Sight and sound will start out exploiting the curiosity created by sound alone. Television audiences will be shown some of the stars and hits of the air as they are broadcast for radio itself. And if one doesn't think people want to see this in their homes, then probably he knows nothing of the demand for tickets to see exactly the same thing in broadcasting studios. Thus broadcasters will be able to present a top-line program without any unbearable extra expenses. And thus the sponsor will be able to tap television's lookers in New York without losing radio's listeners from Maine to California.

Presumably the lookers will be well worth a commercial sponsor's attention. Each will have paid from $200 to $600 for his set, and this fact alone will designate the televisioners as a rich market. What they lack in numbers will be partly made up for in buying power. Here is a class circulation which at the outset will be concentrated within shopping distance of the transmitter. It may easily appeal to advertisers who want to tap the upper-income

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brackets without wasting messages on the millions unable to buy their goods. Radio's mass audience is admirable for soaps and toothpastes, but Packard, Cadillac, and Lincoln may go for television. Conceivably they would prefer Telepictures for transmission from several local stations rather than a studio program in a single city.

No one is yet ready to quote prices for receiving sets. There has been talk of $500, but we know it's an arbitrary figure, bandied around probably for the purpose of making the actual price a pleasant surprise. De luxe and custom-made sets will come as high as anyone wants to go, but the standard models will undoubtedly be under $450—the price Londoners are paying today. I have yet to find anyone who foresees less than $300 models on sale this coming Christmas or next. But whatever the cost, it will decline. Fords at one time sold for $2000, and radio sets no better than our present-day $60 models were bringing $350 in the early Coolidge Era.

The better television sets will pick up radio programs as well as all the television programs reaching your locality. Unless you have an unusually fine radio, you will probably have better sound reception than you've been accustomed to. You'll also have a formidable piece of furniture—roughly two by two by four feet high. Like a modern radio, it will operate on house current. The images will be in the range of 7½ by 10½ inches up to 9 by 12—all research is working toward an economical way of getting larger images, but these small ones have a definite entertainment value. With your chair pulled within a yard of the receiver, an image nine inches high is as large as a fifteen-foot-high motion-picture screen is to a person in the twenty-fifth row of the orchestra.

The images appear on a screen behind a glass plate, which in Philco models is to the front of the cabinet—about where your radio dial is. The RCA sets shown to the press have the screen at the top (where a phonograph has its disc) with a mirror on the underside of the lid. With the lid up you can see the screen from a chair the same as with Philcos. But whatever the model, you will have highly defined (440 to 450 lines) pictures at the rate of thirty a second—which means no flicker at all. Tuning will be more intricate but no more difficult than with sound alone. Bills for electricity and for new tubes will be increased, but hardly beyond the means of anyone able to buy the thing to begin with.

Families will be able to watch the program without crowding and, contrary to some thought, will not have to sit in the dark. Even as developed today, reception is not hurt by dim lights, and if Grandpa prefers his book, he can easily have a reading light at the other end of the room. Once in the home, television's problem will not be to handle the family and guests but to attract them. It demands almost undivided attention. A great boon to families accustomed to talk during the movies, television is nevertheless unlike radio in that it cannot serve as a background for bridge, reading, dish-washing, or sock-darning. In asking us to stop, look, and listen, it will compete with many of our other interests. It will also contend with the physiological fact that the eye tires more quickly than the ear.

This is as much as to say that there will be a very drastic limit on the amount of television a family will take, once the novelty has worn off—particularly if the programs are mediocre. There are some fairly reliable statistics showing that the average radio is in operation no more than four to five hours a day. Which means that the average radio is tuned in on only one or two per cent of the programs within its range. Until television has a mass audience it cannot afford such wastage. At the outset a single station will do well to put on a few hours a day. Some thinkers have drawn a budget of an hour in the morning for housewives, another in the late afternoon for children, and two or three in the evening for adults. It all comes back to money, and my own judgment is that there are not half a dozen places in America that will be averaging that much sight and sound by the summer of 1939.

But John Hays Hammond once said that "the obvious seldom happens." It may be that we shall be confronted with a laboratory development making television, like radio, no respecter of distances. Or that we shall be surprised by the ingenuity of the broadcasting companies in hurdling the difficulties they now stress. In any case it is interesting to speculate on the social effects of this new implement. Right now the radio industry is wondering what the sale of television sets in a few cities might do to the sale of radio sets throughout the nation. Will a people which bought some 7,000,000 sets in 1936, and which promises to buy that many in 1937, continue at that pace if television is launched in New York by the end of the year? Or will the 1938 market be ruined?

Then, assuming that television follows its indicated course (developing more rapidly in densely populated areas), what will be the effect of one great section of the country leaving the other sections behind? The region north of the Potomac and east of the Mississippi having television long before it is general in the West and the South. And once that day is past, once we do have television in a national sense, what will it tend to do to us? Not to the theater and the movies, for man is eternally gregarious. Not to newspapers, though their circulations may drop when comic strips are run into the living-room. And not to those rugged individuals who will always live in imitation of their grandfathers. But to run-of-the-mine Americans, working six or eight hours a day in office or mill. What will be the effects of tempting him with yet another expensive toy to be paid for on the installment plan; of once again making his leisure time the most interesting part of his day; of placing another attraction in his home; of making the most impressive sort of information and entertainment available to him, his wife, and his children by the mere twisting of another dial? And what will be the effects of this further advance into what has been termed the Age of Remote Control—an age which is seeing the spread of ideas falling more and more into the hands of a few?

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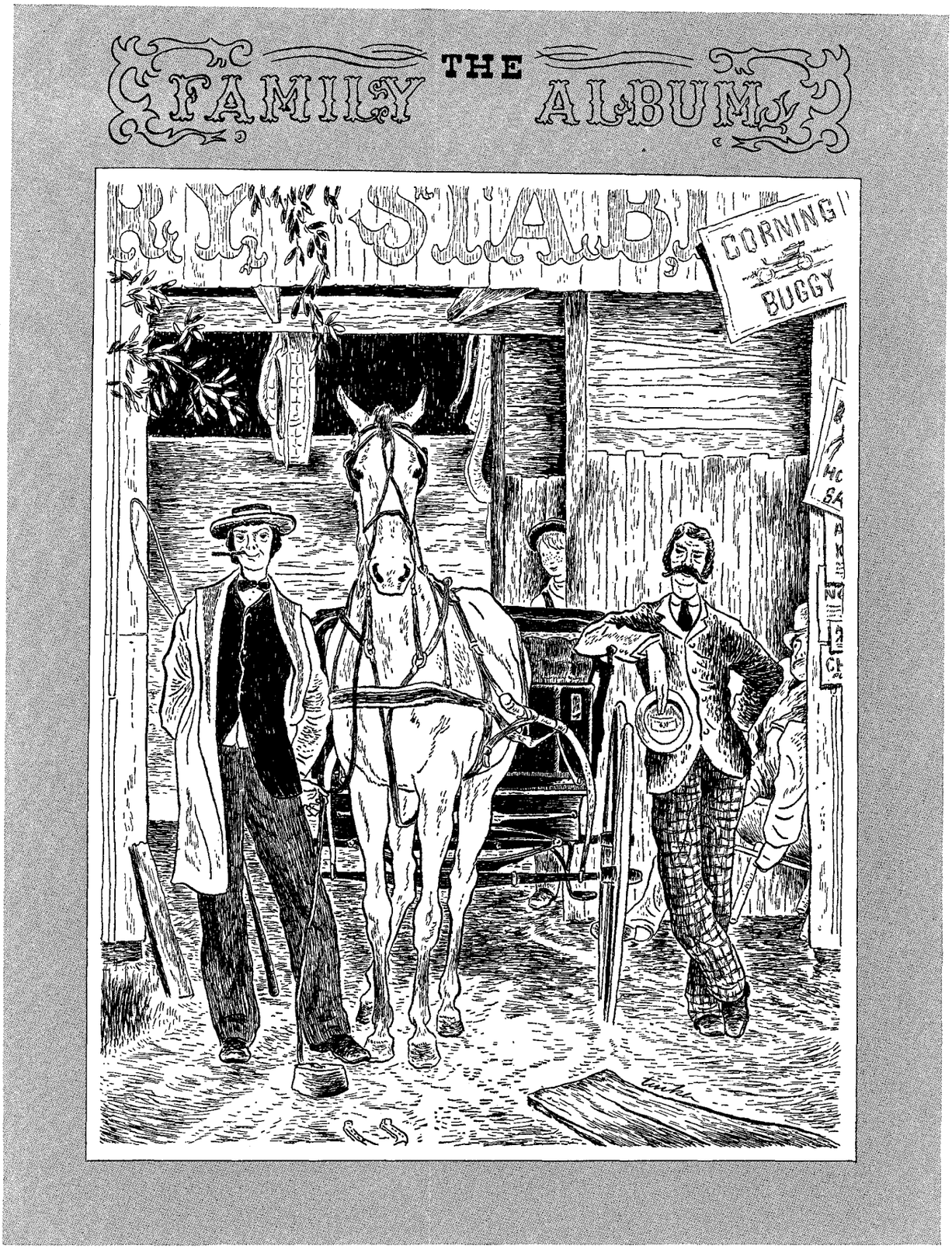

If Aunt Mag were showing you through the Album, she would say, "And here's the *Business* Partners," and then she'd laugh like all get out. The story went something like this: Joe Johnson and Sam Sikes (cousins) liked horses. They started a livery stable, but then Sam got interested in the town girls. He never was around when a drummer or a doctor wanted to hire a rig. And their livery business just sort of went to pot. As Joe said, "He was always hitched up with some gal when he ought to have been hitchin' horses."

—Lyman Clark

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LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES *is a regular feature of Scribner's Magazine containing short articles on distinctively American subjects and scenes*

The Anatomy of Courage

ANONYMOUS

LITERATURE and the life about us are both full of a sickly admiration for the acceptance and the endurance with which the unfortunate live out their lives, the sincere among them adopting neither the martyr's sigh nor the hero's smirk. By the sentimental, this acceptance of one's lot is called courage; in fact, anything less than hysterical loss of self-control passes for courage. Is this word meaningless, or does it stand only for self-control?

When you have seen a cripple in a wheel-chair, have you noticed how your mind bounds away from any long consideration of what his life must be like? Because, I suppose, you find so unpleasant the thought of yourself in his place; perhaps you would rather be dead than live so. And you turn hastily to some other thought as you pass by.

I remember once, as I sat in my car by the curb, watching a poor young woman while she dragged her misshapen body laboriously along. Her legs seemed shrunken and feeble, her feet twisted and paralyzed. The steps she took were hardly six inches long; and after a few of them she stopped to rest, leaning on her crutches and breathing heavily with exertion. I remember saying to myself, "If I were so pitifully crippled as that, so that walking was so terrible a labor, I should never have the courage to come out—I'd stay at home. I'd rather kill myself than live like that." Little do we know when we are in perfect health what we would do in such a case!

Today I am a cripple in a wheel-chair. That girl, hunching along her poor deformed body with the aid of crutches, can walk even better than I can—for I cannot walk at all! For more than a year, my only mode of getting about alone has been by pushing on the wheels of my chair; and whenever I wish to go up or down stairs, to get into or out of an automobile, I must be carried. I do "have the courage to go out," at least to my daily work (teaching in a boys' school); and I have not killed myself (though I admit the thought has been in my mind during the past three years since I lost my health). When I examine my state objectively, I am just as amazed at my own ability to live this way as I was at the crippled girl's determination. In her case, I should have called it courage, and because so many of my friends think that I am courageous, I have tried to analyze the power that keeps me going now, and the evident strength that enabled me to go through the devastating experience which resulted in my present condition.

It is not courage, as commonly interpreted, I am sure of that. What it is will be a more difficult thing to define; probably it has no special name, but to try to portray its nature in words is the purpose of this article.

I remember, perhaps five years ago, sitting on the lawn in the country, where we then lived in a lovely old house. Fine old elms lifted themselves far above me; prim and dainty hollyhocks stood against the south side of the house; and bright, mixed flowers formed the border at the edge of the lawn. Across the grass our two children romped with their collie, the girl six and the boy four. The meadows beyond us lay still under the golden flood of July sunshine; no wind stirred, and I caught my breath with the happiness that flowed over and about me, happiness so overwhelming that I was afraid, for something told me, even then, that the world holds little indeed of such pure joy. Our health, our prosperity, the beauty in the midst of which we lived, the love that bound us so exquisitely—"These cannot last," I whispered, in sudden fear.

Still I can only be glad for those happy days that are behind us. If a man never marries and has children, there are many worries which he does not experience. He is safe from care, from sorrow, from fear for them; but he never knows the exaltation of family love. Read "Why Get Married?" in last April's number of the *American Magazine* and you will see the philosophy of such a man. He has built for himself a perfect frame, within which he sits prudent and safe, completely undisturbed, completely self-satisfied, completely dead. He will not see his children run across the grass with the gold-and-white dog bounding after them; he will not sit in the July shade of elms with his wife's hand in his. He will not watch his son develop in interest, in skill, in purpose; he will not sit by the bed and then the coffin of the little daughter whose gay laughter was more to him than all the world. His heart will never sing, will never bleed, but he will be safe and undisturbed—and he will never know! Yes, security and peace are desirable, but they are not in this adventure called living.

On April 1, 1933, I landed from Bermuda in New York, and after spending twenty-four hours there, I came home. The next morning I awoke with a strange, numb feeling in my left foot. It has never felt normal since. And for two years the sensation of numbness and tingling spread, from left foot to right, from feet to legs; then it appeared in both hands simultaneously. And finally I was taken by ambulance and train to a famous hospital, my body totally paralyzed from the waist down, and my hands nearly useless, too. This did not happen rapidly, you understand. It was February 1, 1935, before I went to the hospital; but ten days before that I had been hobbling about without help other than a cane. The

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final and total incapacity came on in a week.

It was this slow and inexorable advance toward helplessness that was far worse than being confined to a wheel-chair as I am now. It was the frantic efforts to believe that what the physicians—the best there are, too—prescribed for me was going to help me, although I knew that I was slipping, slipping, slipping nearer to the edge of the cliff. It was the dull certainty in my mind that I was going to be paralyzed, perhaps to live helpless for years and years (I was only thirty-five). It was the terrible vision of my wife fighting to support our impoverished family group with my useless body a dreadful burden to be kept alive at the cost of all the comforts and joys that life owed to them. No, I was not afraid to die—I was afraid to live!

A year and nine months is a long time to watch yourself slipping toward disaster. Was I brave? I am afraid not. Not for an instant did I consciously feel brave; the nearest approach to courage was the determination not to reveal the terror that filled me. But I must not stress too much the terror, either, for that was not the only emotion—not even the dominant one. Sometimes it seems, as I look back, that, most of all, a blind and desperate anger at my fate possessed me. But I cried out to God in anguish, too. Well do I know the meaning of "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" On Easter night in 1934, I threw myself down by the bed in agony; even God could have made very little out of the turmoil that swirled about in my soul. Suddenly my head drew back on my shoulders, and the strength ran out of me like water from a sieve. It was all I could do to creep up on the bed. When the doctor came, he propped me up with an inverted chair under my back and gave me a sedative. Hysteria, I suppose. But I did not pray again.

At last, nearly a year later, my mind was made up. My insurance would care for my family until the children could support themselves. I would not live on to crush in them and in my wife the joy of living. Nothing that I could do, no momentary shame that I might bring upon them, would be so bad as that. My duty was clear—suicide. Three days before I was helpless, I dragged myself into the kitchen and turned on the gas to try its odor. It was a familiar odor, but I had never thought of it in just this way. I shut it off; it was not bad—much the easiest and cleanest way. I must choose a time when the family were out and when the children would not be likely to return alone; there was a memory that I must not bequeath to them. The time I was waiting for did not come soon enough. I was unable to move before I realized that the helplessness that I had dreaded so long had come. But it came so rapidly at the end that it filled me with peace. The long waiting was over; the fear of living on, a helpless bulk, was gone; anything progressing as rapidly as this would kill me very soon.

Recently I have read two different articles by people whose physicians had told them that their days were numbered. They recorded their acceptance of the inevitable; they went about setting their affairs in order, they bade farewell to their friends, they asked forgiveness from their enemies, and then they calmly awaited the end. Under the circumstances, those are the things that we all would do. I had no time for the friends and the enemies (remember, I had been able to go on with my work as long as I could get about, and I had no special warning of this last stage), but I wanted to leave some sort of influence on my children's lives. I thought of writing them a series of letters, one to be opened by each of them on his birthday from year to year, but my strength was low, my hands were useless, there was no time. What did it matter? When we are gone, the memories that are left of us are as potent an influence as we may hope for. I was hurried out of the house on a stretcher after a casual good-bye to the children. Why should I remind them again to be good, to help their mother? They were always as good as possible; even at the tender ages of ten and eight, they could be relied upon to do their duty. In the train I parted from their mother; tears glistened in her eyes, but there was no scene—civilization has taught us not to intensify the anguish of certain moments, either by dramatizing them or by releasing the gates by which we have learned to stem our emotions. That is not courage—or is it? Perhaps I should die before she could make the two-hundred-mile journey to the hospital; what of it? In a thousand years we could not have completed the saying of what we felt. Our eleven years of the most perfect marriage conceivable had taught us what each held in his heart—no words could have added to an already complete certainty. An onlooker knowing the facts might have exclaimed, "How courageous!" I can only say, "We kept our self-control."

I did not die. After three months and a half in the hospital, I came back home to life in a wheel-chair. But before that happened, I saw a great light. The wild anger against my "fate," the dreadful hatred of a "plan" that included a cat-and-mouse game like the one I had been forced to play—this anger and this hatred were childish, for there was no "fate," no "plan"! The young man in the next room who died of cancer (I often heard him, even though he was under opiates, howling like a tortured animal), the girl who had struggled for eight of her twenty years against arthritis and now, gnarled like an old tree, shuffled about on crutches, and I myself, lying motionless, except when I was lifted into a chair and propped up so that I didn't topple out—we were not victims of some malignant consciousness; it was just luck. Once I saw that fact clearly (and it did not come to me suddenly, but gradually), the bitterness went out of me. They told me that I must not "give in," that I must "will" to live, but I could not do that; I could only accept.

Your New Thoughters and your Christian Scientists and your other practicers of mental skulduggery will say that I had expected paralysis from the beginning (which is quite true), and that I had merely thought myself into it instead of fighting it (which is silly). For I did not fight death, either. I accepted it as inevitable; much of the time I desired it. And as the weeks dragged by in the hospital, I trained myself not to think nor to feel about myself, to practice a kind of mental and emotional numbness where I was concerned, and to reach out toward the lives, the interests, the problems of those about me for the activity that a long-trained intellect demanded. This directing of my attention to others kept me contented in the hospital; it has enabled me to endure the year that has elapsed since my return home and the new agony which that year has brought.

Gradually the turning-point in my condition was reached; I began to gain weight, to be able to use my hands a little better, to hold myself in a sitting position without toppling over like a gigantic rag-doll. As spring came on, I spent hours on the hospital roof in the sunshine. I looked forward at last to re-

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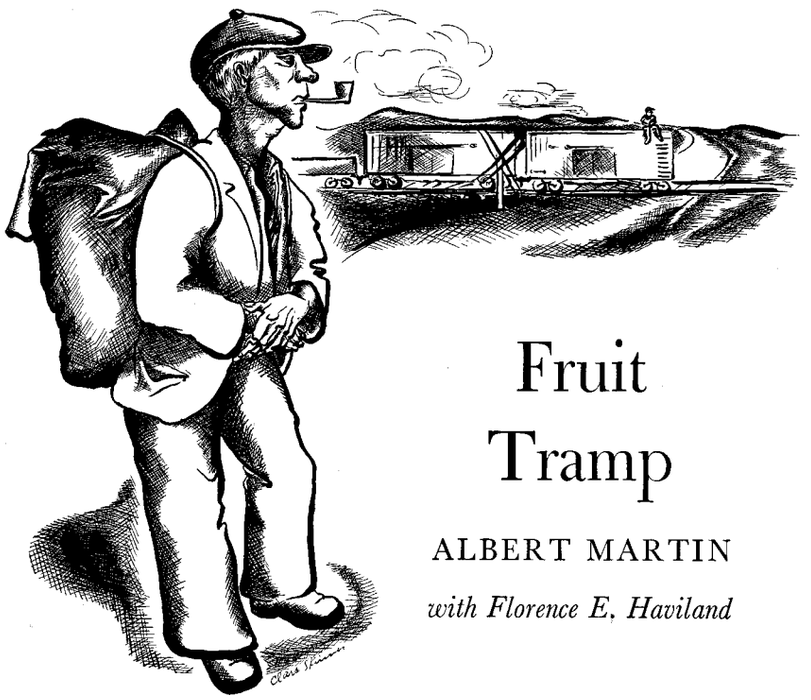
turning home and to salvaging what I could of an originally active existence. In the meantime, the family had rented a small house which, fortunately, had two rooms and bath on the ground floor in an ell, an ideal arrangement for me and the attendant who was henceforth to be a necessary adjunct to my life. For still I could not move a muscle below the waist. My mind willed the motion, I felt that the muscles could obey, but a great weight seemed to lie upon me, pinning me motionless to the bed. Whether the improvement in my hands was actual or an adaptation to impairment, I cannot say. My firm and skillful nurse would not let me have the hospital barbar shave me, even though it was necessary for me to grasp the razor in the palm of my fist, from which it often fell as I clumsily scraped away. From this sort of practice, much benefit must have come as the weakened nerves and muscles slowly strengthened.

And so, on May 13 last year, I came home. I had until the middle of September to get strong enough and adjusted enough for school. There were books that had waited long to be read, there was sunshine to flood over me while I sat out on the lawn, there were friends and family to lend their time to the gentle art of conversation. My wife had been fortunate in finding radio work which she loved; things were adjusting themselves. And gradually I was improving. It was slow, but it was definitely going uphill, and after two years of going downhill, I felt that even slow progress was something. I began to move my feet, then my legs; in late August I even stood erect for a few moments with the doctor on one side of me and the attendant on the other. I had trained myself not to look forward, not to hope, just to wait. When school opened, I was able to go back, teaching in my wheelchair, and bursting with happiness at being among people again and in the work that I loved. Don't think that the first day was easy. I had been pretty secluded for seven months and a half; one of my hardest struggles had been against self-pity, which I hold one of the cheapest of human emotions. Now I feared even more the well-meant pity of the adolescent boys with whom I would be surrounded. I saw their surprised sorrow when I was carried in, but I kept my poise. They came to greet me. The moment passed. We plunged into the work of the year.

The story ought to end here. My pursuit of the nature of courage has perhaps been as successful as could be hoped. But the course of events still held one more anguish. On December 15, our little daughter died after two weeks of heart-breaking illness. Was it courage that enabled us to regain our balance after one tottering moment when time held its breath and reason was not? Her gaiety, her strong sense of responsibility, her winsome comradeship, her searching love that reached out to the neighbors' little children as she played at mothering, and that came home day and night to seek us—these remain in our memory to shame us from faltering. Her mind, as well as her personality, was unusual; its quick, sparkling interest ought to have lived to brighten this dull world. Why it should have come if it was not to stay is not intelligible to me. It may be that time will bring some comprehension of this new loss, but I doubt it. I do not let myself ask; I am not reconciled to it; I only wait.

And so, day by day, we go about our work; and because we find much to occupy our minds, we smile, we seem normal, and people are surprised to find us unchanged. I must confess that I am surprised too. But behind the scenes there are changes. Our inner life is like a hall of statuary with many of the niches empty. Often we go there silently by ourselves, but we do not stay too long; we turn outward again to activity. Perhaps I do not know the nature of courage at all. Naturally I have examined it from a highly personal viewpoint. You could get a better answer, I know. You might ask a woman who has stood beside me in these eventful years, who has maintained her calm faith, who cannot tell why these things are but accepts them, whose composure may break sometimes, but not in my sight or hearing. She might talk to you about courage—but then again, she might not.



Fruit Tramp

ALBERT MARTIN

with Florence E. Haviland

I AM a California fruit tramp. Of course that doesn't mean that I don't work in vegetables too. We do both.

To find myself in a place that I could not leave instantly would be intolerable to me, as to any hobo. Yet here I sit, on a stool in somebody's kitchen in Los Angeles, doing a temporary character part as a houseboy. I wear a striped coat for morning, a white coat for dinner. How's that for a laugh? Guys in the fruit have always kidded me for my boy-soprano look, if I *am* twenty-six years old. Maybe that was what let me in, here. Anyway, most of us have to find some other bunk than the fruit game while the rains last, and this is mine.

These people have stood over me mighty close. I must keep everything just right, and myself just right. I do it, but I think, "One of these days, Madam,

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I'll take out. I may take to melons, or peaches, or pears. But I'll take out, that's all."

For now, things go nicely. The food is good. I have a good bed in the garage. But a hunk of Bologna and punk (bread to you) is plenty of food for me, if I can get an orange once in a while. And I can get oranges, grape-fruit, avocados, anything good that grows, when I'm on the road! Also, I don't like beds—they let my hips down; I like a hard, flat surface. Under a couple of trees, or beside a mesquite bush is plenty-good sleeping if you have a canvas and a blanket or two. Fog makes you warm, and there's a lot of that in California.

I'd never thought of bumming this street, but I'd slept a good long time in the hills, and around, and the fruit game was quiet. So I came to the door asking if there was any work I could do for a bite t'eat.

Also, I'd been given five days and a thirty-day floater by the police, for vagrancy, and of course they had my picture; L. A. is the only town in the U. S. A. that jails a fellow for being broke. If you have a new suit and five dollars, you're safe; if your clothes are about gone, and you have only a handful of small change, and either no address or a doubtful one, they run you in. Of course us fruit tramps don't save much jack; don't make enough. And we can't afford to bother none about state lines. Where the fruit or vegetables is running, that's where we go; back and forth over state lines plenty often, though the "bum blockage" is a problem recently.

I guess I looked a sight all right, when I hit up this house. They probably felt sorry for me. Afterward I learned that the radio had just whined out its appeal to housewives to turn over to the police anyone asking for work or food at the door. It happened to get these people's back up; they took me in, fed me, and here I am with this job on my hands. If it hadn't been for that, I might either have landed in the stir to satisfy Chief Davis, or I might have been washing carrots over in the San Fernando Valley. It's a plenty-cold, plenty-wet job.

To have me fit to be around here, they made me scrub up, and keep a-scrubbing up. Then they got me things to wear. I'll get them paid for, one day. They said a lot about how nice I look now.

People on this street seem to have nice homes, but darn little cash. They like to get their work done for them, at that. Well, it's all right. I've mowed lawns and clipped hedges and put up fences and washed windows and minded babies and done a little of everything here and there, all up and down the street, in my spare time.

Some of the ladies tell me their troubles, too.

I've read a lot of books—most everything good that's lying around. And I pay a kid out of my lawn-mowing money to bring me the big weeklies. I like to read. Too much, I guess the Madam thinks, when she finds me all folded up like a daddy-long-legs on my bed in the garage, reading, when I should be watching the roast, or some darn thing.

I like to mix the drinks. But these people don't think its safe to drink straight grain alcohol and fruit juices. I tell them it's good and pure. I ought to know. I've sorted fruit, and I know how far gone it can be and still be plenty good-enough to go into some kinds of brandy. I've had orders, when I was in the fruit, "Sort that three ways, green, ripe, and rotten." The rotten went to brandy-makers. Grapes with lots of black rot in them are made into wine and then distilled for brandy.

Well, you just can't tell anything to some people. They tell *you,* when there's telling to do.

Another reason I stay is I like the young kid of the house. I've been teaching him how to make rings with beads and wires. Fellows in jail taught me that. If it wasn't that all the jail I've seen was for being broke, and looking the whole country over for a job for five years, until I settled down to the fruit, I suppose I'd sound like a bad-hearted guy or something.

It burns me up really to think of my face and finger-prints being in with criminals because I'm not afraid to take it hard between jobs. I'd have taken a steady one with real profit any time. But I'm a sort of spend-thrifty person, I guess, and where I can't make anything I just can't stand it. So I move on. It doesn't seem that I'm making anything here, either. But I'd never done inside work like this, and it's sort of interesting. Before long, now, there'll be things doing that I like in my own game —fruit. And then, as I said before, I'll just take out.

II

It's all brand-new to them here—the things I've done all my life—and they keep at me to tell them about it. I'd been thousands and thousands of miles on the road before I came, traveling every way there is for a guy without a ticket. The hobo jungles are full of talk about what you can make at harvesting the various crops. This talk leads a fellow to try things out, and that's when you get the truth. I'd guess I've tried out pretty near all the vegetables and fruits.

I've worked in lettuce in the Salt River Valley, Arizona, the Imperial Valley, California, and San Fernando, Salinas, and Watsonville in the same state. I've picked peas in Calipatria, National City, Pismo, Watsonville, and numerous places in the San Joaquin Valley, California, and at points in Oregon. Work in peaches has all been in California—at Merced, Modesto, Stockton. So has work in grapes—the San Joaquin Valley, Sacramento Valley, Napa Valley, Escondido. And when it comes to pears, I've worked in them at Watsonville, San José, Sacramento, and Lake County. Work in tomatoes runs along with the peas. And, come to think of it, I've harvested wheat in Oklahoma (stipend, one buck a day, and sleep in the barn) and pruned grapes, and dug up black-jack oak to plant apples in Texas.

That's just about the rounds of a lot of us guys.

Of course a fellow doesn't think of his fruit-work like a geography lesson, either. What I think of is that cute red-head in the pear-dehydrating, and the guys that had been panning gold I run with for a while in grapes, and all the wood I've chopped beating my way from one job to the next, and the time I got the three monstrous pies for sweeping out a bakeshop.

I think of getting thrown off trains, and shot at by railroad detectives, and frisked for guns and brass knucks when I didn't have nothing at all. When a shot hits the ground right in front of your feet, you move—at least I do. And when that shot hit the side of the freight-car a few feet from my head, the time when the railroad bull sure did think he'd chased us far enough from the yards so none of us could snatch the fast freight and I did snatch it, I thought of it for a good five miles.

Or, I think of the time I scared an old lady half to death by jumping over the fence to get on softer ground because my feet hurt on a forty-mile hike to a job. She called a cop, and he give me some new shoes at the station and told

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me to scram—as if I wasn't doing just that for miles and miles.

And the time I poled out lumber. And the time when I'd made good money and bet a waitress that she couldn't beat me drinking eight dollars' worth of beer; I always held it against her that she drunk two bottles more than me.

And the time after that drinking bout when I bought me a job in prunes from the "slave market," which is what the fruit tramps call the commercial agencies. A man and his wife and kids can make money in prunes, because the children're limber, but prunes for a single man is almost the lowest form of transient labor. Unless it's hops. So that was mighty low for me.

Then the good pay I got for standing the fumes and the dampness doing cold-storage apple-work. And turning doughnuts and shoving egg-crates and digging pipe-lines and working with horses—all on the way to another fruit job. And getting so uncomfortable tired that I could sleep in the "reefer" of a refrigerator-train with two other guys for two hundred miles, in a three-foot-by-eight space where we was like sardines. You have to be all in to sleep on two-by-fours with an eight-inch space between.

And getting to be a fast-enough guy to board a passenger-train in a few seconds when an engineer is testing out his air brakes. And being looked at hard by a railroad bull, and being told he sure would shoot me the next time he saw me; they always say that.

Those are the things I think about, and how there's a fine side to the picture when the crops is on, and we're plenty popular in the fruit country. I've seen it when a guy would get a dozen offers in a couple of miles' walking—"Want to go to work, boy?" "Want to go to work?"

Then it's good, too, the way we fruit tramps are getting motorized. We don't depend so much on the freights. I still like 'em, though; you can spread out, read your magazine, get off and bum chuck, or buy it when the train stops at the division points, and maybe wash the cinders off your face; if you let it get too dirty, it's apt to get sore.

Just now all I do about fruit is pick it out in the market for the Madam; and it gets me that nice people can be so ignorant about what they buy every day.

III

I DROVE the Madam out one day to look at some of the crops near-by. If she's had her surprises from me, I've been surprised, too, at all these people. Think of living for years and years in California and never even having heard of the big original Spanish grant, the Rancho Ranta Margarita!

Think of never having known what months the different crops are harvested, or what the workers do, or how they live, or what they get paid, or anything about the big labor arguments going on, or what the strikes are about!

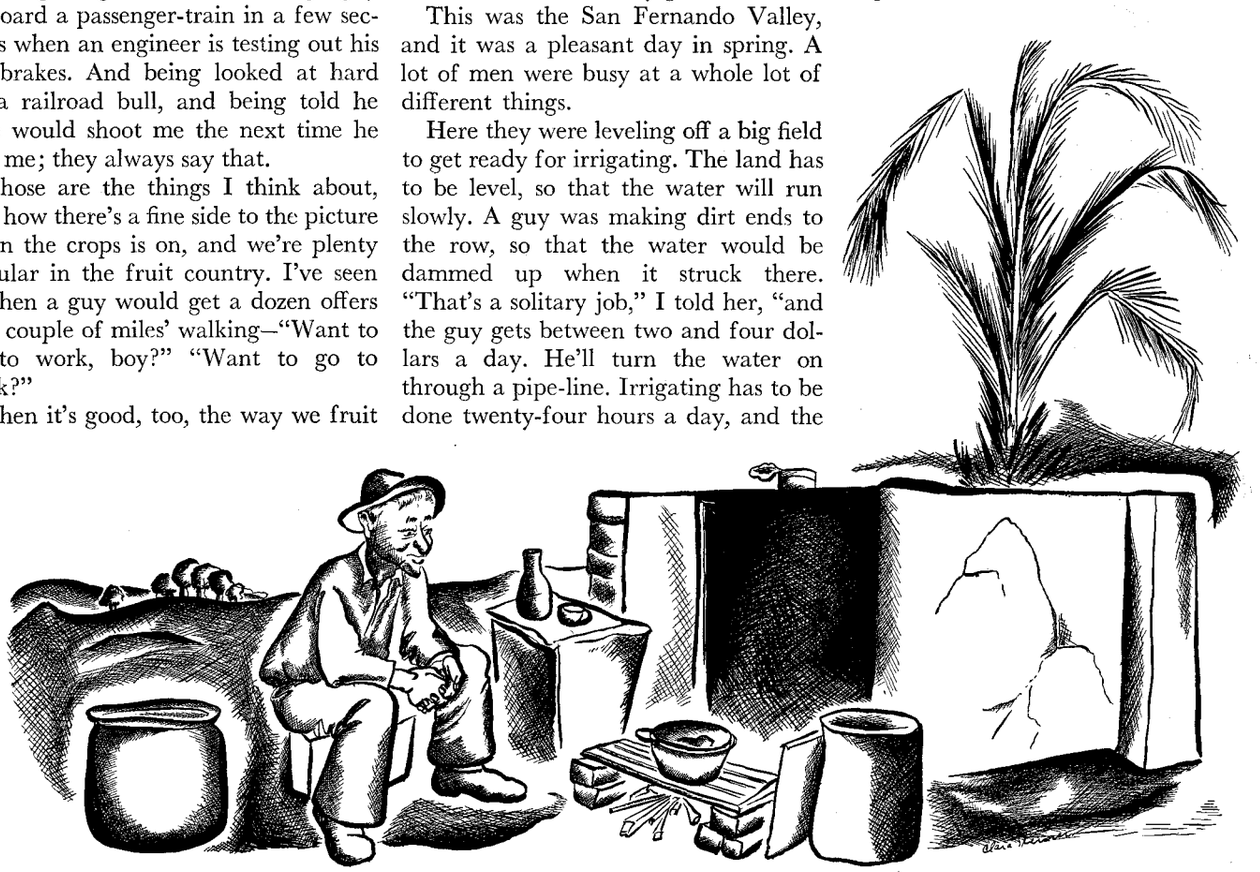
From what I pointed out on this first little afternoon's trip that the Madam had never noticed before, I could see that she didn't know my game at all.

This was the San Fernando Valley, and it was a pleasant day in spring. A lot of men were busy at a whole lot of different things.

Here they were leveling off a big field to get ready for irrigating. The land has to be level, so that the water will run slowly. A guy was making dirt ends to the row, so that the water would be dammed up when it struck there. "That's a solitary job," I told her, "and the guy gets between two and four dollars a day. He'll turn the water on through a pipe-line. Irrigating has to be done twenty-four hours a day, and the same piece of land gets irrigated every two weeks."

Another place the "catskinners" were busy with their tractors, and I showed her how there were two men in the crew, working on twelve-hour shifts, each, running them with headlights at night, and doing any one of a lot of different things, dragging a plow, a disk, a harrow. In California there's disking, mostly, and these guys get anywheres from forty to sixty dollars a month and their board; they have to be able to take the "cats" apart and do repairs. We saw a huge number of tractors parked in one place, ready for a lot of work. I don't know when I'd seen so many.

Then we run onto asparagus, and is that a back-breaking job! "You don't get harder work even picking peas," I told the Madam. "You have to cut each stalk off below the surface of the ground. If they go over the ground every two days, say, its nice for the consumer, because the stalks stay young and tender; but asparagus-workers are piece-workers, getting about sixty-five cents a crate which has about forty or fifty pounds in it. So when the bed is gone over every three or four days, instead of every two, they get a chance to really make something, because there are more stalks to pick."



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The next thing we saw was a tractor with three men. It was planting baby limas, eight rows at a time, thirty inches apart. The seeds run through tubing to a point right ahead of a small plow-shovel. A marker attached to the machine shows where to start in again when they turn, after planting the eight rows to the end. This is quite a neat machine, and the men are paid by the acre sometimes, and by the hour sometimes. Baby limas take very little water. They are one of the dry-weather crops.

Every time we turned a corner we'd come on something different. The Valley sure was busy, and when the crop wasn't being worked, the Madam asked me what I knew about it anyway. Every time she would be surprised that I'd worked in that crop, too.

A planting of great big cabbages was so close and good that I told her there was three to five tons an acre right there. Any fruit tramp knows those things.

She didn't know how you harvest walnuts. You take a long cane-pole, of course, and beat them off the trees. Whole families pick them up and husk them. Pay is about one dollar per hundred pounds. A fast worker with a strong back might be able to pick up between two and three hundred pounds a day. You have to learn the trick of bending from the hips, or you'll never make a fast, field piece-worker on anything picked from the ground—at least not without killing yourself.

I showed the Madam how they thin out the plants, measuring the length of the hoe blade as the distance between the plants left.

The next sight was a hay crew working—and mighty hard work that is, I know well. A man on a hay crew can make four dollars a day. Sometimes they work on a percentage basis, which I just don't get. Then there was a hay-stacker piling up the stacks fifteen feet or so.

Running through a dirt road across a field, we came on a young fig orchard, pretty enough, and then, hidden away in a corner a typical Mexican laborer's hut. The stovepipe stuck out sideways through the wall, and there was a planting near the house of the cactus which they use to make their favorite drink, tiquila. It's distilled, and very heady and hot.

The Valley looked so pretty in the sunset light that it made me keen to get back to the fruit tramping. Even the Madam thought it looked quite nice, and since there was nothing to stop us, we took a run right then up to Bakersfield, to see some night tractor-work, and enjoy the pretty country.

We had dinner there in a big-enough fruit tramps' eating joint, where the steaks were good-tasting, but tough, and nothing else was very good but buttermilk and apple pie. On the way, the Madam laughed at me for saying, "There go fruit tramps! I can smell them!" But it was true, I could.

IV

One day at her own suggestion I decided to let the Madam in on the existence of a fruit tramp's winter quarters only a stone's throw, one might say, from my white-coated houseboy's job. Before turning down Madam's own street, a very short run put us right in the middle of it. Here was what we fruit tramps consider an exclusive jungle. Very few know anything about it.

There was the main track and a spur track of the street railway, running through a broad field. At some distance from the tracks was a shanty made out of boxes, wall-paper, and sheet-iron, with bricks laid on the roof to hold it down. There was a big bed of scarlet geraniums on one side. The shanty was inhabited for now by a white-haired man.

Not very far off was the out-of-door kitchen, a heterogeneous collection of cans, bottles, pans, skillets, tinware of various descriptions, two pieces of cracked china, several fireplaces consisting of bricks, and a windbreak. Adjacent was an outside "sleeping-porch," straw laid on the grass, newspapers on the straw. At a near-by brick-yard there was free water, and a shed, useful for sleeping quarters in the winter rains.

There was an air of desertion; not a soul was there, since there is work, now. I told the Madam that last winter when I was there for two or three days, sleeping in the shed, there were twelve to fifteen men there, ages ranging from twenty to an old man who said he was seventy-nine.

I told the Madam that the place would look real different, with some of the fellows there to keep the tinware clean. There was a five-gallon can for doing laundry, and a coat-hanger made out of a stick and a wire hanging on the clothes-line.

I'd a lot rather stay there, I told her, than hang around "skid-row" in Los Angeles in the rains, downtown, sleep in the cheap hotels (fifteen cents a night, bed and shower—different guy in the bed every night, and sheet changed on Saturday). "Skid-row" is where the fruit tramps say the police go to make easy arrests and run up their average.

Of course a place like that has its points—you can dress up for a few cents for each article of new clothing; you can get a shave for eight cents one place, and a hair cut for twelve cents. Another place I know cuts these prices to seven cents, and eleven cents. There's ten-cent meals, with soup, salad, entrée, and dessert. There's the all-night movie, ten shows for ten cents, and some of the inexperienced young fruit tramps sleep in there; every time they wake up there's a new movie on. You can buy magazines at a cent apiece, or better ones two for five. Or if you have only pennies, you can put one in a picture machine, and see a whitewashed gal without her clothes pose alternately behind a spray of apple blossoms and a moth-eaten ostrich-feather fan. Some of the guys go in for that in a big way. They'll spend a bunch of pennies on the same picture.

You can watch the listings of jobs in the "slave market," learn after a while which high-sounding ones are the fakes, and buy one, if you're fool enough. I've seen big, moron fruit tramps with a few beers inside pay down their ten per cent of the first month's pay—maybe ten or fifteen dollars—for a job which wouldn't last a week.

There's the burlesque (which is the fruit tramps' Grand Opera) and the games of chance that they love, and most of them fall for. And although it looks to be a street full of men, there are girls who get cash from the beer-parlors for getting men to buy them drinks, and other girls that the men in the streets never see, unless they pay to, and pay plenty.

On the whole, a bath and clean clothes looked decent to me when we got home, instead of any of the rest.

Yet, if you'll believe it, when I was serving the cocktails, on a tray before the fireplace in the living-room, to the Madam and the family, the thought that flashed into my mind and stayed with me all the time I was serving dinner was no more high-minded than this: *Cleats* on the bottom of my shoes will solve that problem of apricot ladders, when you have to lean out so far to pick.

Just as though I'd never had to answer to the police query, as I tramped along in dirty, ragged clothes, "How much money have you got?" with the truthful answer, "Sixty-five cents," I thought comfortably of the really aristocratic jobs in fruit—to my mind, peaches, pears, and, maybe more than any other, "Emperor" grapes—the classiest grapes that California grows.

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The Great Imitator

THE next great plague to go is syphilis. Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, has stated that a major objective of his administration is to stamp out syphilis.

Dr. Parran reports that in the Scandinavian countries an aroused public opinion caused the governments to take effective measures which have reduced syphilis to negligible proportions. Less than 1600 new cases were found in Norway, Sweden and Denmark during the past year.

* * * *

In the United States, according to the best evidence, there are more than a half million new cases of syphilis every year seeking medical care. Of these, only one in five gets into the hands of competent physicians soon enough to receive the full benefit of early and continued treatment.

In its early stages, this virulent infection can usually be completely cured by experienced, licensed physicians. Much can be done even for those suffering from the disease in its advanced stages. Syphilis is then "The Great Imitator." It may masquerade as heart, lung, throat or kidney trouble; as a form of skin disease or as rheumatism. It often attacks the brain or spinal cord. It may result in blindness, deafness, paralysis, or insanity.

Many persons are unaware of their infection. The disease may be passed unknowingly from one person to another. Fathers and mothers have infected their children in this way. Most tragic of all are its innocent prey, especially babies born with syphilis. Early and competent prenatal care of syphilitic mothers can prevent most cases of congenital syphilis—children born diseased, blind or deaf, or with crippled bodies or minds.

As a rule, syphilis cannot be diagnosed from outward signs alone, because often there are none. The presence of syphilis can be positively determined only by medical examination and laboratory tests. Too frequently its victims appeal to the medical charlatan and the quack who promise speedy and sure cures.

There is no quick nor short-cut method of curing syphilis. Treatments must be regular, usually weekly, for a period of many months. Because obvious signs and symptoms often disappear after a few treatments, many patients consider themselves cured and stop treatments. This may be an irreparable mistake. The full effects of the disease may not appear until years later. Only the doctor, with repeated blood tests as his guide, can determine when a cure has been effected.

Prevention, early diagnosis and thorough treatment will overcome this most dangerous enemy of mankind. Send for a free copy of the Metropolitan booklet, "The Great Imitator." Address Booklet Department 237-S.

* * * *

On February 3rd, 1937, the first National Social Hygiene Day, public health authorities and local organizations all over the country will discuss the control of syphilis. The American Social Hygiene Association, 50 West 50th St., New York, N. Y., will be glad to send literature and full particulars regarding the meetings.

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The Scribner Quiz

Put Your Wits to Work

THE accompanying quiz consists of fifty questions instead of the previous one hundred. The questions are designed to test the reader's knowledge of the day's news, developments in the arts and sciences, and the American scene generally. It is not necessary to read SCRIBNER'S to answer the questions, though of course the cream of the country's wits do (advt.). If your scores have been low, you have some distinguished company, judging by the letters received and published on page 89 of this issue. It would be easy to make up a quiz on which everyone could get a high score, but the editors determined at the outset that readers should have to put their wits to work, that the quiz should not be too easy, nor, we might add, too serious.

One hundred is the perfect score; so from 100 deduct 4 points for each question answered incorrectly, and deduct 2 points for each question whose answer you decide it is wiser to omit. The present quiz has been taken by members of SCRIBNER'S editorial and advertising staff, with the bulk of the scores falling between 45 and 60. Here is your chance to put them in their place.

The correct answers will be found on page 96

1. In caves, the stalactites hang down and the stalagmites stick up.
(*Check one*) *True*☒ *False*☐

2. The one remaining form of criticism permitted by the Nazi Government is art criticism.
True☐ *False*☐

3. One of the striking features of the TVA is that it duplicates no privately owned power-lines in the Tennessee Valley. *True*☒ *False*☐

4. Good spellers will recognize all of the following words as misspelled: *preventitive, harpischord, occasionaly, villification.* *True*☐ *False*☒

5. If you woke your wife with a sprinkling-can and water, you could be accused of perfusion.
True☐ *False*☒

6. The Republican candidate for President in 1936 was Alfred M. Landon. *True*☒ *False*☐

7. A waterouzel is a bird which dives into streams and walks on the bottom in search of food.
True☐ *False*☐

8. Nowadays, when you see a book dealing with gangs or prostitutes it stands a pretty good chance of having been written by Herbert Asbury.
True☐ *False*☒

9. Harvard has the largest endowment of any American college or university and Princeton boasts the second largest. *True*☐ *False*☐

10. When someone presents you with a bouquet of cut flowers you can preserve them longer if you'll keep them in as shallow water as possible.
True☐ *False*☐

11. It is against the law to send a bottle of liquor by Parcel Post.
True☒ *False*☒

12. India's long-hoped-for new constitution was voted down by Parliament last spring, but is expected to be presented in revised form for a new vote this winter.
True☐ *False*☐

13. In a newspaper office the proofreading department is known as the "morgue." *True*☐ *False*☐

14. A bitterling is a bird.
True☐ *False*☐

15. The word *onomatopoeia* is a little frightening, perhaps, but it only means "a temporary lapse of memory." *True*☐ *False*☒

16. The Diesel engine is an internal-combustion engine in which the crude oil used as fuel is ignited from the heat resulting from the high compression of air drawn into the cylinder. *True*☒ *False*☐

17. Within the past six months the Japanese have made greater progress in the subjugation of China than they have during the three years preceding. *True*☐ *False*☒

18. A Dadaist is an adult infant whose imagination is as unruly as his hair.
True☐ *False*☐

19. The British have had a bit of trouble in Palestine lately, but have been able to keep it in hand with the local troops. *True*☐ *False*☒

20. To many, the tall, lean, hatrack body of G. K. Chesterton will live in their memory as long as his writings.
True☐ *False*☐

21. Most U. S. Mennonites live in the State of Pennsylvania.
True☐ *False*☒

22. Just in case you missed it in the papers, the new chief of U. S. Naval Operations is Admiral William H. Standley *True*☐ *False*☐

23. Melvin Purvis, among other tasks, has organized the Junior G-Man Corps for Post Toasties since his resignation from the Federal Bureau of Investigation. *True*☒ *False*☐

24. The Binet-Simon Test is designed to test the relative intelligence of peo-

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ple, including among others those who write caustic letters to newspaper editors and sign themselves "Indignant." *True*☐ *False*☐

25. Diego Rivera hasn't had a good fight over one of his murals since the Rockefeller Center one two years ago. *True*☐ *False*☐

26. The newly developed coaxial cable of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is expected to be one of the most important steps toward practical commercial television. *True*☐ *False*☐

27. The normal adult has twelve pairs of ribs. *True*☐ *False*☐

28. A Kulak is an Eskimo hunting-canoe made of sealskins stretched over a pointed frame. *True*☐ *False*☒

29. If you were Noel Coward you would at this moment be near Seattle hard at work on a cycle of eight plays depicting five generations in an American family. *True*☐ *False*☐

30. The book *Yang and Yin* was written by the same author as *Oil for the Lamps of China.* *True*☒ *False*☐

31. Cartoonist J. N. "Ding" Darling is on the staff of the Des Moines, Iowa, *Register-Tribune.* *True*☐ *False*☐

32. The word *dissident* means distrustful. *True*☐ *False*☐

33. When he stepped ashore last December at Buenos Aires and opened the Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace, President Roosevelt received the greatest ovation ever given an American. *True*☑ *False*☐

34. When introduced to a member of the U. S. Supreme Court, you are formally correct if you reply, "Glad to know you, Judge." *True*☐ *False*☒

35. The qualifications for being a voter in the United States are clearly set forth in the Constitution. *True*☐ *False*☒

36. Sable and ermine furs are obtained from the same animal but in different seasons. *True*☐ *False*☐

37. Genre in art simply means a style or subject-matter which deals rather

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SCRIBNER'S

FOR MARCH

Hollywood Takes Over the Theater

While the Broadway producers slept, the film industry took the theater business away. Arthur Hopkins, who has produced some of the greatest plays of our time — *Anna Christie, The Old Soak, What Price Glory, The Petrified Forest* — tells in graphic fashion what has happened to the legitimate theater.

American Artists Series

In the March issue SCRIBNER'S begins a series of twelve reproductions, in color, of paintings by distinguished American artists. All pictures will be representative of the American scene, printed on special paper, easily detached from the magazine for framing. Entirely new ideas in fine reproduction are being worked out in this series, which will include such established artists as "Pop" Hart, Winslow Homer, John Costigan, and the younger artists of today who will be "classics" tomorrow.

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A New York Day
— a story in pictures

What's Wrong with Our Colleges?
J. C. Long

Stories by Rion Bercovici, Judith Kelly, Ima Webster Theile, Jo Pagano. Many other features

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realistically with scenes from everyday life. *True*☐ *False*☒

38. An asteroid is a swelling of the tissue in the upper part of the pharynx. *True*☐ *False*☒

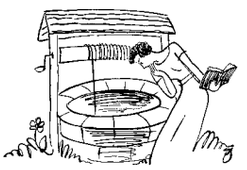
39. The Yahoos are an imaginary race of brutes described in Swift's *Gulliver's Travels.* *True*☐ *False*☒

40. The play *Winterset,* which has been successfully produced in the movies, was written by Maxwell Anderson. *True*☒ *False*☐

41. The Rialto is a bridge in Venice, Italy. *True*☐ *False*☐

42. You cannot patent an article of wearing apparel in this country. *True*☐ *False*☐

43. There are more suicides than homicides each year in the U. S. *True*☐ *False*☐



44. The oft-voiced plea of Dorothy Parker admirers for a collection of the best of her poems has finally been answered in the recent publication of the book *Not So Deep As a Well.* *True*☐ *False*☐

45. Patagonia is the southern part of South America. *True*☐ *False*☒

46. The yen is the smallest coin of the Chinese monetary system. *True*☐ *False*☐

47. In his day, Thomas Jefferson was as famous for his oratory as he was for his writing. *True*☐ *False*☒

48. Pablo Picasso—may it be long before he's buried—is one painter whose style's never varied. *True*☐ *False*☐

49. Nebraska is being watched with interest these days because of the state's new unicameral legislature. *True*☐ *False*☐

50. *Lloyds of London* has been pronounced by many American critics as one of the best films ever made in the United States. *True*☐ *False*☒

(*correct answers on page* 96)

The New Woman Goes Home

(*continued from page* 56)

a complete cooking job would have to be valued at the rate of $1.40 per hour.

It is true that the kind of kitchen which would enable a woman to earn money at these rates represents a larger investment than is customary. But this is an investment which pays for itself—just as the labor-saving machinery in modern industry pays for itself. It is also true that the home-maker pays a higher price for her raw materials than that paid by the packers, millers, and canners, but this cost and her labor and kitchen expenses are the only and final costs in home production. There are no costs for distribution. Our own appliances have paid for themselves because we purchased them as investments, and have used them freely. The electric range bakes the bread, cakes, pies, and fancies; it also cooks all soups, cereals, "baked" beans, vegetables, and roasts. An efficient mixer and a large refrigerator play a heavy part in eliminating old-fashioned drudgery. Thus each month our kitchen equipment has a substantial earning to its credit, because it cuts down the time which otherwise would have to be spent in doing a complete cooking job.

Thus far we have stayed in the kitchen. Let us consider the value of what a woman can produce in the laundry, the sewing-room, the loom-room, the dairy, the poultry yard, and in the garden. Let us consider the value of the work which she might do in the home, teaching, nursing, and entertaining, in terms of what is now paid by women often for inferior substitutes for these services. I think it could be demonstrated that the economic value of what the average woman earns, doing a real job of producing in the household and conducting a home, is not a whit less than that of the average man who is working for money. Whereas the average woman competing with the average man at money-making is very decidedly not "equal," the woman complementing the work which man

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does—taking over a portion of the tasks of the world and leaving the task of money-making and the harder work of home-making to the man—is, I believe, definitely man's economic equal. The records that I have kept are those of the average home in the United States, and their meaning is clear.

A revival of productive work in the home, particularly if accompanied by widespread recognition of the economic importance of the rôle played by the home-maker, would do much to establish a real economic philosophy for the woman in the home.

The world pays tribute to anybody who can go out and earn money; it is called useful work. Comparable work done in the home hasn't the same valuation. If a woman takes a job in a hospital, caring for the sick, she is, presumably, doing something important because this work has a cash value; the same thing applies to running a restaurant, sewing in a factory, working in a laundry, teaching school, or working in a hotel. But, if she does these things at home; if she cares for her sick, prepares the meals, makes gowns and dresses—these things are not evaluated today in the same way, even though they do represent identical functions.

When women make a choice between working at home and working for money, and between living in a city apartment or a country home—they should not be fooled into money-making careers by the almost universal belief that modern industry has rendered it unprofitable to produce at home; and they should not be fooled therefore into thinking that they are going to make a greater contribution to the home, economically or socially, by devoting themselves to making money.

The beginning of a revolution in our ideas about home-making as a career is actually under way. The man-made industrial world is not functioning according to specifications, but the potential market for what the woman produces at home for her own family is as great as ever. The revolution will not be complete until men, even more than women, can be made to see that the family production of income is a joint enterprise, and that the home-maker's equal right in what the man earns in cash is like his equal right to what she produces at home. Once this becomes generally recognized, there will be a new woman's movement—toward the home.

The Cleansing

(*continued from page* 40)

and walk up to Kruper. He would say, with contempt, or maybe even without bothering with contempt, "What is it, young man? What do you want?" And Mary probably would laugh and make me blush. I blushed there in the shed to think of that. I couldn't have gone outside.

Now Kruper was louder again. He was saying, "Right there in your hair, by your ear." He reached up one hand to her hair and almost touched her, and she bent her head and ducked and laughed shortly, strainedly, and her dress at the bosom as she bent opened a moment, and I saw how excited Kruper was, and I almost froze where I lay. Kruper said, "Right there in your hair, by your ear, one fresh flower. How will it look?"

Mary looked foolish, not knowing what to say. Push him into the mud puddle, I wished. But no, no, that would make him furious, and then he would attack you.

Kruper said, "Come on, Mary. Come on. They are made for you. I might almost say they are made *from* you, they are so sweet and fragile and lovely."

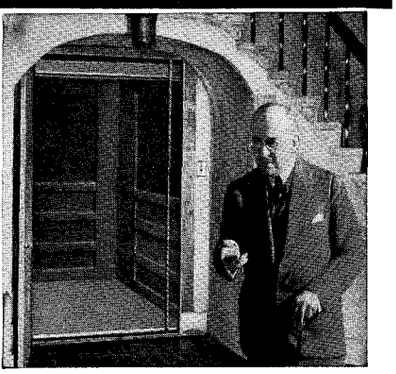
How sick I felt.

I saw Mary get down off the table. She had to do something, I understood, something to appease this pig Kruper, but I wondered, I feared. I would have to run out and fight Kruper. Perhaps he would hit me, would knock me down or kill me, and take Mary away and perhaps kill her too, after. I was shaky and sweating.

Now Mary was standing on the ground, close to the puddle of muddy water, and I saw she was cool and self-possessed, and it made me feel better. Certainly she had not been seduced by him, certainly she was a good, fine girl, a—I had to stop thinking, she was going to walk with him. I had to stop—wait.

She went to the puddle. Deliberately, it must have been, deliberately, I know now as I think back, she fell in with a great brown splash that ended everything. She stood up soaked, and an ugly sight before Kruper, and, without saying a word, perhaps with a touch of triumph in her walk, she went to the house to be washed by Lucy.

★ FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT OR SHOULD NOT CLIMB STAIRS



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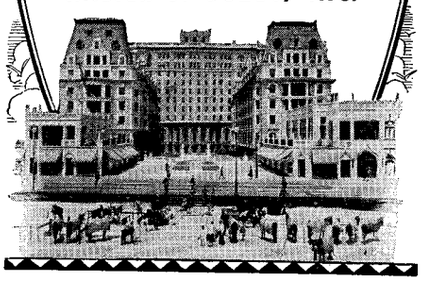

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The People and the Arts

GILBERT SELDES

Success and Mr. Samuel Goldwyn . . . Exclusive Mr. Nathan . . . Government Drama and the Wage-Earning Classes . . . The End of Estheticism

MR. SAMUEL GOLDWYN is going to spend ten million dollars (American, not movie, money) on making pictures this year, and for his astuteness, coupled with general good taste and sound business ability, Mr. Goldwyn should be rewarded with about a million dollars in profits.

Mr. Goldwyn has recently protested in the "Sunday Magazine" of the *New York Times* that people are always willing to tell him what is the matter with the movies, but they don't know. Mr. Goldwyn knows: "I blame the faults of the motion picture not on the producers, or writers, or directors, or stars. I blame it on the audiences. They need not support bad pictures. They can get fine pictures by helping them succeeed."

Now Mr. Goldwyn is far too busy a man to have written the entire article himself. I am dreadfully afraid that, like most of his fellow-producers, he really imagines that in some mystic way the vast, strange audience is to blame for everything that is tawdry and trivial in pictures. And this is a very dangerous doctrine because it automatically releases the producers from any serious obligation to make pictures even as well as they do.

In the course of his article, Mr. Goldwyn mentioned one excellent picture which did not succeed—*The Informer*. Ever since this picture was produced, it has proved a menace to intelligent conversation about the movies because the moment you put the two words "good" and "movies" together, the producers are sure to mention *The Informer*. They mention it almost with awe, and in a great many ways they are right. But it is time to analyze the history of this picture and also to let Mr. Goldwyn into a little secret, which is that many of the pictures he has produced have made money, not because they were inferior to *The Informer,* but because in essential ways they were superior. The attitude of Hollywood toward art is so intimidated, the assumption that what makes money cannot be a good picture is so definite, that this will probably sound like heresy. It is a heresy I should like to see Hollywood take to its heart.

Because *The Informer* not only established a sort of standard of failure for the producers, it also created something like a formula for artistic movies in the minds of the directors. The distinguished movie *Winterset* was essentially a repetition of *The Informer*. The foundations of the Brooklyn Bridge took the place of the slums of Dublin, and a tempestuous black night was the atmosphere instead of mist and twilight; in *The Informer* a placard offering a reward for the capture of a rebel blew along the street and flattened itself against the legs of the betrayer; in *Winterset* the old judge carried a tattered clipping with the face of the innocent man whom he had condemned to death. In each case, the whole picture was done in monotone—an attempt to get an effect by a slow and rather repetitious building-up of situations which did not bring off a dramatic effect.

The method was more appropriate to *The Informer,* and John Ford, who directed it, concentrated the somber tone and the angry emotions of the book, by avoiding any great spread, either in time or space. A few streets and the duration of a few hours were enough. In *Winterset* there was the obligatory opening, showing a holdup and murder and a sentence to death. After that, the picture followed the play and hardly moved from the courtyard under the piers of the Brooklyn Bridge and the little room in which most of the drama was played. Here was a genuine concentration and an economy of motions and a loyalty to the spirit of the original play—and it was a faulty movie. It was consciously artistic; it was, I think, consciously Russian in atmosphere. Mr. Maxwell Anderson's terse, almost dehumanized conversation speeded up the dialogue admirably when his hero was not launching into invocations to the "bright, ironic gods," and yet the total effect, in spite of considerable shooting, was that the entire picture was conversation and not action. The moving picture failed to move.

"It Can't Happen Here" *as it happened in—*

New York—Adelphi Theatre

Chicago Federal Theatre

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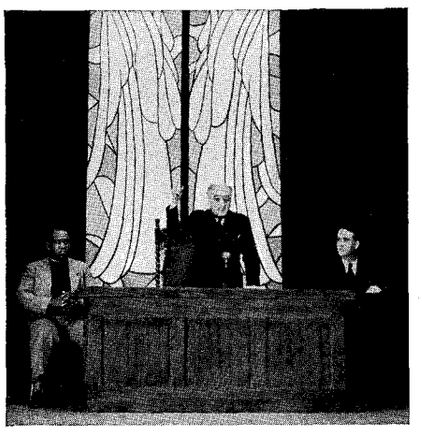
I do not recall Mr. Goldwyn's ever having attempted a picture so grand in theme as either of these artistic successes, but I am convinced that, devoted as he is to art, he would have made *Winterset* a more effective moving picture than it is. There was not in the whole of *Dodsworth* one-fifth of the drama that there is in the central scene of *Winterset*, yet *Dodsworth* moved and said everything it had to say by way of action. Purely as a cinematic treatment of a given subject it was a superior picture.

Mr. Goldwyn says, "I try to bring the audiences half way in my pictures and in each picture I strive to reach a little higher." That is a notable ambition, and Mr. Goldwyn's pictures have a definite distinction, but he has never made the mistake of reaching a little higher by abandoning the fundamental principle that a moving picture should first of all be based on movement. What worries him is that his pictures are succeeding.

Some eighteen months ago, he and every other producer I spoke to in Hollywood were positively envious of a dreadful artistic fake called *The Scoundrel* because it had been a conspicious failure in its gross receipts. This is a kind of inverted Puritanism which might be dangerous if Hollywood ever forgot the box-office. But Mr. Goldwyn's theory that the audience is to blame for bad pictures is more dangerous still. If you eliminate musical shows from the list of the most successful movies, you will find that in almost every case the pictures with the largest grosses at the box-office were those that represented all the knowledge and talent and intelligence available at the moment they were made into moving pictures. This is as true of *The Great Train Robbery* in 1903 as of *The Birth of a Nation* a decade later, of *The Big Parade* in 1925 and of the Fred Astaire movies in our own immediate day. The producers who keep on repeating that the audience supports bad pictures constantly forget that hundreds of bad pictures lose money and only a few good ones do, and of the pictures which make money, dozens are first-rate for every one which is definitely bad. Mr. Goldwyn would long ago have turned his business talents into more profitable fields if his own judgment on the audiences could be taken without the widest reservations. Even his own musical shows with Eddie Cantor, which are not the bright garlands of his artistic career, were not bad enough to gross millions and just barely good enough to.

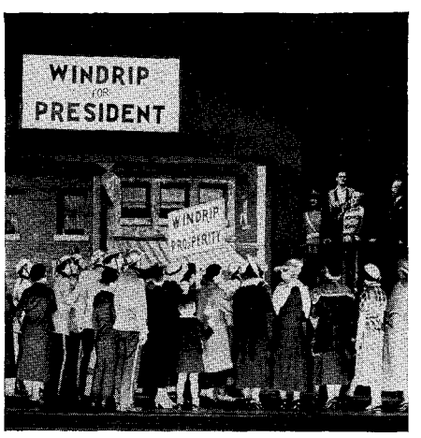
Finally, *The Informer* was a moderately profitable picture. When first issued, it did not do very well, but after it had won prizes on both coasts, it had an extremely successful second life. There are hundreds of pictures, with no artistic merit whatever, which do not do nearly as well.

Yiddish Performance—New York



Negro Performance—Seattle

Omaha



San Francisco

If Mr. Goldwyn and his fellow-producers could get it into their heads that millions of people go to moving-picture houses regardless of what is playing there, they would get over this feudal nonsense about the audience supporting bad movies. Audiences do not know that the movie is bad when they pay at the box-office; they do not know when they leave the theater who is responsible for pictures which have failed to please them. They go back again and again because even a bad picture is better than none at all. On that automatic return to the movies, the producers have built their fortunes. And they will wreck their fortunes if they continue to produce enough bad pictures, because then the habit will break down, and people will stay away from the movies and do something else.

The bad movies are not the ones with trifling plots and absurd characters; nothing could be more trivial than *Libeled Lady* or *The Gay Desperado*, both of which are excellent entertainment, and nothing could be worse than *The Garden of Allah*, of which any competent director would have been thoroughly ashamed in 1924 and which, in the seventh year of the talking pictures, is technically a disgrace. *The Garden of Allah* will, in all probability, make a great deal of money. The color is lush, the mixture of religion and sentiment is always a good one, and Marlene Dietrich looks more beautiful than she has in most of her recent pictures; these elements and the intense sufferings of Charles Boyer are quite enough to bring the audience in, but they will still be supporting what is good in the picture and not what is bad. I do not think a detailed analysis of the details of this picture is worth making. All I need to say is that its focal point is the agony of soul of a monk who has broken his vows—and the whole concept of the monastic vow is never presented in the picture. The action consists of his marriage to a beautiful woman who is also tormented in soul, and his return, with her consent, to the monastery. The nature of her torments is never even suggested, and the resolution of their mutual agonies is reduced to a series of photographs, first of her speaking and then of him speaking, and so on for, it seems, hours at a time. I do not know how you are going to blame audiences for trooping in to the display of color,

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the dancing, and all the other extraordinary attractions of such a picture. I am only willing to bet that at least as many would come to see it if it had been well made in every respect.

For a parallel text in the theater, I turn to George Jean Nathan, who, in the "Saturday Home Magazine" of the *New York Journal,* attacked the Federal Theatre Project in the same baronial spirit that Mr. Goldwyn displayed toward the movie audiences. Mr. Nathan's point is that most of the WPA productions were badly directed, shoddily invested, and shabbily acted; and he says that this lampoon of the true art in the theater discourages theater-going altogether. This, you see, is the obverse of Mr. Goldwyn's point. In the theater, apparently, the audiences are so infuriated by inferior stuff that, far from supporting it, they will stay away altogether. But behind it lies the same aristocratic attitude, that we, the producers, alone know what to give the public. Mr. Nathan wants to reserve to the commercial producers the exclusive privilege of producing shabbily.

With at least one-third of the season gone, the New York theater at the moment of writing has hardly produced a single distinguished new play. Shakespeare, Ibsen, and Wycherley have provided scripts for productions of reasonable merit, and the critics have been a little ecstatic about *Tovarich* and far too indulgent to Noel Coward's nine-times-repeated experiments in comic or tragic fluff. The Group Theatre's *Johnny Johnson* was also highly praised and has a few effective satiric scenes—any play protesting against war has a few effective satiric scenes.

The professional producers, in whose behalf Mr. Nathan attacks the Federal Theatre Project, will have to go far during the next half of the season merely to justify their existence. They are not even good feeders for Hollywood just now.

The WPA was fortunate in having *It Can't Happen Here* to dramatize for its spectacular multiple openings all over the country. But to assess the value of the Federal Project on the merit of one or half a dozen of its plays is to miss the point. The Project says, in effect, "It is as legitimate to want to paint scenery and to act in plays as it is to drive a truck or build a motor-car." It says that the way to learn to do these things is by doing them, and if the government is going to build dams and provide recreation grounds, including golf courses, it might as well give the arts a chance also.

I am not absolutely certain that this attitude is correct, but I feel that it is more nearly correct than the opposing one, which makes of the artist a very special kind of human being who must either be hostile to his own time and starve, or grovel before a patron and corrupt his own integrity. In all its artistic projects the WPA is making music and the theater and painting familiar. It is integrating these things into the every-day life of millions of people. It is taking painting away from galleries and showing that the walls of barracks or of a small country post-office can take a mural decoration as a matter of course.

I don't know whether the playwrights and painters and composers who are working for the WPA are aware of the tremendous decision they have made. They have accepted a new master, the people, as represented by the people's government. For the moment the government is in competition with the commercial producers and exploiters of art who are, for the most part, appealing to the income class rather than to the wage earner. Where the government has tried to compete in radio and movies with commercial producers, it has not been so conspicuously successful. But in the theater and in music the wage-earning majority has been neglected, and that is where the government has most decisively stepped in. In music, the Federal projects have played popular tunes for dancing and new works by American composers, both conventional and experimental. In the theater, the variety has been as great because marionette plays and traveling circuses have existed side by side with serious political drama. Around New York, I think one suspects a slight tendency to appeal to the poor, intelligent, radical theater-goer as the commercial theater appeals to the moderately wealthy, intelligent liberal-conservative. That is only because so much emphasis is placed on a few of the productions.

Nevertheless the new patron, the public and its government, will eventually make demands which the artist will have to meet. I foresee the end of estheticism, the end of the soulful superiority of the artist. And to me this is all to the good, because the artist as a superior aristocrat has always seemed to me a bit of unwarranted inflation. Yet the same process may signify the end of the artist as a free man. He has not always, perhaps even not often, been free under capitalism, but under democracy he has always had a chance to be independent, and, as Mr. T. S. Eliot once remarked, long ago, there is one man more important even than the aristocrat, and that is the independent man.

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A Winter Shop-Cruise

KATHERINE KENT

Penguin shoes, by Delman

At last something really different under the winter sun. A brand-new recruit in the leather mart. Delman's is strutting with justifiable pride over its scoop in penguin leather. Sketched, you see the first shoe designed in it—a brown, four-eyelet, tongueless oxford piped in self-color. The surface is faintly reminiscent of the reptile family, but so delicately patterned that any further comparison is off. At Bergdorf-Goodman's in New York and Delman Shops over the country.

And now for a speedy session with accessories that do right by you under bluer skies.

Shoes: the Bandana Pump, innocent of buckle or button, for its strap ties like a scarf. In dark colors with bright dots for those dark dresses that threaten to oust pastels. Then the bare-heel, bare-toe, button-trim model, good with a number of things. On the required list this fine cruise season which relegates closed-heel quarters, even in spectator wear, to second-string rating. Delman models both. . . .

Handbags: Dark linings for whites and pastels! Why didn't someone think up this blessing before? Shapes much like those of the winter season, with novelty adjuncts. To wit—the modified satchel zipper-bag with catalin tortoise-shell frame on white, or white frame and white piping on bright colors in patent finish or alligator grain. Saks Fifth Avenue, for three dollars. Then there's the triangular bag of white llama skin, soft as kid, and a lot more interesting. The triangular ornament (red, green, amber, or tortoise) gives it its one note of color. Ten dollars. . . .

Toeless and heelless

Halters: stripes are rampant this year, but my pick is a jersey-type silk with fine form-modeling lines and an unusual tie feature that permits of individual adjustment. Carried by Ben Small, Miami; Carson, Pirie, and Scott, Chicago; Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia, and other good places. . . .

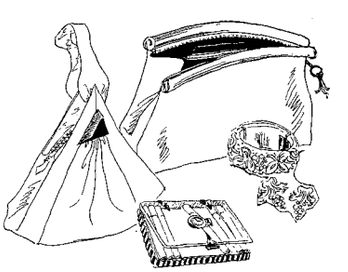
Rope and cellophane

Beach Hats: Pick 'em *over-* or *under-*size. The cunning net affair is of hand-knotted cord with a heavy nautical rope edge and tassel. At McCutcheon's in New York, for instance. Burdine's, Florida, has the flattering bonnetlike sunshield with cellophane brim bound in bright grosgrain ribbon. For great big beach hats with ingenious ideas that manage to stay this side of the completely haywire, take yourself to Lord and Taylor. The peaked-crown, two-color straw ties under the chin with a heavy nautical cord. A fold arranged where crown and brim meet gives the whole thing a surprised, off-the-face expression. Exclusive in this shop is the cotton-print beach-bag with white rubber lining and pull-cord closing—gay, careless, but still beautifully trim. Bands, so good this winter with evening wear, take a bow now in daytime fabrics. Witness the posy headband of tiny flat flowers, decorative as well as practical in wisping breezes. . . .

Facts and fancies

Watches are omnipresent. Milgrim's have set one in the face of a cigarette case that's all crystal-clear catalin, relieved only by hints of gold at the hinges and the closing-line—a very smart job.

Addenda: Varicolored necklaces return in new two- and three-string versions . . . clips and pins take their inspiration from Father Neptune, so off with the Scottie dogs, the golf sticks, and tennis rackets of yesteryear and on with the swordfish, the sailboats, oars, and the rest of the nautical, deep-sea rig-out. . . . For dressier occasions, leafy tropical designs in pastels or the vivids on bracelets, earrings, clips, and pins. . . . Hose in lighter, livelier tones mark the end of winter with *true* beiges returning for what looks like an all-time high in popularity. Not beige for beige suits and dresses, mind you, but beige with the new browns, blues, and black. Phœnix, for instance, lists three true beiges: *Vogue,* a deep tone for dark colors; *Silhouette,* a medium, grand with navy and usable with almost anything else; and then *Sketch,* a light tone for pastels and gay prints.



After-high-noon accessories

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BOOKS

Romanticism and Rebellion

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

MRS. MABEL DODGE LUHAN'S *Movers and Shakers* (Harcourt, Brace, $5) is, ostensibly, about John Reed, Walter Lippmann, Hutchins and Neith Hapgood, Lincoln Steffens, Isadora Duncan, Max Eastman, Frank Tannenbaum, Alfred Steiglitz, Maurice Sterne, and other dynamic figures that made the years 1912–1914 in America seem pregnant with both an artistic and social renaissance. Joseph Freeman's *An American Testament: A Narrative of Rebels and Romantics* (Farrar & Rinehart, $3) is, supposedly, about Joseph Freeman's education, with the "rebels and romantics" serving as his teachers. Yet Mabel Dodge, who was part of the 1912–1914 movement, is incapable of telling us anything important about it, while Joseph Freeman, who watched it from afar during his early adolescence, does a pretty good if somewhat over-voluminous job of showing how those years have conditioned the America we know.

The difference is inherent in character. Mabel Dodge, the Bashkirtseff from Buffalo, is wholly wrapped up in herself, and wants, candidly, to understand herself. But, lacking any values, lacking any interest in other people or in the relation of the individual to the mass, she has no means of understanding either herself or any one else. Joseph Freeman also wants to understand himself. He likes to think of himself as a lyric, *i. e.*, a personal poet, but his urges are not lyric; they are epic. His effort is to understand entire classes and peoples in their historical drift. The effort has endowed him with values and a philosophy; hence he can talk intelligently about himself and other people.

Mabel Dodge, wealthy and willful, came home to the United States from Italy in 1912 as a seeker. Like others of her time, she had decided that the life of the bourgeois was dull. Looking about her indiscriminately, she found several ways of protesting against this dullness. One was to take up the cause of the anarchists and the I.W.W. Another was to get aboard the bandwagon leading to the sexual revolution. Still another was to cultivate the arts—which, for a person of no talents, meant cultivating artists. When all of these failed there was psychoanalysis, both the Jungian and the Freudian varieties. Mabel Dodge tried all of the movements and both Freud and Jung.

Lincoln Steffens advised her to have Evenings at her home, 23 Fifth Avenue. And so began her career as *salonnière*. The anarchists came with Alexander Berkman, the young socialists with Walter Lippmann, the painters with Andrew Dasburg, the I.W.W. with Big Bill Heywood. She provided the opportunity for innumerable talk-fests, and soon was in the swim with poets, novelists, experts in Indian affairs, journalists, protégés of Alfred Steiglitz, woman suffragists, Margaret Sanger and the birth-controllers, Isadora Duncan and the dance cultists, and boys just out of Harvard.

But when she comes to write about her extraordinary circle she can make nothing of it. All she manages to make plain is that she had a Delilah complex; she wanted to render strong men powerless. She was attracted to John Reed, the bombastic and lovable boy with the shining forehead and wind-blown hair, because of his intense energy and his voracious interest in the outside world. Yet she resented his character almost as soon as they were living together. With Maurice Sterne she was just as bad; she married him to make him over into a sculptor. Her Delilah complex shows at its most poisonous when she tells of putting her son, John Evans, up to killing Scuro, Maurice's cat. The cat, it seems, had been getting too much of Maurice's attention.

Mabel Dodge's account of her liaison with John Reed seems circumstantial enough; there are letters to and from Hutchins Hapgood, Carl Hovey, and Lincoln Steffens to prove some of her points. But the effect of the whole is to present Reed out of character. When Mabel Dodge implies that Reed became a Bolshevik in Russia merely to drown his sorrow over being jilted by Mabel Dodge, it is pretty hard to believe her. Granville Hicks's biography of John Reed tells a different story. Who is right? Won't people like Hutchins Hapgood, who knew all the actors in the little prewar drama, step up and tell us before it is too late?

Mabel Dodge knew Max Eastman—but there is nothing in *Movers and Shakers* about the influence of *The Masses*. When Frank Tannenbaum was sent to jail for leading the unemployed into an empty church in the cold winter of 1914, she took an interest in his case—but she was airily disgusted when he emerged from jail "crystallized in his prison complex." I suppose Frank Tannenbaum should have come out of prison with an intense interest in rambler roses—or Mrs. Dodge. Mabel knew Edwin Arlington Robinson, but there is no indication that she understood—or even read—his poetry. She talked things over with Walter Lippmann, but has nothing to say about Lippmann's route as he moved from socialism to a support of the War. In fact, Mabel Dodge snubbed the War itself; she couldn't even be bothered to read the papers. She says she returned from the "labor movement" and "revolution" to Nature and Art, but there is no indication that either nature or art meant anything to her, fundamentally. As Malcolm Cowley says, her main interest was in interior decoration. She was forever buying or leasing new houses to fix up. Delilah required a setting in which to snip Samson's hair.

Reading Joseph Freeman's autobiography, one is struck by the definite political orientation he had as a boy of ten. His book makes the autobiographies of other Americans seem naïve, even backward, by comparison. Coming from a Ukrainian village to America at the age of seven, a Jew whose poverty-stricken family was fleeing the Czar's oppression, Joseph Freeman has felt the class war as

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a stinging reality almost from birth.

Everything that happened to the young Joe Freeman confirmed his early impressions. He went to Columbia University during the War years. There he was witness to the expulsion of Professors J. McKeen Cattell and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana. There he watched the protesting resignation of the rigorously honest Professor Charles A. Beard, who favored our entrance into the World War but didn't think his colleagues should be fired for disagreeing with him. And from Columbia, Joe Freeman went to Europe, where the Treaty of Versailles had messed up a continent and made future wars, both class and international, inevitable.

All of this increased Joe Freeman's sophistication in political theory. Yet this sophistication has its dangers. With the Ukrainian village, the Williamsburg Ghetto, the Columbia campus in wartime, the post-war capitals of Europe, Russia of the Stalinist triumph, and New York's radical intellectual circles of the past fifteen years as his background, Joseph Freeman makes the mistake that other radicals of a cosmopolitan, Eastern-Seaboard orientation have made. That mistake is the one of attributing his own political sophistication to others.

Such a mistake leads to poor timing. Back in the middle twenties, when *The New Masses* was started, John Dos Passos wrote in reply to a questionnaire: "I don't think it's any time for any group of spellbinders to lay down the law on any subject whatsoever. Particularly I don't think there should be any more phrases, badges, opinions, banners, imported from Russia or anywhere else. . . . What we need is a highly flexible receiving station that will find out what's in the air in the country anyhow. . . . Why shouldn't *The New Masses* be setting out on a prospecting trip, drilling in unexpected places, following unsuspected veins, bringing home specimens as yet unclassified? . . . The terrible danger to explorers is that they will find what they are looking for. . . . I want an expedition that will find what it's not looking for. . . ." Joseph Freeman, along with Michael Gold, took issue with John Dos Passos. They thought he was asking for chaos, when in reality he was asking for good reporting. Yet Dos Passos was so right that his answer was almost a prefiguration of what *The New Masses* belatedly set out to do some seven years later. *The New Masses* didn't catch up to the reportorial needs of the radical movement until the depression had created a left united front.

Joseph Freeman's narrative stops in 1928, and therefore does no more than indicate the split in the communist ranks that came with the scrap between Trotsky and Stalin. But some latter-day acerbity creeps into the pages about Max Eastman and the old *Masses*. Does Freeman read some of the bitterness of the disagreements of the 1930's into his adolescent feelings about Eastman? It is entirely possible. In any case, Freeman is harsher towards Eastman than he is towards Floyd Dell, whose political mistakes at the time were certainly as great.

*

Webb Miller's *I Found No Peace: The Journal of a Foreign Correspondent* (Simon & Schuster, $3) and John Whitaker's *And Fear Came* (Macmillan, $2.50) are more or less autobiographical and more or less political, yet they conspicuously lack the sharpness and clarity of Joseph Freeman's narrative. Webb Miller jumped almost overnight from a Michigan farm to becoming a United Press correspondent; he has covered the World War, the Riff War, and the war in Abyssinia; he has seen the rise of fascism and communism, yet his only conclusion is that the machine will inevitably circumscribe the freedom of the individual everywhere and that economic and political governments will everywhere merge. The conclusion would seem to be incontestable, yet it tells us nothing useful. Will economic and political governments merge in the same manner in all countries? In Sweden and Finland as they have in Germany and Italy? In England and America as they have in Russia? The question of method is the interesting one. But possibly Webb Miller, who thinks another World War is inevitable, doesn't believe there is a choice. Given a universal war, military fascism will make the merging equally severe in all countries, whether the label be communist, fascist or democratic.

John Whitaker went to Geneva for the *New York Herald Tribune* as a believer in "collective security." But he was soon bereft of his faith. At every critical juncture he saw the British run out; the British didn't want to make France too strong on the Continent, hence they couldn't play unequivocally with France at Geneva. Only on those occasions when Germany or Italy have threatened to get too rambunctious has England ceased to shilly-shally.

But no matter what Germany or Italy do in the future, the moral authority of the League to restrain them is dead, Mr. Whitaker thinks. If Hitler or Mussolini resort to war, it will be England's and France's own funeral. For they did everything to make Hitler possible, and they certainly winked at the early stages of Mussolini's plot to move into Ethiopia. Even when they were generous about lifting the penalties of the Treaty of Versailles it was always too late; the psychological harm had already been done. "Events outstrip the procrastination of men," says Mr. Whitaker. By inference he makes Senator Borah seem like a wise counsellor.

Before going to Europe, Mr. Whitaker worked for the *Tribune* in New York. He thinks he was lucky to get out of New York, for he found all his energies going into drinking and talk about the books he proposed to write. Hamilton Basso, a fellow Southerner who came to New York, made a similar discovery; and in addition he found himself arguing interminably about revolution with people who had little knowledge of the human material of the American hinterland. So he quit New York and went back to the South. The result of his return is *Courthouse Square* (Scribners, $2.50), a fine, ringingly honest novel about the dilemma of a young man, David Barondess, who finds himself at odds with his community over the right of a Negro physician to buy an old mansion that once belonged to a Civil War general. *Courthouse Square* has its melodrama, but the character of the South makes for melodrama, and Mr. Basso handles this character realistically. His is a drama of moral choices; hence it moves in the great tradition of the nineteenth-century novel. One's only wish is that Mr. Basso hadn't chosen a writer for hero. A writer in the South makes his money by selling in New York; therefore he can afford his nobility, since his neighbors can't get at the sources of his income. It would have been a more convincing drama if Hamilton Basso had taken for hero a young Southerner who made his living at home.

Yet the ingredients of Mr. Basso's book are wholly true. Writers can and do go home and outrage local opinion; witness the case of Lincoln Steffens, who went back to California and found himself embroiled with the citizenry, who thought of him as a dangerous Red. Steffens, who was old and philosophical, was amused by the squabbles he caused. His amusement, and also his intransigence in the face of opposition, make the posthumous *Lincoln Steffens Speaking* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) a book with a special flavor—the Steffens flavor. Courtliness, an interest in the young that continued up to the time of his death, and an unwillingness to be bought by his own

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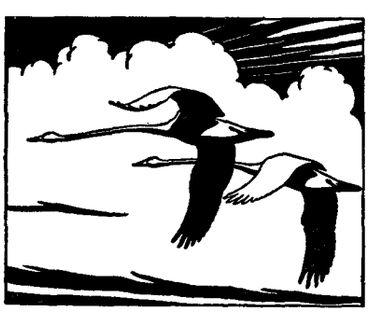

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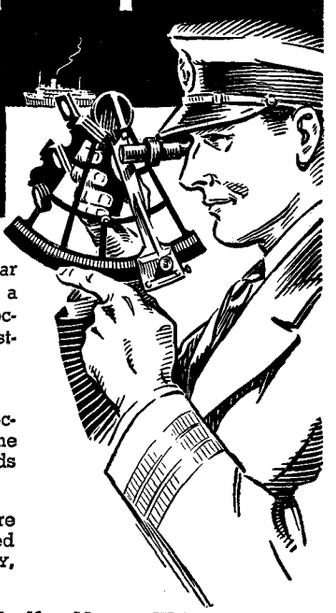
Arthur Hopkins'

provocative article

HOLLYWOOD TAKES OVER THE THEATER

in the March Issue

How Does a Ship Captain Plot His Course with the Sextant?



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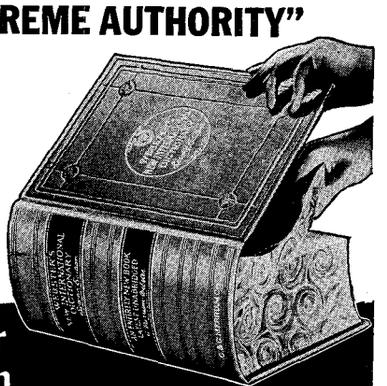

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money—these are all part of this Steffens flavor.

Lincoln Steffens had a genius for combining paradoxes with inspired simplification. He would have enjoyed Leo Huberman's *Man's Worldly Goods* (Harpers, $2.50), a history of economic thought that was written for children yet succeeds in being the first adult book on the subject that is available for the general reader. Mr. Huberman's method is to show how theory developed out of circumstances and in turn reacted on circumstances. Materialists will charge him with idealism, and idealists with being materialist. Both will be wrong; he is simply an apostle of the obvious, which means he has common sense.

Book Notes

We had much rather be saddled with an assignment to extract carefully guarded fortification secrets from foreign countries than to try, ever again, to get from book publishers copies of their spring lists in December. We understand why they're backward. We know that putting down in black and white a publication date which depends wholly on an author's foibles is like betting on the weather. But understanding didn't solve our problem. We had a January list to present. We knew there were good books in the offing. How in the world could we get hold of them?

We did our best, over the telephone, through the mails, getting very firm with people, and we got some lists. The crowning blow came when our selection was printed and sent to the publishers. From here and there, whence no word had come before, came cries of "Why wasn't our *So-and-So* on the list?" "What happened to Thinkle's *Best-Seller?*" as if we were a bunch of magicians. Well, that's gratitude, but in the end we got them all in. See "Scribner's Recommends" for the results of our research and the publishers' advance vote on it.

*

Herbert Agar's recent book *The Land of the Free*, and the one which he edited with Allen Tate, *Who Owns America?*, have caused such discussion that he is greatly in demand as a lecturer to discuss further the questions, brought up in the books, of Agrarianism and Distributism in America. Since the middle of November, he and his wife, Eleanor Carroll Chilton, have made their headquarters in New York, and while he makes flying lecture-trips around the country, she has been working on her new play.

Together with Ralph Borsodi, Chard

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Powers Smith, Bertram Fowler, Michael Williams, and others, Mr. Agar has also been busy bringing out the first number of their new Agrarian-Distributist magazine *Free America*. The magazine purports to be anti-fascist, anti-finance capitalism, anti-communist, in fact anti-collectivism in whatever form it appears, and stands for the reestablishment of effective democracy in America.

At the present time, Mr. and Mrs. Agar are taking a two weeks' vacation in Nassau. And at the end of the month they will be going back to Louisville where he is associate editor of *The Louisville Courier Journal*, which carries his widely syndicated column *Time and Tide*.

*

Andrew Lytle, whose book *The Long Night* has been a best-seller for many weeks, and about whom Caroline Gordon wrote in these columns some months ago, now turns the tables and writes about her. Her new book, *None Shall Look Back*, is scheduled to appear late in January, and in our publishers' advance vote on outstanding books for that month, placed among the ten which "Scribner's Recommends." A note appears about it there. Says Andrew Lytle:

"Caroline Gordon lives with her husband, Allen Tate, at 'Benfolly,' a river-bottom farm near the Kentucky-Tennessee boundary. The old white-washed brick house stands on a high sugar-loaf hill which was once the site of a pioneer fort built against Indian forays. Its square-columned portico overlooks the deep and swift current of the Cumberland River, down which in early times the settlers came to people Southern Kentucky and Middle Tennessee. On a clear day the countryside for miles around may be seen from its upper gallery.

"Behind 'Benfolly' the hill country rises abruptly. Across the river begins the dark-fired tobacco land, once the seat of a planting and race-horse-breeding aristocracy. (The breeding of race horses was the true art; racing only its pleasure.) Her mother's people, the Meriwethers, Barkers, and Fergusons, still hold thousands of acres of the original land which their common ancestors, emigrating from Virginia, took up after the Revolutionary War. One of her great-grandfathers, besides mounting General Albert Sydney Johnston on Fire-eater, the animal which carried him to his death at Shiloh, fitted out in patriarchal fashion a whole company of young men, going to the Civil War, with thoroughbreds, mostly from his own stables.

"But Miss Gordon's own preference

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leans rather to hounds. In Virginia her father's people developed the famous Mag and Whiskey breed of foxhounds. A Mag pup was said to run like a shadow. Miss Gordon herself can tell a dog's points as well as anybody in the Upper South. Her little Dachshund, Vili vom Isatol, is her constant companion. During the time she was writing *None Shall Look Back,* he sat guard at her typewriter and barked viciously at anyone who might enter the room and disturb the Muse.

"Knowing as she does the pioneer and planter strains which went into the making of Southern culture in the Middle South, she is peculiarly well-fitted to treat of Southern life before and during the Civil War. This is a very uncommon accomplishment in Southern writers, as many tend to oversimplify the great variety of its society. The conflict between the inheritors of the European tradition and the violence of the frontier is the central key to unlock the mystery of this rich before-the-war life, and this key Miss Gordon possesses. Through intensive research in musty tomes, and by mingling with the present counterparts of the different stations and conditions of men, she has not only been able to reproduce with brilliant effect one important segment of the Southern Confederacy, but she has discovered the meaning of those influences which did so much to make of the Southern Confederacy a lost cause."

—KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

Scribner's Recommends:

1. *The Hundred Years,* by Philip Guedalla. Doubleday, Doran. $3.

The author of *The Hundred Days* writes of English history from the dawn of the Victorian era to the death of George V. February choice of the Literary Guild.

2. *The Sound of Running Feet,* by Josephine Lawrence. Stokes. $2.50.

The life struggles of a group of business people by the author of *Years Are So Long* and *If I Have Four Apples.*

3. *Catherine de' Medici,* by Ralph Roeder. Viking. $3.75.

A dramatic interpretation of the Queen against a background of France in the sixteenth century. Mr. Roeder's *The Man of the Renaissance* hardly needs mention.

4. *Rose Deeprose,* by Sheila Kaye-Smith. Harpers. $2.50.

A story of tragedy and readjustment among simple farm people in Kent, covering a period from the end of the World War down to the present time.

5. *The Human Comedy,* by James Harvey Robinson. Harpers. $3.

A book which the well-known author of *The Mind in the Making* finished just before his death.

6. *Shining Scabbard,* by R. C. Hutchinson. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.75.

The Book-of-the-Month chooses for January this novel of a French provincial town in 1914.

7. *High Tor,* by Maxwell Anderson. Dodd, Mead. $2.

Wherein the crew of Hendrik Hudson's lost ship help a modern young Dutchman preserve a landmark on the Hudson. Being produced in New York this season.

8. *The Street of Fishing Cat,* by Jólan Földes. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.

The winner of the All Nations Prize Competition is written by a Hungarian living in Paris.

9. *None Shall Look Back,* by Caroline Gordon. Scribners. $2.75.

The author of *Aleck Maury, Sportsman,* turns her talents to a novel centering about the western battles of the Civil War.

10. *The Late George Apley,* by J. P. Marquand. Little, Brown. $2.50.

A novel in the form of a memoir which tells the story of 1866-1933 through the eyes of a Boston gentleman of that era.

It is interesting to note:

. . . that of the ten books, six are novels and one a play, whereas in our review list of the fall books last month, only one novel was mentioned, James Farrell's *A World I Never Made.*

. . . that Marshall Best, at Viking, took us to task for not mentioning *Lancer at Large,* by Francis Yeats-Brown, and *Invasion,* by Maxence Van der Meersch. "Mark my words," he says, "these will loom large in the year's records."

. . . Dutton crossed out two books which we had listed and inserted *Don Gypsy,* by Professor Walter Starkie.

. . . Laetitia Bolton of Little, Brown sends us the following warning: "A tip for your next list: Courtney Ryley Cooper's *Here's to Crime* will take the skin off the roof of your mouth!"

. . . Dale Warren of Houghton Mifflin thinks that *The Road to Needles,* by Dorothy Speare (unmentioned in our list), is going places.

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Straws in the Wind

(*continued from page 14*)

that a little clarification of our requirements is in order.

We are eager for authentic, non-fiction articles which *reflect*—not expound or explain—some aspect of life in the United States *today*. So often we get expository pieces, describing in detail quaint customs or characters typical of a certain section of the country. Or else we get something telling about American life as it was in Grandmother's day. None of these is alive in the sense that it should be.

We are after the vital, personal-experience article which, in the telling, simply, not obviously, gets across some aspect of life in the United States today—whether significant for its humor, its social importance, or for the fact that it indicates a passing trend, we leave up to you.

It does not have to be long. In fact, the shorter the better. We know of only one piece which we have wanted to use which was really too short. Yet it had all the elements the department requires. A friend of ours wrote: "I was walking the other night in the Bowery. Under bright electric lights I saw this sign displayed across the front of a certain hotel: HOTEL M . . . ROOMS 25c.—WITH WINDOWS 30c."

Letters from Readers

i got pruf i ben to colledge an taut skool sence then, but the first time i knowed i was plum illitert was when i tryed to pass your dam quiz on p. 80 of the december number. i knowed the ansers to egzaktly 29 of them questions an gest rite on 12 more. So i have desided to quit reading hibrow stuf like scribners and Jarhbuch der Philo-und-Psychologie of the Deutsches Phily-und-Psychologiegesellschaft, and go bak to st. Nicholas which I can understand. My score—41! Otherwise you got a nise magazine, but no more quizzes pleeze!

BOOTH M. WILLIAMSON
Peoria, Illinois

I walked home this afternoon vaguely contemplating suicide. However, when I got home I found the December SCRIBNER'S had arrived, and in it was one of those general information tests on which I dote. At once, attired as I was in my parka and grass-lined boots, with my hungry huskies yapping outside the igloo unfed—and any Arctic explorer or pulp-magazine reader knows they should be fed as soon as they arrive—I worked the test. As a matter of fact, it took me just forty minutes flat to gallop through the hundred questions.

I scored a 92. I resent being suspected of peeking, for I most certainly did not. Naturally, this set me up immensely; all thoughts of self-extermination fled forthwith . . . until I thought of the ironic situation. Here I am: a college graduate twenty-six years old, scoring consistently in the upper 5 per cent in all such tests . . . yet here I am, I say, unemployed, and, I am coming to believe, virtually unemployable. Can you help me with my problem, dear Voice of Experience?

All kidding aside, the quiz was fun, and it would be interesting to correlate the results scored by readers on "The Scribner Quiz" with results scored on other tests. However, I do seem to remain unemployable, even if I do score in the upper limits every time. Do you know of a university which could be persuaded to endow me as a professional question-answerer? Or perhaps I should address a letter to my Congressman and get his assistance in making it a WPA project. . . .

S. M.
St. Paul, Minnesota

A friend of mine and I have just finished reading "No Starving Armenians" in the December issue, and it's made us both feel so good inside that we thought both you and Anonymous ought to know about it. The article was surprisingly timely for both of us, because just about a week ago we found out that a man to whom we have been regularly giving money for his needs, and those of his motherless children, was just using us as a pretty stable supply-house for some rousing liquored times. And that's the second time that it has happened to us within the past half-year. "No Starving Armenians," though, makes us feel that perhaps we're all wrong in our vow not to help unfortunates whom we're not at all sure about. Chances are that before long we'll succumb to the urge to help another Armenian, still hoping that this time he'll be a legitimate starving Armenian rather than just a thirsty one. For which both he and we thank you.

M. M. W.
New York City

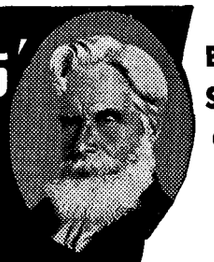
The Decline of the Male

Some fifty men and women took up the cudgels on behalf of the downtrodden male and submitted replies to the December article of Messrs. Uzzell and LeRoy. It is a plain statement of fact to say that had space permitted, the editors would gladly have printed at least eight of these replies instead of two.

Albert de Pina, author of the first, lives in California, has traveled in all parts of the world, and so has had an opportunity to observe his brothers in all stages from servitude to dominance. He is an editor now and then, does radio work, and says, "Whenever life goes sour I think of my grandmother who, at the age of 101, could enjoy a hearty meal, a risqué novel, or a good fight, and exclaim robustly, 'Ah, I wish I had another century to live.'"

Robert Faber, author of the second reply, is a motion-picture advertising man. He has always written film advertising for newspapers and magazines, and copy for the trailers which describe next week's attraction as being colossal and terrific. He is one of those rare people, a born New Yorker, has a wife and one small daughter, and lives in Sunnyside, Queens.

HAVELOCK ELLIS'
PSYCHOLOGY OF
SEX



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Found: Fifty Titles for a Record Library

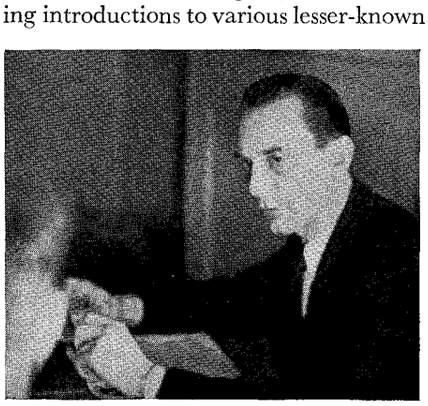
RICHARD GILBERT

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT THE FINAL JUDGING BY OTTO HESS

IF ANY of the contestants in search of an RCA Victor Electrical Phonograph, or one of the miscellaneous awards of records, suffered a headache during his efforts to compile a prize-winning list of fifty works to form the best nucleus for a comprehensive library of recorded music, let him take whatever comfort he may find—if his name is not mentioned among the winners—in our assurance that the most violent headaches were those of the five judges whose task it was to select from hundreds of eligible entries nine compilations, in their opinion, the best.

The first- and second-prize lists are herewith submitted to the new collector of phonograph discs as fair yardsticks by which to measure his own tastes and experiences. To repeat myself: "With such a collection to serve as a nucleus for a library, surely the listener will acquire catholicity of taste and the ability to choose for himself other works, the constant repetition of which will not become wearisome."

The number of entries far exceeded our most sanguine expectations. In order not to spend weeks weighing the comparative merits of a large number of unusually intelligent and well-informed suggestions, the jury was reduced to the meanest expedients in disqualifying competitors because of technical breaches, the most common of which was the listing as one work of such groupings as *The Organ Music of J. S. Bach* (five works), Bach: *250th Anniversary Album* (six works), or the Toscanini set of *Wagnerian Excerpts* (passages from two different operas, and one complete work). Many lists remaining strictly within the rules gave too great attention to the music of Beethoven, Brahms, and Wagner, thus sacrificing introductions to various lesser-known but important figures, and failing to attain catholicity. A large number of competitors listed the most popular works in the record catalogues, and thereby duplicated much music constantly heard over the radio. Still others, showing commendable eclecticism, failed to keep the number of records down to a practical minimum.



Richard Gilbert

At any rate, statistics will have to wait until next month; the interval between the judging and the February issue's deadline is too short to allow the presentation of information that must be of great interest to every competitor.

We are publishing the first- and second-prize-winning lists. In the opinion of the judges these lists represent impartial introductions to the great wealth of music available today through the phonograph. The cost of either of these nuclei is by no means unreasonable. Mr. Gerstlé, more than any other competitor, seemed to us to have sensed the correct idea of a *nucleus*—his list indeed forms a kernel around which other examples of similar music might collect, a beginning meant to receive additions. Feeling that some explanation was necessary concerning the manner in which these titles were chosen, he writes, "Having completed tentatively what I considered a minimal representative list, I found, to my great astonishment, that I had chosen 173 compositions by 73 composers. I therefore decided that the only way I could limit myself to fifty works was to take a representative work from each of fifty composers. This does not mean, however, that I consider these fifty the greatest—they merely represent the 'various peaks of musical art.'"

In addition to the nine winners whose names appear here, a number of contestants, we feel, deserve some sort of prize for the general excellence of their lists. Hence, by the time this issue appears, twenty-five complimentary subscriptions to SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE will have been dispatched to those twenty-five contestants whose lists, but for some slight disqualification, might have made a position among the first nine.

First-Prize List

Submitted by

HENRY S. GERSTLÉ

New York City

1. BACH: *Art of the Fugue—Contrapuncti Nos. V to XI incl.* Roth String Quartet. Columbia Nos. 68259 to 68263 incl. Five discs.
2. BALAKIREV: *Islamey.* Simon Barer, piano. Victor No. 14028. One disc.
3. BARTÓK: *Quartet No. 2.* Budapest String Quartet. Victor set No. 320. Four discs.
4. BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 5 in C minor.* London Philharmonic Orchestra con. Felix Weingartner. Columbia set No. 254. Four discs.
5. BERLIOZ: *Les Troyens: Royal Hunt & Storm.* Hallé Orchestra con. Sir Hamilton Harty. Columbia No. 68043D. One disc.
6. BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 1 in C minor.* Philadelphia Orchestra con. Leopold Stokowski. Victor set No. 301. Five discs.
7. CHABRIER: *España Rapsodie.* Lamoureux Orchestra con. Albert Wolff. Brunswick 90317. One disc.
8. DEBUSSY: *L'Après-midi d'un Faune.* Straram Orchestra con. Walter Straram. Columbia No. 68010D. One disc.
9. DELIUS: *Brigg Fair.* Royal Philharmonic Orchestra con. Sir Thomas Beecham. Columbia set No. X30. Two discs.
10. DES PRÉS: *Ave Verum.* Dijon Cathedral Choir. Victor No. 11677. One disc.
11. DVOŘÁK: *Slavonic Dances, Nos. 1 & 2, op. 46.* Czech Philharmonic Orchestra con. Vaclav Talich. Victor No. 11925. One disc.
12. ELGAR: *Enigma Variations.* Hallé Orchestra con. Sir Hamilton Harty. Columbia set No. 165. Four discs.

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Darrell, Reed, judges

13. FALLA: *Noches en los jardines de España.* Manuel Navarro, piano; Orquesta Betica da Camara con. E. Halffter. Columbia set No. 156. Three discs.
14. FAURÉ: *Ballade, op. 19.* Marguerite Long, piano; symphony orchestra. Columbia set No. X62. Two discs.
15. FRANCK: *Variations symphoniques.* Alfred Cortot, piano; London Philharmonic Orchestra. Victor Nos. 8357 & 8358. Two discs.
16. GLUCK: *Iphigénie en Tauride—Unis dès la plus tendre enfance.* Georges Thill, tenor; orchestra. Columbia No. 9116M. One disc.
17. GRIFFES: *The Pleasure Dome of Kublai Khan.* Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra con. Eugene Ormandy. Victor 7957. One disc.
18. HANDEL: *Water Music* (arr. Harty). London Philharmonic Orchestra con. Sir Hamilton Harty. Columbia set No. X13. Two discs.
19. HARRIS: *Concerto, op. 2.* Harry Cumpson, piano; Aaron Gorodner, clarinet; Æolian String Quartet. Columbia set No. M6. Three discs.
20. HAYDN: *Quartet in D minor, op. 76, No. 2.* Poltronieri Quartet. Columbia set No. X15. Two discs.
21. HONEGGER: *Le Roi David—Excerpts.* St. Williams Chorus & Strasbourg Municipal Orchestra con. Fritz Busch. Decca Nos. 25517 & 25518. Two discs.
22. D'INDY: *Istar Variations.* Paris Conservatory Orchestra con. Piero Coppola. Victor Nos. 11559 & 11560. Two discs.
23. LAMBERT: *The Rio Grande.* Chorus and orchestra con. Sir Hamilton Harty. Columbia set No. 230. Two discs.
24. LASSUS: *Missa, "Octavi toni."* Berlin Staats— und Domchor con. Rüdel. Victor No. 80160. One disc.
25. LISZT: *St. Francis walking on the water.* Marcel Ciampi, piano. Columbia No. 68591D. One disc.
26. LULLY: *Notturno* from *Le Triompe d'Amour.* Philadelphia Orchestra con. Leopold Stokowski. Victor No. 7424. One disc.
27. MENDELSSOHN: *Fingal's Cave—Overture.* Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra con. Wilhelm Furtwängler. Brunswick No. 90401. One disc.
28. MILHAUD: *La création du monde.* Chamber orchestra con. Darius Milhaud. Columbia set No. X18. Two discs.
29. MONTEVERDI: *Lagrime d'Amante al Sepolcro dell'Amata.* Cantori Bolognesi Chorus con. Cremesini Columbia set No. 218. Three discs.
30. MOUSSORGSKY: *Boris Godounov—Coronation scene.* Feodor Chaliapin, bass, chorus & orchestra. Victor No. 11485. One disc.
31. MOZART: *Symphony No. 39 in E-flat (K543).* British Broadcasting Co. Symphony Orchestra con. Bruno Walter. Victor set No. 258. Three discs.
32. PALESTRINA: *Missa, "Assumpta est Maria."* Dijon Cathedral Choir. Victor Nos. 11680 & 11681. Two discs.
33. PROKOFIEV: *Violin Concerto.* Joseph Szigeti, violin; London Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia set No. 244. Three discs.
34. PURCELL: *Chaconne in G minor.* American Society of the Ancient Instruments. Victor 7873. One disc.
35. RAMEAU: *Castor et Pollux—Ballet Music.* Lamoureux Orchestra con. Albert Wolff. Brunswick 90316. One disc.
36. RAVEL: *Ma Mère l'Oye.* Boston Symphony Orchestra con. Serge Koussevitzky. Victor Nos. 7370 & 7371. Two discs.
37. ROUSSEL: *Suite in F.* Symphony Orchestra con. Piero Coppola. Victor Nos. 11152 & 11153. Two discs.
38. SCARLATTI: *Sonatina in C.* Myra Hess, piano. Columbia No. 4083M. One disc.
39. SCHÖNBERG: *Verklärte Nacht.* Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra con. Eugene Ormandy. Victor set No. 207. Four discs.

Roy Harris checks Arthur Mendel

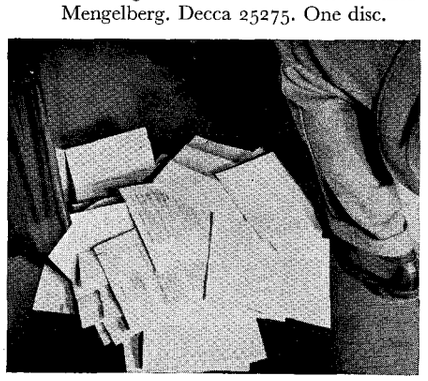
40. SCHUBERT: *Symphony No. 8 in B minor ("Unfinished").* Boston Symphony Orchestra con. Serge Koussevitzky. Three discs.
41. SCHUMANN: *Études symphoniques.* Alfred Cortot, piano. Victor set No. 122. Three discs.
42. SIBELIUS: *Symphony No. 4 in A minor, op. 63.* Philadelphia Orchestra con. Leopold Stokowski. Victor set No. 160. Four discs.
43. R. STRAUSS: *Till Eulenspiegel.* British Broadcasting Co. Symphony Orchestra con. Fritz Busch. Victor Nos. 11724 & 11725. Two discs.
44. STRAVINSKY: *Symphonie des psaumes.* Chorus & orchestra con. Igor Stravinsky. Columbia set No. 162. Three discs.
45. VAUGHAN-WILLIAMS: *Fantasia on a theme of Thomas Tallis.* Decca Nos. 25567 & 25568. Two discs.
46. VERDI: *Otello—Love duo (Act I).* Claudia Muzio, soprano; Francesco Merli, tenor; orchestra. Columbia No. 9100M. One disc.
47. VICTORIA: *Kyrie, "Orbis factor."* Dijon Cathedral Choir. Victor 11678. One disc.
48. WAGNER: *Siegfried Idyll.* Symphony Orchestra con. Bruno Walter. Columbia set No. X26. Two discs.
49. WEELKES: *As Vesta was from Latmos Hill . . .* St. George Singers. Columbia No. 5717. One disc.
50. WOLF: *Herr, was trägt der Boden hier.* Victor No. 1739. One disc.

Total, 104 discs; cost, about $175.

Second-Prize List

Submitted by
WILLIAM BAXTER
Tulsa, Oklahoma

1. BACH: *Well-Tempered Clavichord, Bk. I. Prelude & Fugue No. 1 in C; Prelude & Fugue No. 21 in B-flat.* Arnold Dolmetsch, clavichord. Columbia No. DB505. One disc.
2. BACH: *English Suite in A minor.* Harold Samuel, piano. Victor Nos. 9476 & 9477. Two discs.
3. BACH: *Cantata No. 78—Jesu, der du Meine Seele.* Reinhart Choir; cembalo, violoncello & string bass; con. Walther Reinhart. Columbia 68228D. One disc.
4. BACH: *The Passion According to St. Matthew—Erbarme dich Mein Gott.* Maartje Offers, contralto; violin obbl. Victor 11143. One disc.
5. BACH: *Fantasia & Fugue in G minor.*
6. BACH: *Prelude & Fugue in F minor.*
7. BACH: *Toccata & Fugue in D minor.*
8. BACH: *Prelude & Fugue in C.*
9. BACH: *Prelude & Fugue in G.*
10. BACH: *Little Fugue in G minor.* Albert Schweitzer, organ. Columbia set No. 270. Seven discs.
11. BEETHOVEN: *Coriolan Overture.* Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra con. Willem Mengelberg. Decca 25275. One disc.



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12. BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 7 in A.* Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York con. Arturo Toscanini. Victor set No. 317. Five discs.
13. BEETHOVEN: *Concerto No. 4 in G.* Artur Schnabel, piano; London Philharmonic Orchestra con. Dr. Malcolm Sargent. Victor set No. 156. Four discs.
14. BEETHOVEN: *Sonata in C minor, op. 111.* Egon Petri, piano. Columbia set No. 263. Three discs.
15. BEETHOVEN: *Quartet No. 12 in E-flat, op. 127.* Flonzaley Quartet. Victor set No. 153. Five discs.
16. BRAHMS: *Sonata No. 2 in A.* Adolph Busch, violin; Rudolph Serkin, piano. Victor Nos. 8359 & 8360. Two discs.
17. BRAHMS: *A German Requiem—Wie Lieblich sind deine Wohnungen; Herr, du bist Wurdig* (Fugue). Irmler Madrigal Choir; orchestra con. Alfred Irmler. Decca Nos. 25336 & 25337. Two discs.
18. BRAHMS: *Feldeinsamkeit.* Heinrich Schlusnus, baritone; piano acc. Polydor

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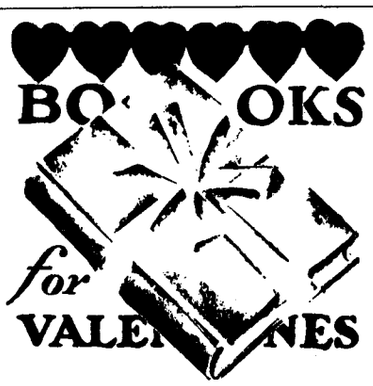

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22. DEBUSSY: *Trois chansons de Bilitis—No. 1, La flûte de Pan; No. 2, La Chevelure.* Maggie Teyte, soprano; Alfred Cortot, piano. Victor No. 1771. One disc.
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24. DEBUSSY: *La Mer.* Paris Conservatory Orchestra con. Piero Coppola. Victor set No. 89. Three discs.
25. FRANCK: *Variations symphoniques.* Walter Gieseking, piano; London Philharmonic Orchestra con. Sir Henry J. Wood. Columbia set No. X16. Two discs.
26. HANDEL: *Israel in Egypt—The Lord is a Man of War.* Leeds Festival Choir; London Philharmonic Orchestra con. Sir Thomas Beecham. Columbia No. 17044D. One disc.
27. HARRIS: *A Song for Occupations* (Walt Whitman). Westminster Choir con. Dr. John Finley Williamson. Columbia set No. 226. Two discs.
28. HAYDN: *Symphony No. 4 in D.* Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York con. Arturo Toscanini. Victor set No. 57. Four discs.
29. MILHAUD: *Concertino du Printemps.* Yvonne Astruc, violin; chamber orchestra con. Darius Milhaud. Polydor No. 516616. One disc.
30. MOZART: *Symphony No. 40 in G minor (K550).* London Philharmonic Orchestra con. Serge Koussevitzky. Victor set No. 293. Three discs.
31. MOZART: *Le Nozzi di Figaro—Non so piu cosa non; Venite, inginocchiatevi.* Elisabeth Schumann, soprano. Victor No. 1431. One disc.
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33. MONTEVERDI: *Lagrime d'Amante al Sepolcro dell'Amata.* Cantori Bolognesi Chorus con. Cremesini. Columbia set No. 218. Three discs.
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35. PALESTRINA: *Missa, Papae Marcelli—Kyrie & Sanctus.* Westminster Cathedral Choir. Victor No. 35941. One disc.
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38. RAVEL: *La Valse.* Boston Symphony Orchestra con. Serge Koussevitzky. Victor Nos. 7413 & 7414. Two discs.
39. SCARLATTI: *The Cat's Fugue.* Flora Stad, harpsichord. Victor No. 1664 (with Purcell *Suite* above).
40. SCHÖNBERG: *Gürre-lieder—Part IV, The Summer Wind's Wild Chase, & Final Chorus.* Benjamin de Loache, *Sprecher;* 8-part mixed chorus; Philadelphia Orchestra con. Leopold Stokowski. Victor Nos. 7536 & 7537. Two discs.
41. SCHUBERT: *Die Winterreise—Frülingstraum & Wasserfluth.* Elena Gerhardt, mezzo-soprano; piano acc. Victor No. 6881. One disc.
42. SCHUMANN: *Toccata in C, op. 7.* Joseph Lhevinne, piano. Victor No. 8766. One disc.
43. SIBELIUS: *Symphony No. 4 in A minor, op. 63.* Philadelphia Orchestra con. Leopold Stokowski. Victor set No. 160. Four discs.
44. R. STRAUSS: *Salome—Final Scene.* Marjorie Lawrence, soprano; orchestra con. Piero Coppola. Victor Nos. 8682 & 8683.
45. STRAVINSKY: *Symphonie des Psaumes.* Chorus & orchestra con. Igor Stravinsky. Columbia set No. 162. Three discs.
46. TSCHAIKOWSKY: *Francesca da Rimini, op. 32.* London Symphony Orchestra con. Albert Coates. Victor Nos. 11091 & 11092. Two Discs.
47. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *Bredon Hill (No. 5 from On Wenlock Edge).* Steuart Wilson, tenor; Marie Wilson String Quartet; Reginald Paul, piano. Decca No. F1651. One disc.
48. VERDI: *Otello—Excerpts.* (a) *Dio ti gioconda—duet—Act III.* Claudia Muzio, soprano; Francesco Merli, tenor. Columbia No. 9102M. (b) *Credo.* Titta Ruffo, baritone. (c) *Si pel ciel.* Titta Ruffo and Enrico Caruso, tenor. Victor No. 8045. (d) *Fuoco di gioia* & (e) *La tempesta.* Chorus of Milan Opera. Columbia 7222M. Three discs.
49. WAGNER: *Tristan und Isolde—Prelude to Act I.* Philadelphia Orchestra con. Leopold Stokowski. Victor 7621. One disc. *Act III* (virtually complete). Gota Ljungberg, Walter Widdop, Ivar Andresen, H. Fry, K. McKenna, & Genia Guszalewicz; Albert Coates & Lawrence Collingwood, conductors. Victor set No. 41. Five discs. (Compiler's note: Apart from a personal preference for Gota Ljungberg's *Isolde* over artier and more publicized ones, I chose Victor's *Act III* from *Tristan und Isolde* because, even though all its participants are by no means tops, so symphonic a work as *Tristan* is best represented by complete acts rather than excerpts.)
50. WOLF: *Gesang Weylas.* Heinrich Schlusnus, baritone. Polydor No. 30009 (with Brahms song *Feldeinsamkeit*, already listed).

Thirty composers are represented on Mr. Baxter's list. The total number of discs, 103. The approximate list-price, $185.

*

Third and fourth prizes were won, respectively, by Seth Hastings, Hackensack, New Jersey, and Herman Adler, New York City.

And each of the following contestants receives honorable mention and a copy of the Gramophone Shop's *Encyclopedia:* Walter D. Jones, Montgomery, Alabama; Howard Lindsay, Toronto, Ontario; Roy Ringwald, Jackson Heights, New York; R. F. McGraw, Sierra Madre, California; and Miss Lulu Thompson, Preston, Ontario.

SCRIBNER'S

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The New Records

Annually—during the month of June in a delightful English countryside setting at Lewes, Sussex—the Glyndebourne Festival Opera Company gives performances of Mozart's operas with casts rivaling those of the Salzburg Festival in Austria. Under the direction of Fritz Busch, this company has recorded *Le Nozzi di Figaro* and, more recently, *Cosi fan tutti*. Heretofore confined to a special limited "His Master's Voice" edition, the former opera is now available in three domestic albums at local list-prices (Victor sets Nos. M313—six double-faced discs; M314—five double-faced discs and one single-faced disc; M315—five double-faced discs). Of foremost importance in the cast are Aulikki Tautawaara as the Countess, Audrey Mildmay as Susanna, Luise Helletsgruber as Cherubino, Roy Henderson as the Count, and Willi Domgraf-Fassbänder as Figaro.

The general tonal excellence of this recording is more of collective than of individual achievement. The performance is dignified by extreme sincerity and controlled exuberance. The singers enjoy singing this beautiful music; throughout one is conscious of remarkable cooperation and genuine enthusiasm. The fine quality of the recording is conspicuous; the balance between singers and orchestra is uncommonly good and adds to the enjoyment of this exquisite model for operas. The intelligently gotten up synopses and translations which accompany each volume clear the way for the action of a particularly involved but deliciously naughty plot. Here, indeed, is a feast for Mozartians; records guaranteed never to gather dust on your shelves.

*

Colonel De Basil's Ballet Russe features this season an elaborate choreography to Hector Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique* by Leonide Massine. Mounted with costumes and settings by Christian Bérard, and presenting Tamara Toumanova as the "Beloved One," and Massine in the part of the opium-dosed artist, the ballet matches with uncanny intuition one of the most unusual scores in music. What stroke of good fortune possessed the collaborators when they confected the half-classic, half-surrealist visual counterpart of a symphony, which for one hundred and six years has been crying for just such treatment, is a subject for mild wonderment. Berlioz, who never dreamed of staging his *Symphonie Fantastique*, gave it a lengthy scenario and called it an instrumental drama.

Should you see the ballet, I am certain that you will want to listen—without benefit of visual accompaniment—to the new recording of the work by "L'Orchestre Symphonique de Paris," conducted by Selmar Meyrowitz, recently published by Columbia (set No. 267—six discs).

In realizing Berlioz's outline of the narcotic-crazed artist's dream—wherein the dreamer envisages a series of episodes involving his faithless "Beloved One" (represented in the symphony by a "fixed idea," a melody constantly recurring in numerous pathetic and distorted forms)—Massine has followed slavishly the programmed movements: *Reveries, Passions; A Ball; Scenes in the Country; March to the Gallows; Dreams of a Witches' Sabbath*. From the pensive, haunting visions of the first movement to the burlesqued solemnity of the *Dies irae*, and the sinister fugue of the dance in the finale, Berlioz, through the ballet completes his dualism. He has been called a "literary" musician. The fact is he possessed an uncommon talent for writing, in addition to being one of the greatest musicians of all time.

Unfortunately, Meyrowitz has not been given the advantages of a first-class orchestra. His phrasing and tempi, however, are unassailable, and, all in all, his recording must take precedence over former ones.

Also in connection with the ballet's current tour, Victor releases a recording of Tschaikowsky's *Aurora's Wedding*, played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Efrem Kurtz, *chef d'orchestre* of the Monte Carlo troupe (set No. M-326—three discs).

*

Among orchestral recordings will be found a vibrant, full-range reproduction of Haydn's *Symphony No. 99 in E-flat*, also played by the London Philharmonic, this time under the baton of Sir Thomas Beecham (Columbia set No. 264—three discs). . . . Leopold Stokowski leads the Philadelphia Orchestra in a mellifluent arrangement of two sombre *Ancient Liturgical Melodies* (Victor No. 1789), and a powerfully recorded *Danse Macabre*, by Saint-Saëns (Victor No. 14162). . . . And, from the fast dwindling reserve of Toscanini recordings with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, a brilliant reading of Rossini's overture to *L'Italiana in Algeri* (Victor No. 14161). Not great music, but indescribably wonderful playing.

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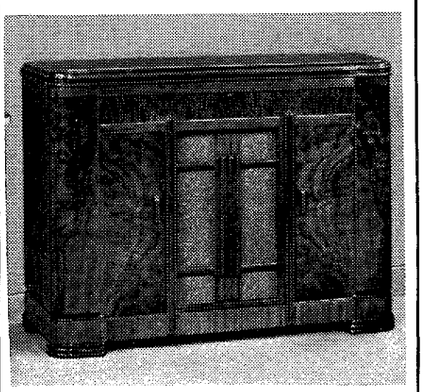

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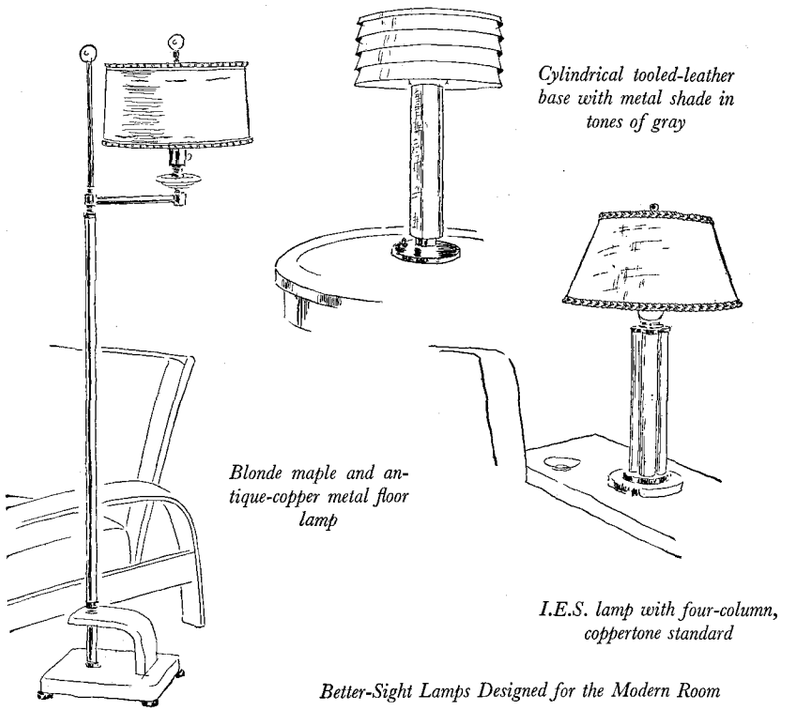
KATHERINE KENT



Cylindrical tooled-leather base with metal shade in tones of gray

Blonde maple and antique-copper metal floor lamp

I.E.S. lamp with four-column, coppertone standard

Better-Sight Lamps Designed for the Modern Room

CHANCES are that, if you haven't already bought one of these new sight-saver lamps, you've been brooding about them. I say *new* with reservations. About three years ago lighting engineers put their heads together and thought up a light-diffusing bowl to shield the electric bulb. This gadget they put atop a lamp base, tagged the whole thing with their initials, and—for the first time since the days of kerosene student lamps—gave us a really smooth-spreading, glareless illumination.

Maybe you've been sold on the idea from the first but, like me, you've been scared away by atrociously designed bases and standards. Stolid bronze affairs, blankly non-committal in design or pretentiously styleless in the late delicatessen manner. There are still a lot of these on the market, but at last there are others. News from the Lamp Show encourages me to predict that, come spring, the better department stores and specialty shops will be well stocked with lamps that not only provide the new superior illumination but have decorative right to existence as well.

But let's see what all this shouting about sight-saving devices is driving at.

There's no news in the ad-writer's insistence that the proper amount of light is highly essential; that continued eyestrain means permanently impaired vision; and that headaches, indigestion, and even fancy neuroses frequently are rooted in eye abuses. In general, however, we haven't sinned much on the score of quantity of light, but as for *quality*—there's a point. Especially in lamps designed for the use of more than a single reader or solitaire player.

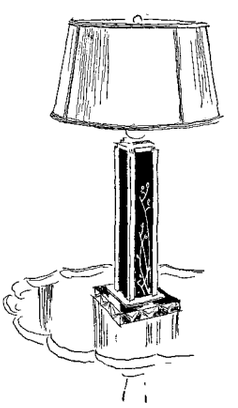
To shed more than a small halo of light, the lamp standard must have height; its shade, a good wide spread. But that too often has meant naked light bulbs to dazzle those who sit close to the lamp while others farther away either have insufficient illumination or suffer a plague of black shadows and glaring highlights.

There's another problem we wished upon ourselves when we gave up overhead and bracket lights—the problem of providing sufficient room illumination without peppering the place with lamps until shades and bases overweigh every other piece of decoration in the room.

To overcome these menaces the I.E.S. (Illuminating Engineers Society) has worked out the light-diffusing glass or plastic bowl around the bulb so that no raw, exposed beams can sting the eye. Open at the top, this bowl-like reflector throws a portion of the light *upward,* adding a subdued general illumination throughout the room. But how does this differ from any other open-at-the-top shade? Well, for one thing, the light thrown up against the ceiling to be shed about the room is very soft and virtually shadowless. And the glow which comes directly down from the bulb on your book or bridge table is filtered through the bowl to a silky, eye-easing quality that even the most frosted bulb cannot produce unaided.

Smart men, these engineers. They have a lot to say about the number of foot-candles per square inch required for smooth lighting; about the kind of shade that offers maximum illumination comfort at minimum power cost; and finally, in careful words, about the wiring. In lamps that bear the I.E.S. tag all these specifications are met. Such certified articles, however, by no means exhaust the selection in lamps that carry the translucent bowl reflector and provide a soft-spreading, glareless light. How do you choose a light?

In the first place, decide carefully the purpose for which the lamp is meant. If it's a foyer, a hall, or some other quarter of the house where decorative value is the main function, and illumination a wholly minor consideration, there is no



I.E.S. end-table lamp in coppertone metal, ivory, or tortoise catalin trim

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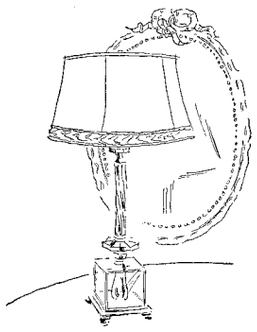
particular point in choosing a lamp of the I.E.S. kind. But where you are going to use it for reading, or any other close eye-trying work; where more than one person is likely to need its illumination, if only for cribbage, then, whether you like it or not, you've got a problem on your hands. Why?

Not all I.E.S. lamps, or those of similar construction, provide exactly the same spread of light or the same foot-candle values. And you must know, if you are going to shop intelligently, what your particular needs are in both factors.

For instance, the study or reading lamp which meets the approval of lighting engineers sheds light which, within a radius of eighteen inches, is adequate for *intense* and *prolonged* eye-uses, while half a foot farther away the same light is sufficient for reading good print on white paper, for sewing on light goods, and for easy knitting. Beyond this, there is a small zone where card playing and tasks that do not require close see-



Unusual crystal lamp designed with sight-saver reflector. W. & J. Sloane

ing may be carried out with eye-comfort. Thus a single hundred-watt bulb may be used by a whole family at its varying work and play, without danger of strain and without the discomforts of glare and hard shadows. Such a lamp is usually twenty-seven or -eight inches high, and its output of *upward* light forty per cent or more.

In most living-rooms a more restricted area of light is adequate and a smaller amount of upward illumination desirable. For this purpose the I.E.S. certifies an end-table lamp, usually twenty-three inches high with an *upward* output of only ten per cent. Whether you choose a study-height lamp, an end-table lamp, or the standard floor type should depend on the uses it is meant to meet.

Among the uncertified lamps (and on the whole I've found more well-styled bases among these) it is especially unwise, in determining your choice, to trust merely to the matter of height and the fact that the bulb is carried in a translucent bowl. (*continued on page* 96)

EXCELLENT BUYS

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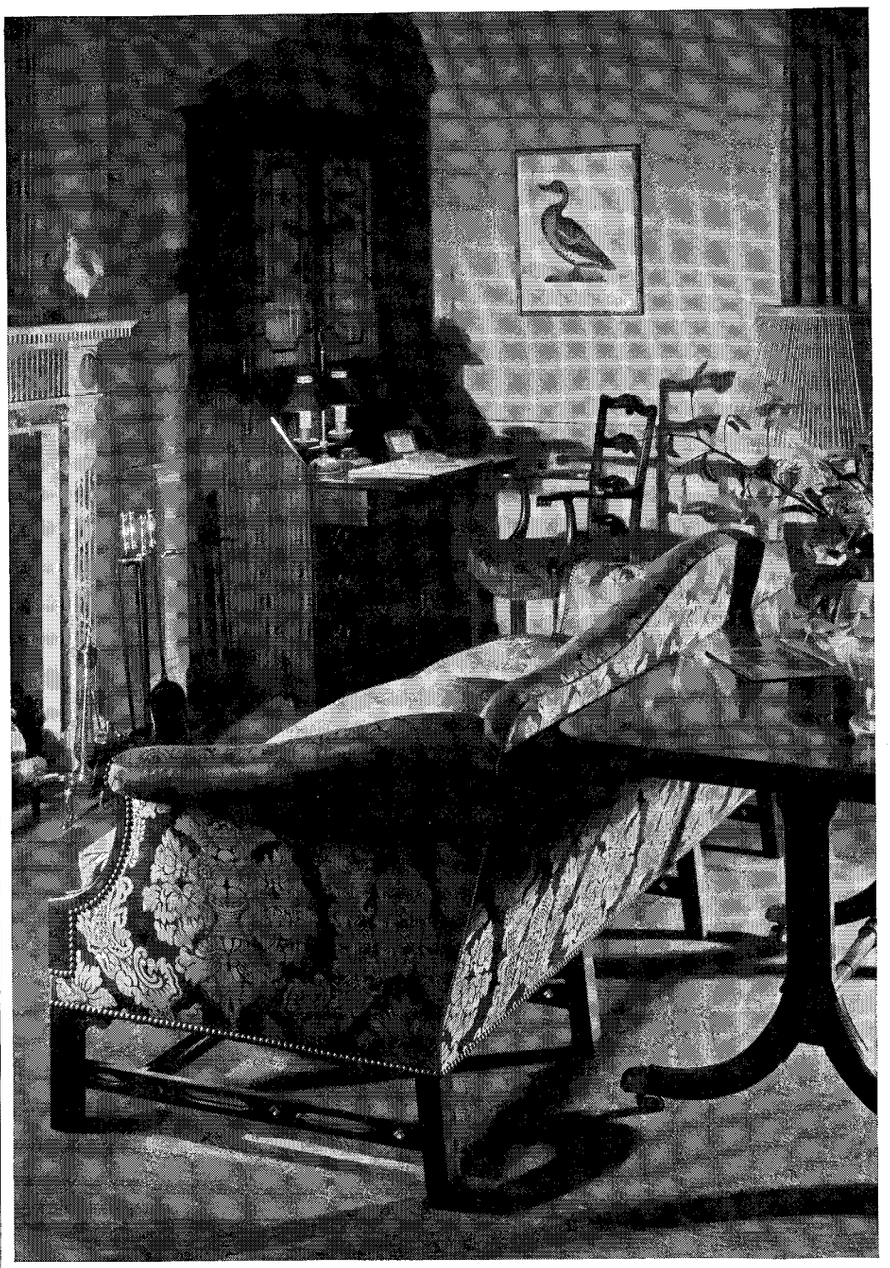

THIS IMPORTANT STORE-WIDE EVENT offers the advantage of important savings and newest decorative ideas during February. Illustrated: Fine Chippendale couch, in muslin including labor to cover, $120. Mahogany Chippendale secretary, $135. Mahogany Chippendale desk chair, in muslin including labor to cover, $52.50. Tôle desk lamp, $10.

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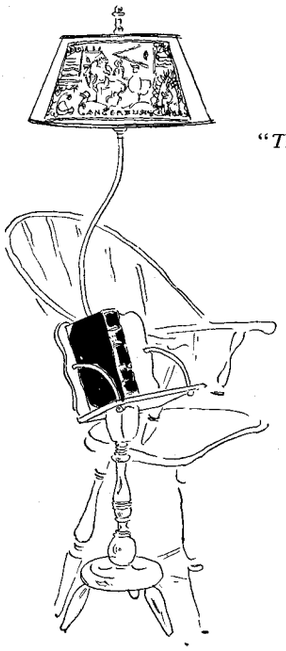
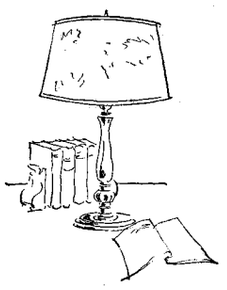
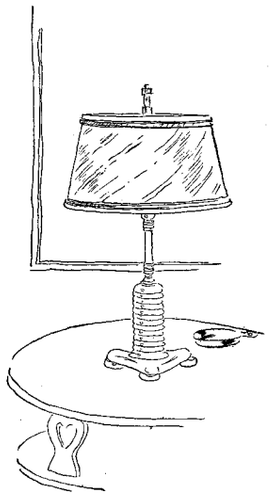


"Thomas Jefferson" book-rack lamp in hard maple



Bronze lamp of fine, simple design with Skintext shade



28-inch hard-maple table lamp in colonial-brown finish

A properly equipped lamp department or shop should have a Light Meter at your disposal. This is a compact little gadget with a light-sensitive cell that tells you at a glance how much illumination is shed. If your lamp must provide light of reading intensity three feet away, ascertain the foot-candle power for that distance as well as the value close to the lamp base.

Differences in the type and color of the shade, as well as height and reflector construction, are vital factors in illumination value, as I learned by an awkward trial-and-error effort on my first hunt for a study lamp for my own home. The lamps I saw that were obviously good *for* the eyes were horrible to look upon. "Before I ruin my eyes *on* that design," I began. So out the clerk brought "just the thing for you, madam." It was a modern affair of the same height with the bulb encased in a glass reflector. Nice lines. A smart unusual shade. Just the sort of thing I'd been looking for—until we tried the Light Meter under it. Exactly half as much illumination power as the I'm-ugly-but-oh—I'm-so-good-for-you model. No sale that fine, annoying day.

Ever since, I've been on a still hunt for lamps (certified and uncertified) that not only have practical merit but are designed with loving forethought for the kind of room into which they will fit. All the lamps illustrated through these pages have superior illumination qualities; all shed a soft, glareless light over a generous area; all have light-diffusing glass reflectors. But in no sense does that mean that any one of them is equally adequate for every purpose.

One more hint, if you're interested in converting a cherished old lamp into the semi-direct type, don't let any one tell you (as many a clerk has told me) that it cannot be done, for I have seen the adapters put out by one of the large manufacturing companies for this very purpose. (There are few lamps for which these adapters are mechanically impractical.) They come complete with cord, and are fairly simple to install. The eight-inch bowl is suitable for table and bridge lamps; the ten-inch, for standard floor lamps. Shapes and the top openings vary somewhat, and should be chosen with consideration of the kind of illumination that is wanted.

But be careful about one thing in converting your old lamp: Proportion! Light-reflector bowls usually add height, and the nice proportions of your favorite lamp may be spoiled in the conversion. Again, this is matter that calls for careful forethought and planning.

*

All the lamps illustrated (with the exception of the crystal) can be found in the shops of many cities and towns throughout the country. Katherine Kent will be glad to assist you in locating them or to help you with more detailed information concerning lighting standards that will aid you in your quest for the proper lamp to fit your special purposes.

Answers to "The Scribner Quiz"

(*see page* 74)

1. True
2. False (recently banned)
3. False
4. True
5. True
6. True
7. True
8. True (*Gangs of New York, Barbary Coast,* etc.)
9. False (Yale has second largest)
10. False (more water the better)
11. True
12. False (new constitution approved)
13. False ("morgue" consists of files of biographical data, clippings, etc.)
14. False (fish)
15. False (formation of word in imitation of sound, i.e. buz-z-z, etc.)
16. True
17. False
18. Most people would say *True,* but some would say *False,* so count your answer as correct, either way. It's a moot question.
19. False (several regiments sent from England recently)
20. False (very stout man)
21. True
22. False (Admiral William D. Leahy—Standley retiring)
23. True
24. True
25. False (just had one in Mexico)
26. True
27. True
28. False (a too well-to-do U.S.S.R. farmer; *kayak* is Eskimo canoe)
29. False (Coward now playing on Broadway; O'Neill near Seattle)
30. True (Alice Tisdale Hobart)
31. True
32. False (means *differing, disagreeing*)
33. True
34. False ("Justice")
35. False (determined by various states)
36. False (different animals)
37. True
38. False (small planet)
39. True
40. True
41. True
42. False
43. True
44. True
45. True
46. False (Japanese)
47. False (a poor talker)
48. False (changed several times)
49. True
50. True

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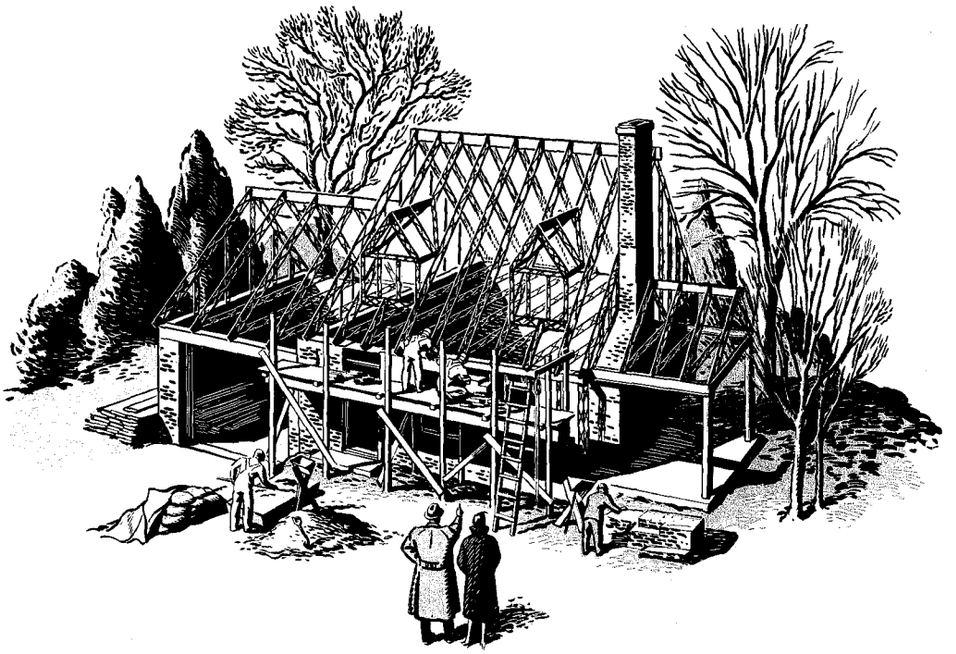
Steel in the Modern Design for Living



STEEL, for long the bone and sinew of major structures, now invades the realm of the individual home, bringing to this type of building the same basic principles of construction found in a fireproof hotel.

This is now feasible from a cost standpoint in buildings of single residence size through the use of Bethlehem's light structural members. These are of two distinct types—Bethlehem Joists and Stanchions, similar to regular heavy structural shapes but with thinner webs and flanges; and Bethlehem Members for Light-load Steel Frame, having lattice-type webs, making them really light steel trusses.

With these two types of lightweight structural steel available, each made in a wide range of sizes, steel can be used economically in every part of the frame of even a relatively small structure. They open the way to building a house with a large measure of the permanence and security of a skyscraper. The steel frame, besides providing the basis of a high degree of fire safety, is immune to deterioration from such causes as termite attack, and is free from the shrinkage that causes unsightly cracks in interior finish. It safeguards the home against unduly rapid depreciation.

These steel members call for no radical changes in construction practice. They are readily bolted or welded together and framing procedure is similar to that with which builders are familiar.

The use of a Bethlehem steel frame in no way restricts the design of a house. In architectural treatment it may be Dutch Colonial, English, Georgian, Modernistic, or of any other type.

Thus steel marches on toward an even greater role in the modern design for living.

Bethlehem makes a complete line of commercial steel products.

BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY

BETHLEHEM STEEL

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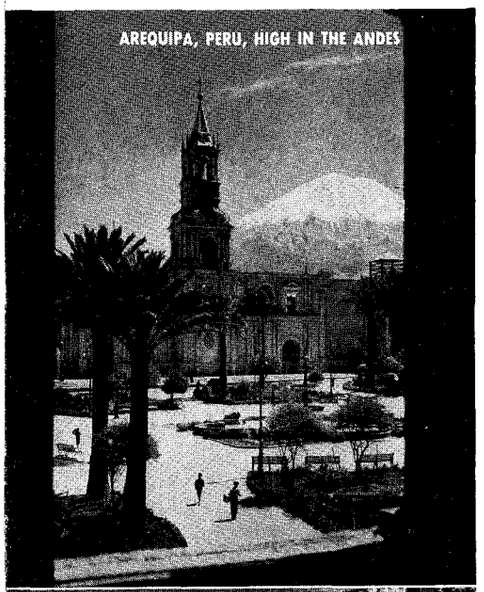
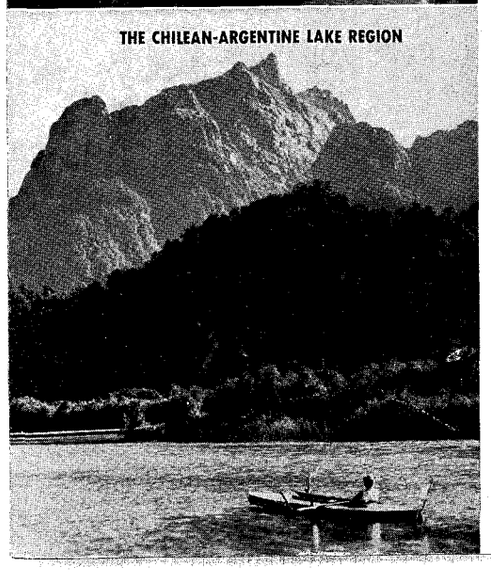
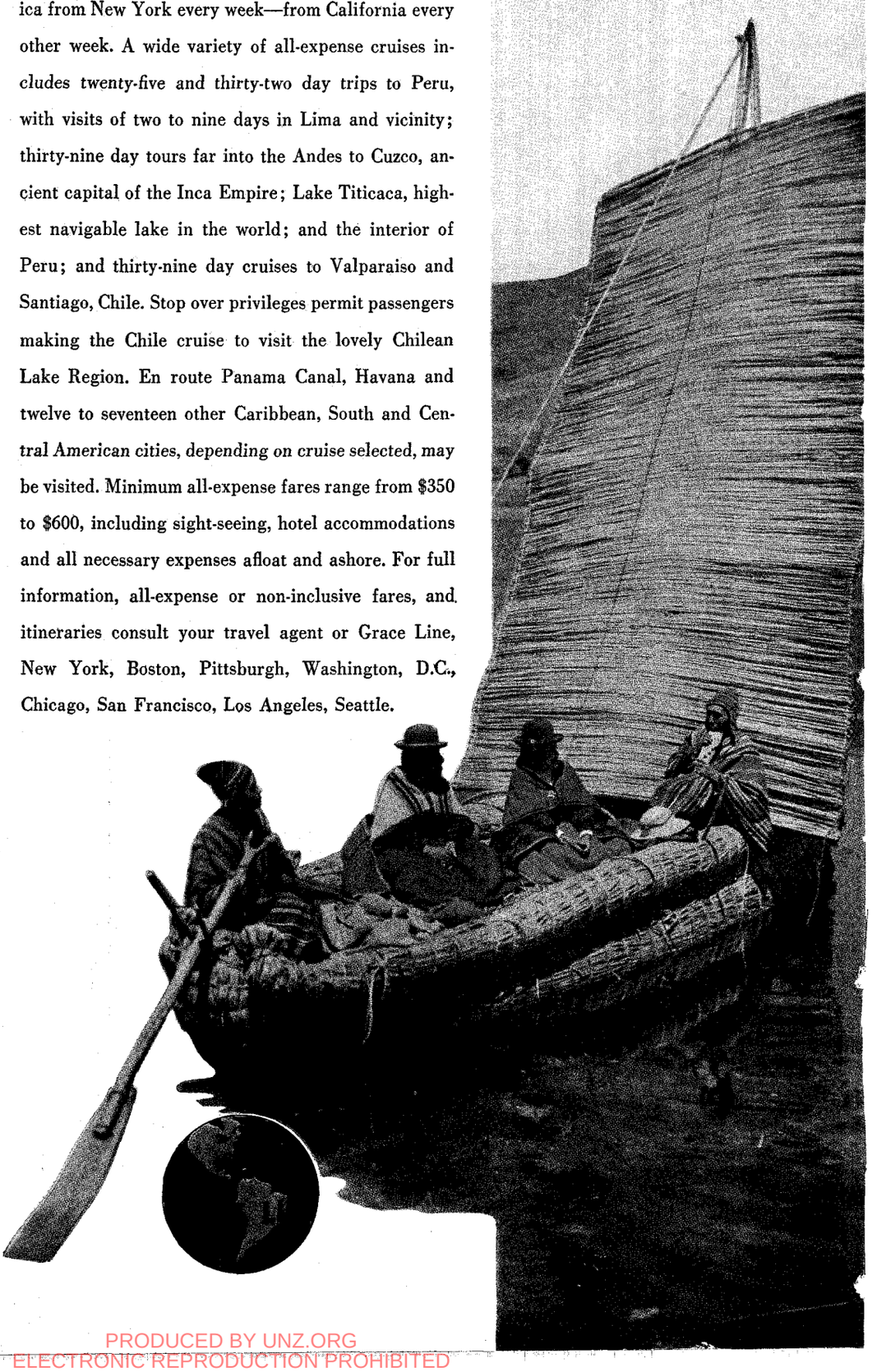
GRACE LINE TO SOUTH AMERICA


AREQUIPA, PERU, HIGH IN THE ANDES

THE CASINO, VINA DEL MAR, CHILE


THE CHILEAN-ARGENTINE LAKE REGION

Modern Grace Line "Santa" ships sail to South America from New York every week—from California every other week. A wide variety of all-expense cruises includes twenty-five and thirty-two day trips to Peru, with visits of two to nine days in Lima and vicinity; thirty-nine day tours far into the Andes to Cuzco, ancient capital of the Inca Empire; Lake Titicaca, highest navigable lake in the world; and the interior of Peru; and thirty-nine day cruises to Valparaiso and Santiago, Chile. Stop over privileges permit passengers making the Chile cruise to visit the lovely Chilean Lake Region. En route Panama Canal, Havana and twelve to seventeen other Caribbean, South and Central American cities, depending on cruise selected, may be visited. Minimum all-expense fares range from $350 to $600, including sight-seeing, hotel accommodations and all necessary expenses afloat and ashore. For full information, all-expense or non-inclusive fares, and itineraries consult your travel agent or Grace Line, New York, Boston, Pittsburgh, Washington, D.C., Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle.


NATIVE "BALSA" ON LAKE TITICACA

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